HELMUT LANG, THE MAN WHO IS REINVENTING NEW YORK FASHION By James Kaplan

INGRID CASARES, THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS *EVERYBODY* By Jonathan Van Meter

JULY 27, 1998

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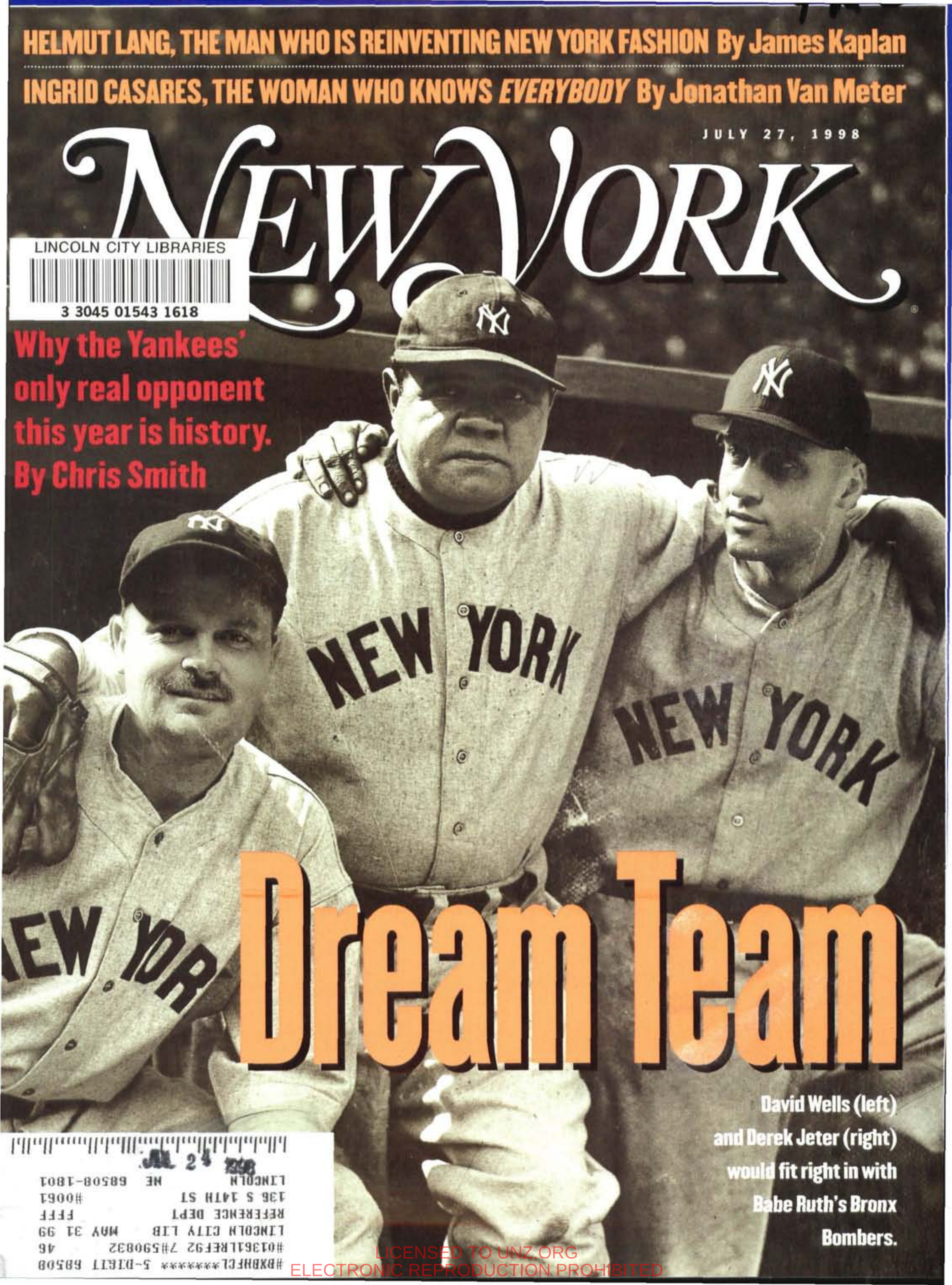
Why the Yankees' only real opponent this year is history.
By Chris Smith



Dream Team

David Wells (left) and Derek Jeter (right) would fit right in with Babe Ruth's Bronx Bombers.

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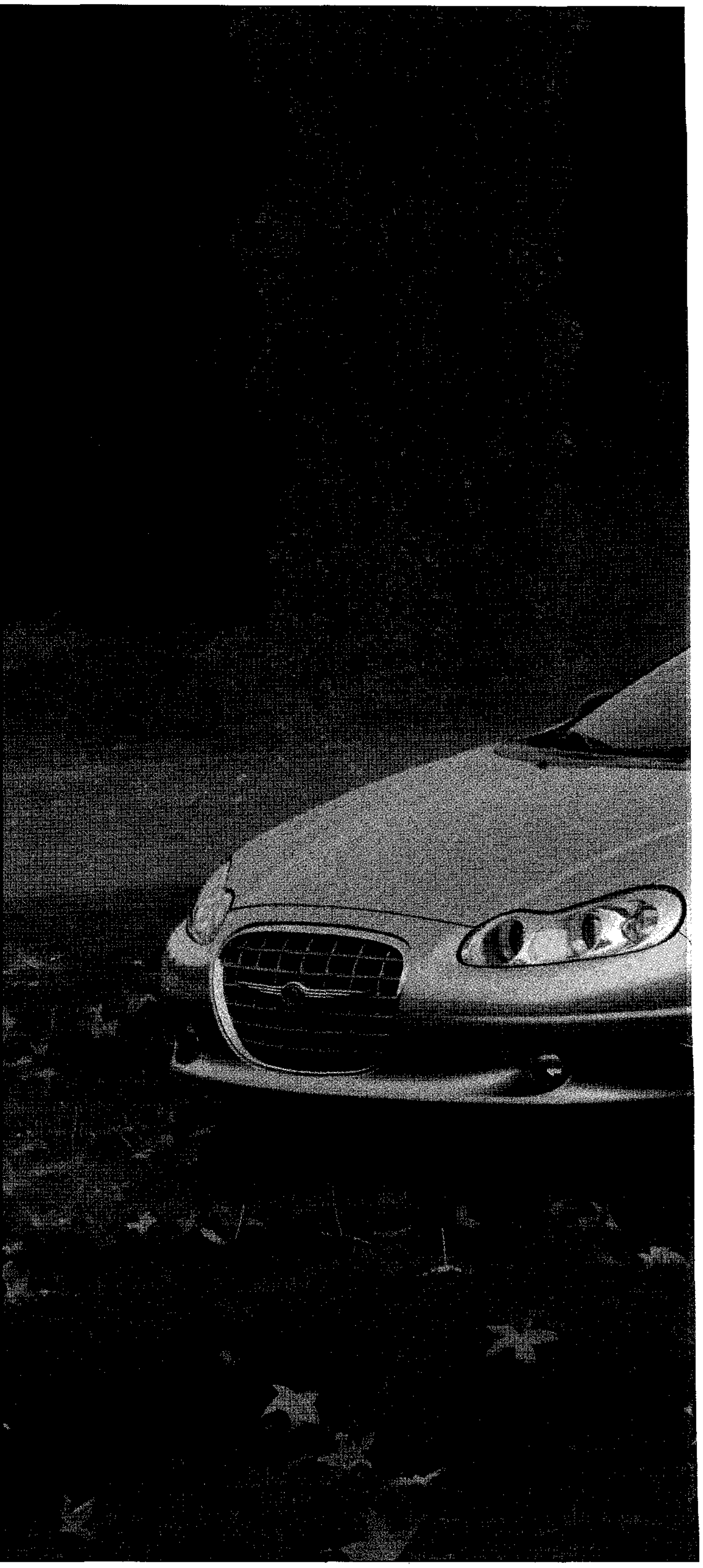

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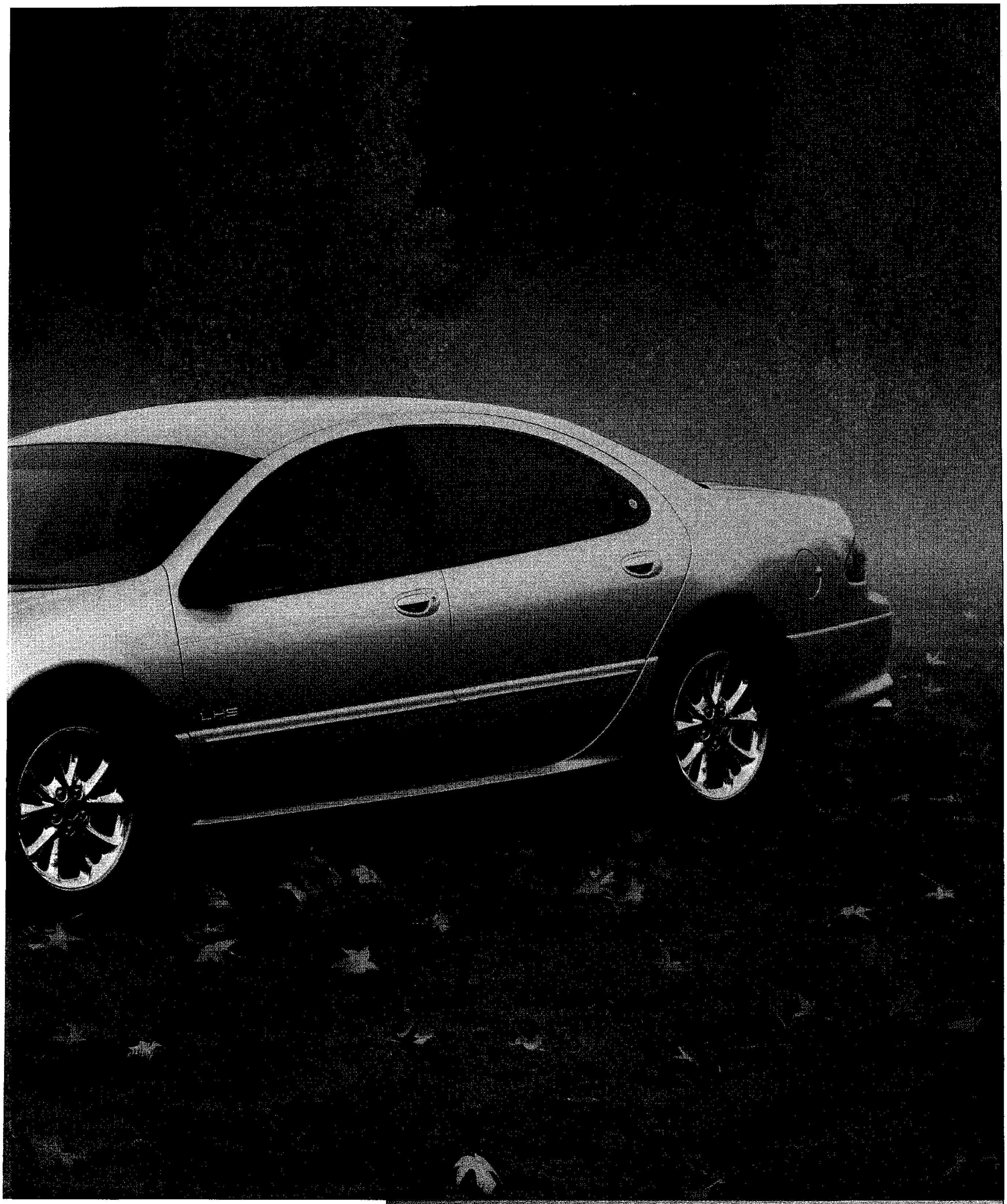

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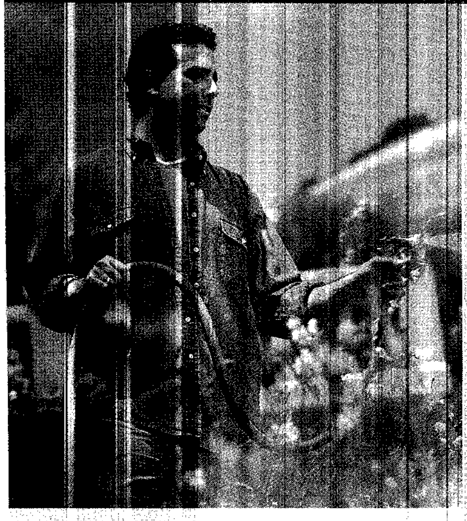

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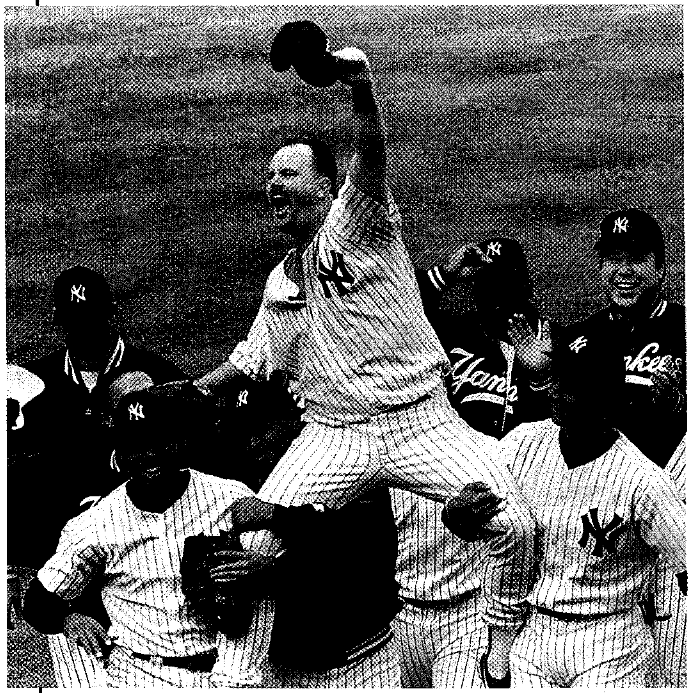

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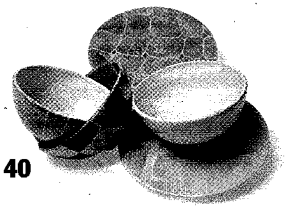
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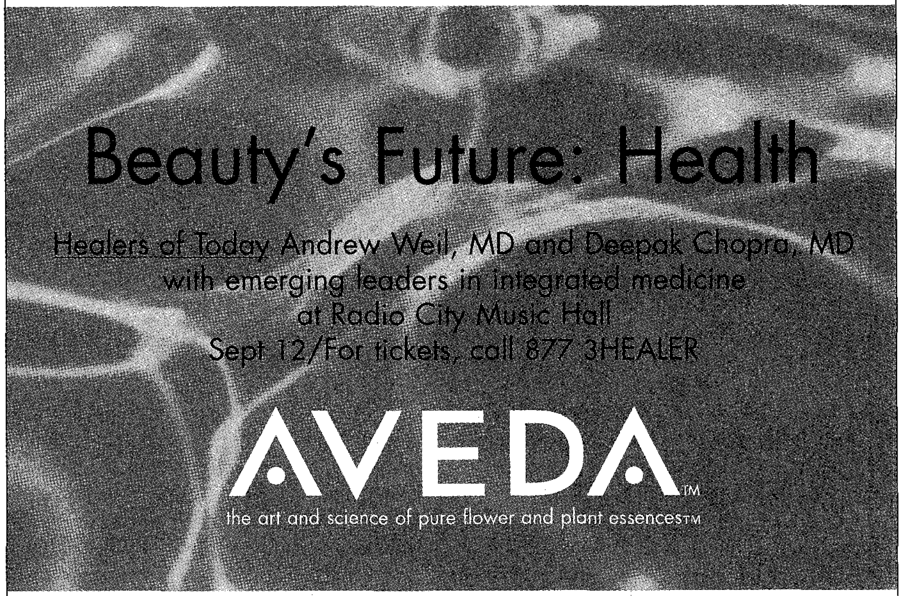
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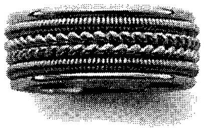

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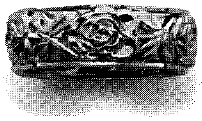

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Giuliani Time

Extreme assessments—petty tyrant? visionary leader?—of New York's mayor; mixed feelings about Hudson; remembering a playwright.

I SELDOM HAVE THE URGE TO WRITE A letter to a magazine, but Michael Tomasky must be praised for expressing the growing resentment many law-abiding New York citizens feel toward Mayor Giuliani and his administration ["Rudy's Rules of Order," June 22]. The mayor should spend more time and energy on the real issues—education, the homeless, children's services, HMOs, the drug dealers—and let New Yorkers decide whether to patronize street vendors and street artists. It's sad that our political and business leaders have been intimidated into silence by his tactics. Beware, Mr. Mayor: The spirit that New Yorkers are famous for will rise again!

Carol Brown-Simmons
MANHATTAN

THANK YOU FOR ARTICULATING SO CLEARLY what a majority of New Yorkers have been too frightened to say. "Rudy's Rules of Order" reminded me of something that I've seen circulating on the Internet. Perhaps better than any other piece of writing I've seen (with the exception of Tomasky's), it summarizes what's going on in New York City in 1998:

"First he came for the squeegee men, and I did not raise my voice because I did not clean car windows. Then he came for the owners of adult businesses, and I did not raise my voice because I did not own an adult business. Then he came for the CUNY students, and I did not raise my voice because I was not a student. Then he came for the hospital workers, and I did not raise my voice because I did not work in a hospital. Then he came for the sidewalk vendors, and I did not raise my voice because I was not a sidewalk vendor. Then he came for the taxi drivers, and I did not raise my voice because I did not drive a taxi. Then he came for me, and no one spoke up because there was no one left to raise his voice."

Can't happen here, huh?

Joe Chiplock
MANHATTAN

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I WAS INCENSED BY MICHAEL TOMASKY'S ARticle. Obviously, Mr. Tomasky doesn't live in the "real" New York City! As a lifelong New Yorker, I am delighted with Mayor Giuliani's efforts to improve the quality of life here—and I'm not alone. We had constantly been harassed by aggressive, abusive squeegee men, and we're glad they're gone (for the most part). We don't believe that the cabbies are innocent, powerless people—they certainly have power over their passengers, and they are arrogant, unfamiliar with the city, and downright dangerous as drivers. Does anyone feel safe in a taxi anymore? The street vendors are more than an annoyance: Their food is unsanitary, their merchandise usually counterfeit and shoddy. And everyone knows that the welfare and food-stamp systems are rife with abuse. New Yorkers deserve better, and it's heartening to know we now have a mayor gutsy enough to take steps to allow us to live in our city in comfort and with pride. Rudy isn't undemocratic; he is fighting for the rights of the people.

Barbara Robbins
REGO PARK, N.Y.

KUDOS TO YOU FOR YOUR HONEST STORY. There are several other instances of Giuliani's crackdown on residents of this city that you didn't mention: the ban on dancing in bars and clubs without a cabaret license, which resulted in the closure of several bars and the fining of many more, leading many to post prominent signs proclaiming NO DANCING!; the outlawing of fireworks to celebrate the Chinese New Year despite the fact that they are a long-held tradition in that community; the cutting of the Center for Alternative Sentencing and Employment Services (CASES), the program that provided many kids alternatives to prison, including counseling and job training; and the transfer of control of the community gardens (most of which are in Harlem and my neighborhood, the Lower East Side) to the Housing Division, which hastens their destruction in favor of new housing and will further the homogenization of those rare neighborhoods in Manhattan that still have personality. What the mayor doesn't seem to understand is that the things he's working to undermine—the diversity, the vibrancy, and, yes, the *chaos* of the city—are exactly what keep New York from being just another suburban strip mall in Generica.

Next step, New York: curfews.

John Niernberger
MANHATTAN

HURRAY! IT WAS INCREDIBLE TO READ ALL my thoughts in print. I hope our Napoleon meets his Waterloo soon! I look forward to seeing who will have the courage to stand up to the mayor. What political or corporate giant is waiting in the wings to tell this dwarf of a man that he really is not the king of New York? This is more exciting than most novels, and I can't wait till the final chapters.

Eileen Duranko
MANHATTAN

THANK YOU FOR SUGGESTING THAT BEcause Carolyn Crower and I wrote *Backtalk: Four Steps to Ending Rude Behavior in Kids,* we should arbitrate the dispute involving Giuliani, Christine Todd Whitman, and George Steinbrenner over the location of the Yankees ["Gotham: Three Quick Fixes," June 8]. We would love to oblige but are too busy working on our next book. May I recommend George Costanza? He used to work (well, sort of) for the Yankees and is now, sadly, unemployed.

Audrey Ricker
TUCSON, ARIZ.

Hudson News

MY HUSBAND AND I TOOK YOU UP ON TRAVeling to the town of Hudson, New York ["Town Haul," by Sam Pratt, June 29–July 6]. Are you kidding? What we saw was a depressed town with condemned houses. How dare you invite Manhattanites to waste their time to visit this godforsaken place. Shame on you.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

THANKS SO MUCH FOR YOUR WONDERFULLY written article on my hometown. I'm glad you included the whole history of Hudson—from the prostitution-and-crime-and-police-corruption days to what's happening now. When I told everyone at home about your article, they laughed and said, "You gotta be kidding." To this day, a lot of old-timers won't say they're from Hudson, because they grew up when hotels there housed brothels, when men from New York City would come up on the train and pay a dollar to a paperboy for directions to see the "girls." But I am proud of the great childhood I had there—waking up to the sun rising over the Berkshire Mountains to the east, then driving to school and seeing the morning sun reflecting off Rip Van Winkle's profile on the Catskill Mountains to the west. In the winter, the snow glistened and sparkled off Rip Van Winkle's nose.

So it's official now: Hudson has hit the big time. Thanks for making up my mind; I guess I'll be moving back home.

Debs Ryan
GREENWICH, CONN.

I FEEL THOROUGHLY MISLED BY LAST week's article about Hudson. I hauled my entire family up there on a Sunday, expecting to see a town so charming that people are actually considering it as an alternative destination to the Hamptons. I was absolutely dismayed to find a slum hidden in the Hudson Valley countryside. Instead of charm, there was decay and poverty; instead of celebrities, there were drug addicts and winos. The only saving grace was our lovely lunch at a simple restaurant you called the "swankiest" place in town, where the Baldwins allegedly had their New Year's fête. Did someone at *New York* just buy a piece of real estate up there?

Tricia Atallah
ARMONK, N.Y.

The Play's the Thing

AS A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE LATE PLAYwright John C. Russell, I am thrilled to see his play, *Stupid Kids,* finally make it to the stage, as directed by Michael Mayer. In light of this, I am angered by the description of the play in "Cue: Theater" ["Kid Fears," June 15]. It pains me to see John's disease used as a lure to interest audiences. He deserves to be remembered for the vitality of his life and work. While I am aware that his death makes the production all the more poignant, the reader learns next to nothing about *Stupid Kids.* One does learn, however, what a mensch Michael Mayer is for keeping a deathbed promise to direct John's play. Do they give out awards for making good on your word? Four years after his death, I ask, what took so long?

Laura Larson
BROOKLYN

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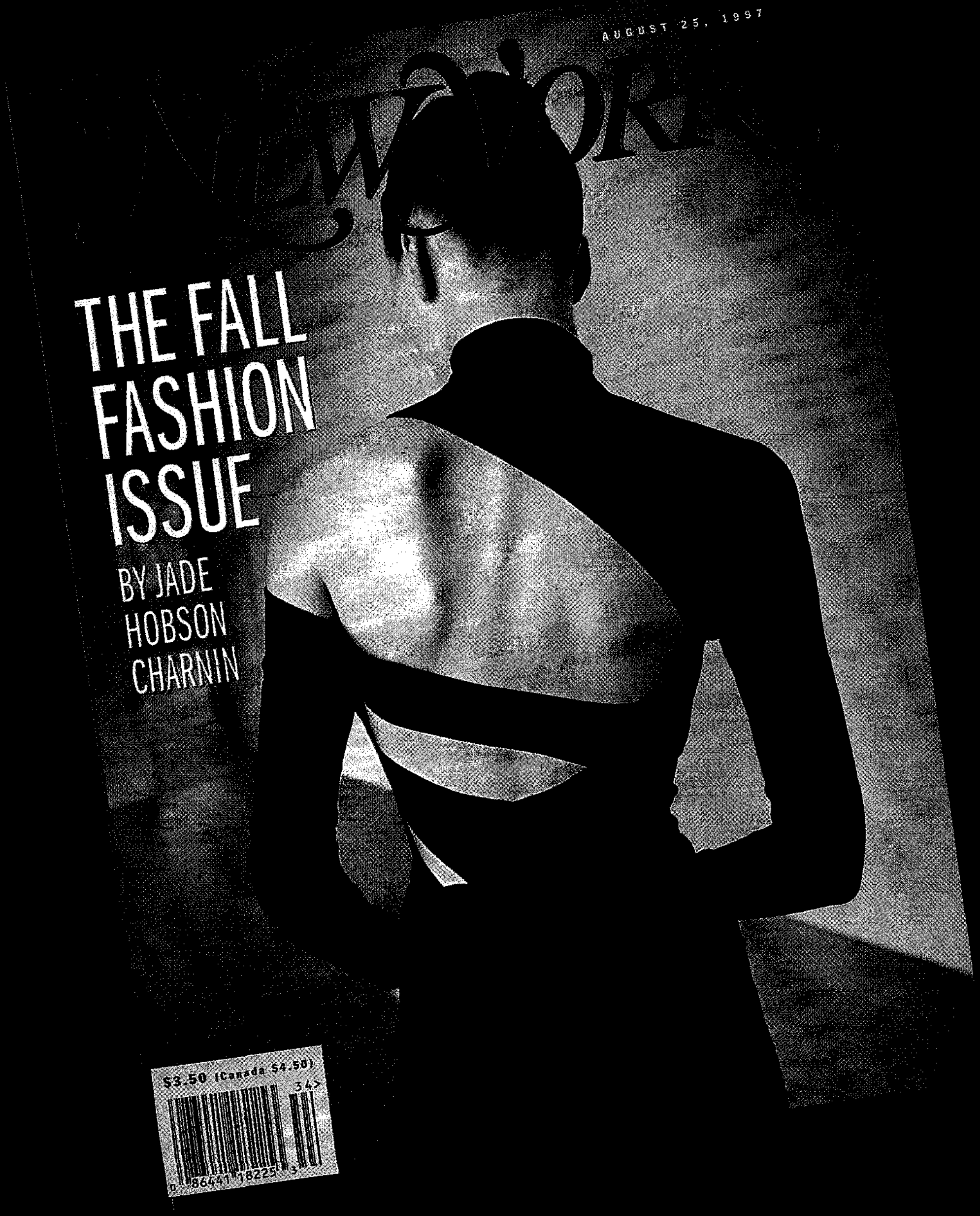
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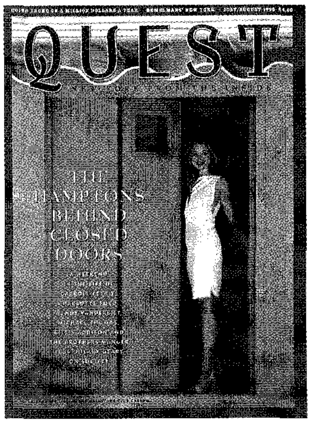
INTELLIGENCER

GETTING A BEAD ON HALSTON DESIGNERS

The comings and goings are so fast and furious at Halston these days that a designer who left acrimoniously in February is back in charge today. Last Tuesday, **Kevan Hall** was hired to oversee the company's Signature eveningwear line, taking on some of the responsibilities of former head designer **Randolph Duke.** But back in February, Hall, then one of Duke's assistant designers, was fired "because he was not performing creatively," says **Carmine Porcelli,** who was the company's managing director at the time. Hall insists he quit because he couldn't work with Duke, but even he admits that on June 12 the company's lawyer sent him a letter threatening a lawsuit unless he returned some missing samples immediately. Hall replied that he'd already returned the samples directly to the manufacturers. Then he took the offensive, suggesting that the lawyers might want to look into whether the company behaved unethically with its beading manufacturers. But today, the company and the designer sound positively lovey-dovey. Hall says his letter referred to problems with Halston's "previous owners," which were recently resolved. Halston's spokeswoman says the June letter was sent by "an overzealous lawyer." A former Halston employee says that Hall's ascendancy is a sign of "how desperate these new people were to get someone in." But the company spokeswoman says Halston is "thrilled" to have Hall back.

THE MAIDSTONE: NO *QUESTS* ALLOWED

Socialite–clothing designer **Alexandra Lind** may be out of fashion at the exclusive Maidstone Club. Lind appears on the cover of the July-August *Quest* magazine, smiling in front of her family's cabana at the club, and again in an inside shot, where she's pictured sipping champagne with friends. Now Lind may no longer be looking so carefree. According to club insiders, members were none too pleased that Lind turned their ultra-discreet Wasp enclave into the backdrop for the flashy spread with captions plugging Lind's dresses. "They were very upset; now Alex will have to eat humble pie," notes one insider, who says a watchman caught the crew taking the pictures. *Quest* editor **Kristina Stewart** insists she had approval from the club: "These clubs feel comfortable with our magazine because our readers are club members. We're not writing about 'them'—we're writing about 'us.' " But a member confides that Lind will be asked to write a letter apologizing to the Maidstone. "It's against the rules of the club to have photos taken for commercial use," says the source, explaining they hadn't realized the captions would reveal the location of the shoot. Responds Lind: "Goodness, I don't know anything about this. I was advised by the magazine that they had prior approval from the club."



Alexandra Lind:
A dressing down

THE PRINCE WHO WAS CALLED A QUEEN

They say a picture's worth a thousand words, but one semi-closeted Hollywood actor is betting it's worth even more. **Tony Sabin Prince** recently filed a $2.5 million lawsuit against *Out* magazine for what the actor is calling "one of the most egregious examples of irresponsible journalism by the gay press." At the heart of Prince's suit is an article by New York *Times* scribe **Jesse McKinley** in the May issue of *Out* entitled "Dirty Dancing"— an exposé on the proliferation of roving "circuit parties" where recreational drug use is rampant. Accompanying the article is a double-page photo of the buff Prince dancing in a sexually provocative pose with another man. Prince says the pictures, which were shot and published without his permission, revealed for the first

Geri Halliwell:
Twice Spiced

GIRL POWER PLAY AT *MARIE CLAIRE*

She may have dropped out of the spotlight since blowing off the Spice Girls, but **Geri Halliwell**—a.k.a. **Ginger Spice**—still has people fighting over her. Halliwell currently appears on the cover of the British edition of *Marie Claire* magazine. The location of the photo shoot was kept a secret, but by chance, someone from *Marie Claire*'s U.S. offices showed up at the location halfway through the shoot. Though the cover was supposed to be exclusive to the British magazine, "the people from the American magazine asked if we'd do a second cover, with a new wardrobe and new makeup, for them," says the shoot's makeup artist, **Vincent Longo.** A second cover was shot, but according to an industry insider, the British magazine now resents that its legwork has resulted in a huge coup for its Stateside sister. "Look, the British side put it together, and then the U.S. side just waltzed right into it. There was tension about the way it went down," says the insider. Now **Glenda Bailey,** editor-in-chief of the U.S. *Marie Claire,* will say only, "There are no plans to run a Ginger Spice cover on American *Marie Claire* at this time." Calls placed to British *Marie Claire* were not returned by press time.

Photographs: *Quest* cover by Mark Seelen; bottom, Dave Chancellor/Globe Photos.

Anne Heche:
Maternal instincts

ELLEN & ANNE: IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR

Six Days, Seven Nights star **Anne Heche** has said she and her mother have been estranged for several years, but that doesn't mean mother and daughter have nothing in common. At the recent OutFest film convention in Los Angeles, viewers at a screening of *The Real Ellen Story,* a documentary on the life of **Ellen DeGeneres,** got an unexpected glimpse of Heche's family life. While taking questions from the crowd of 500, Heche comforted one teary-eyed girl with family problems by confessing that she herself had recently attempted to reconcile with her mother, inviting her to visit in Los Angeles. Heche told the audience that at one point during the visit, her mother had revealed, "I've been with a woman myself, but that doesn't make it right." When a stunned Heche pried for details, she told the group, her mother replied simply, "Well, it was just touching and kissing and trying to achieve orgasm. . . . It might have lasted 30 or 40 minutes . . . it was a *very* long time ago." Afraid that the story might see the light of day, Heche's mother apparently told her daughter to "tell everyone that I'm a very successful therapist." Quipped DeGeneres to the OutFest gathering, "A very successful therapist—who practices without a license or a degree." A Heche spokesperson, who was present at the event, would say only, "Anne and her mom have agreed to disagree about Anne's lifestyle."

time to many people that he is gay, and that others began asking him if he took part in group sex and drugs, as detailed in the article. In fact, the photo wasn't taken at a New York circuit party but at a private Los Angeles dance club where cameras were not permitted. "I don't even take drugs," exclaims Prince. "The night they photographed me, I was the designated driver!" The magazine clarified the facts in this month's issue, but the suit against *Out*'s publisher, editor, and photographer has not been dropped. A spokesperson for the magazine declined to comment.

TWYLA GOES FREE; BABY MAKES THREE

ONE-MAN TANGO: **Leon Wieseltier** isn't mourning only the loss of a parent. Just as galleys of *Kaddish,* Wieseltier's 600-page meditation on his father's death, are making the rounds, word is circulating that the writer has split from his longtime girlfriend, choreographer **Twyla Tharp.** Friends of the writer (who is also *The New Republic*'s literary editor) say that it's a sensitive issue for him, although the former lovers are still said to be great friends. Neither Wieseltier nor Tharp's manager would comment on their relationship.

TEA AND SYMPATHY: Actress-comedian **Lily Tomlin** could be walking on shaky ground in her next film. Socialite-archaeologist **Iris Love** recently traveled to Italy to lend her friend some authenticity in her role in **Franco Zeffirelli**'s new film *Tea With Mussolini.* Tomlin, who stars with **Joan Plowright, Judi Dench, Maggie Smith,** and **Cher,** plays an American archaeologist living abroad just before World War II. "I wasn't crazy about her hat," says Love. "Then I looked at her leather shoes and said, 'Lily, *no* archaeologist would wear those shoes. You'd slip on the rocks.'" At Tomlin's request, Love repeated her comments to the film's costume designer, Oscar winner **Jenny Beavan,** who costumed *A Room With a View.* "I'm sure Jenny knows what she's doing," laughs a publicist for the film. Says Love, "Jenny was very gracious, and she thanked me for my suggestions." At least one Love touch will make it into the film: "I gave Lily an amulet to wear that I always had with me on digs," Love reports. "I used it to ward off the evil eye."

Twyla Tharp:
Curtain call

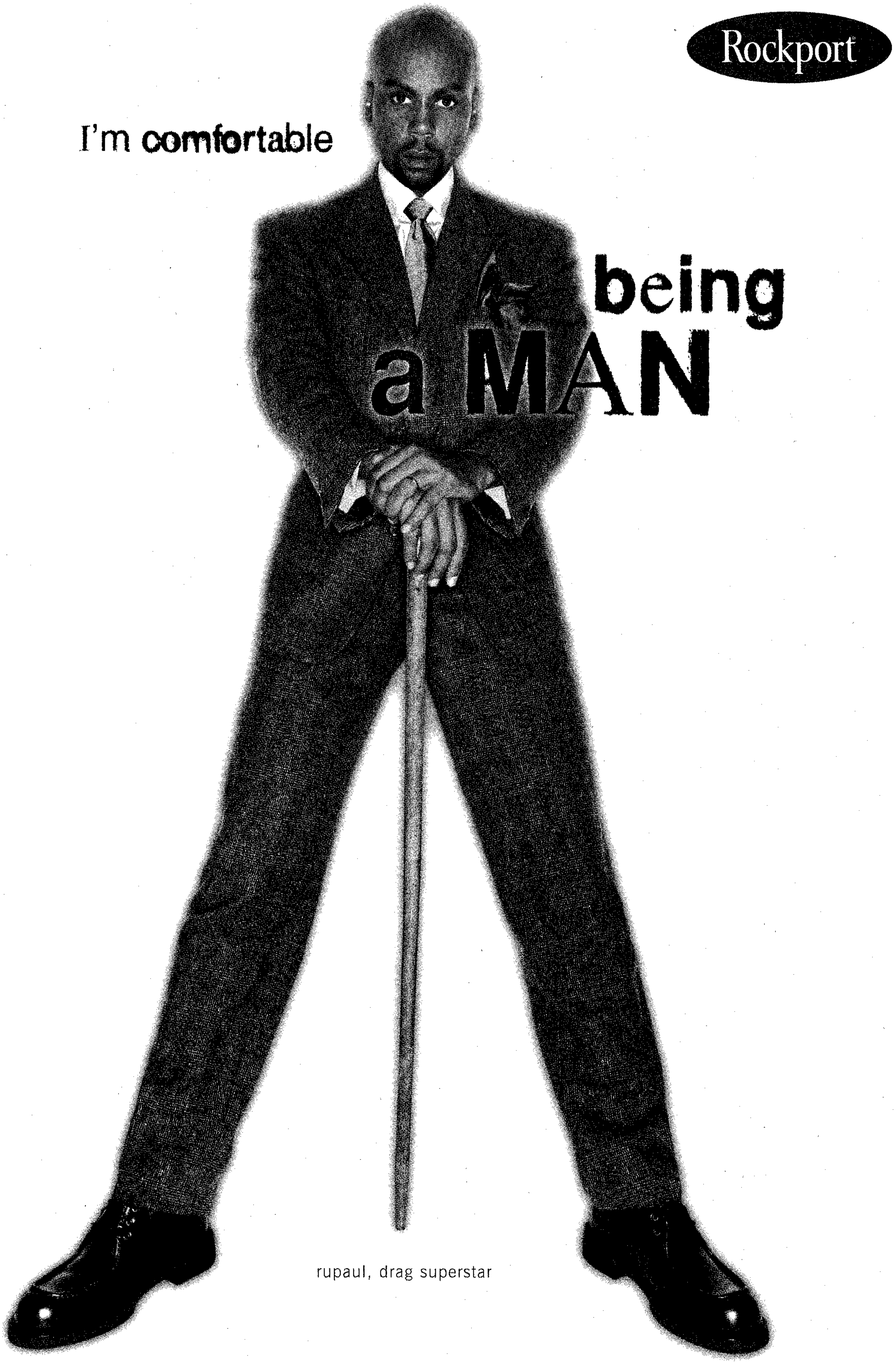
BOB'S NEW BABE: Friends of **Bob Pittman** are whispering about the fact that the America Online president and his wife, **Veronique Choa,** are expecting. Pittman has a teenage son, **Bo,** with his ex-wife, **Sandy Hill.** Choa has no children, but she does have an ex-husband: **David Breashears,** who directed the IMAX Everest movie and has been on several climbs with Hill. Pittman's spokeswoman at AOL refused to discuss any personal matters.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and India Landrigan.

ANYTHING GOES? NOT IN *HIGH SOCIETY*

Perhaps it's no surprise that the producers of the audience-hungry *High Society* would be willing to sacrifice a little artistic (or at least showbiz) integrity to fill the house. Two weeks ago, a New York city school arranged two special matinees—on July 16 and 21—for incoming ninth-graders. According to one cast member, the school required that they meet two requests: Cover the genitalia on a classical statue that appears in the final scene—a naked man with his arm around the shoulders of a naked woman—and drop a suggestive lyric. For days, the actors speculated what the suggestive line might be ("They tell us Trojan Helen's lips / Made every man her slavey," perhaps?). "No agency, and certainly no government agency, should have the right to censor a show," the cast member fumes. **Sharon Dunn,** the Board of Education's special assistant for the arts, insisted that no such demand would have come from her office but added it was possible that "someone from a local board decided to do some censorship on their own." **Susanne Tighe,** a spokeswoman for the show, confirmed the changes but wouldn't say who demanded them; Tighe also says the producers, led by Dodger Endemol Theatricals, would not comment on the changes. In the end, the statue was removed for the two performances, and though no lyrics were changed, a funny line directed at the marble lovers was dropped. "When you hear something no fiction writer could possibly dream up," says **Arthur Kopit,** who wrote the book for the show, "you know it's probably true."

Photographs: top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; middle, Don Perdue/Gamma Liaison.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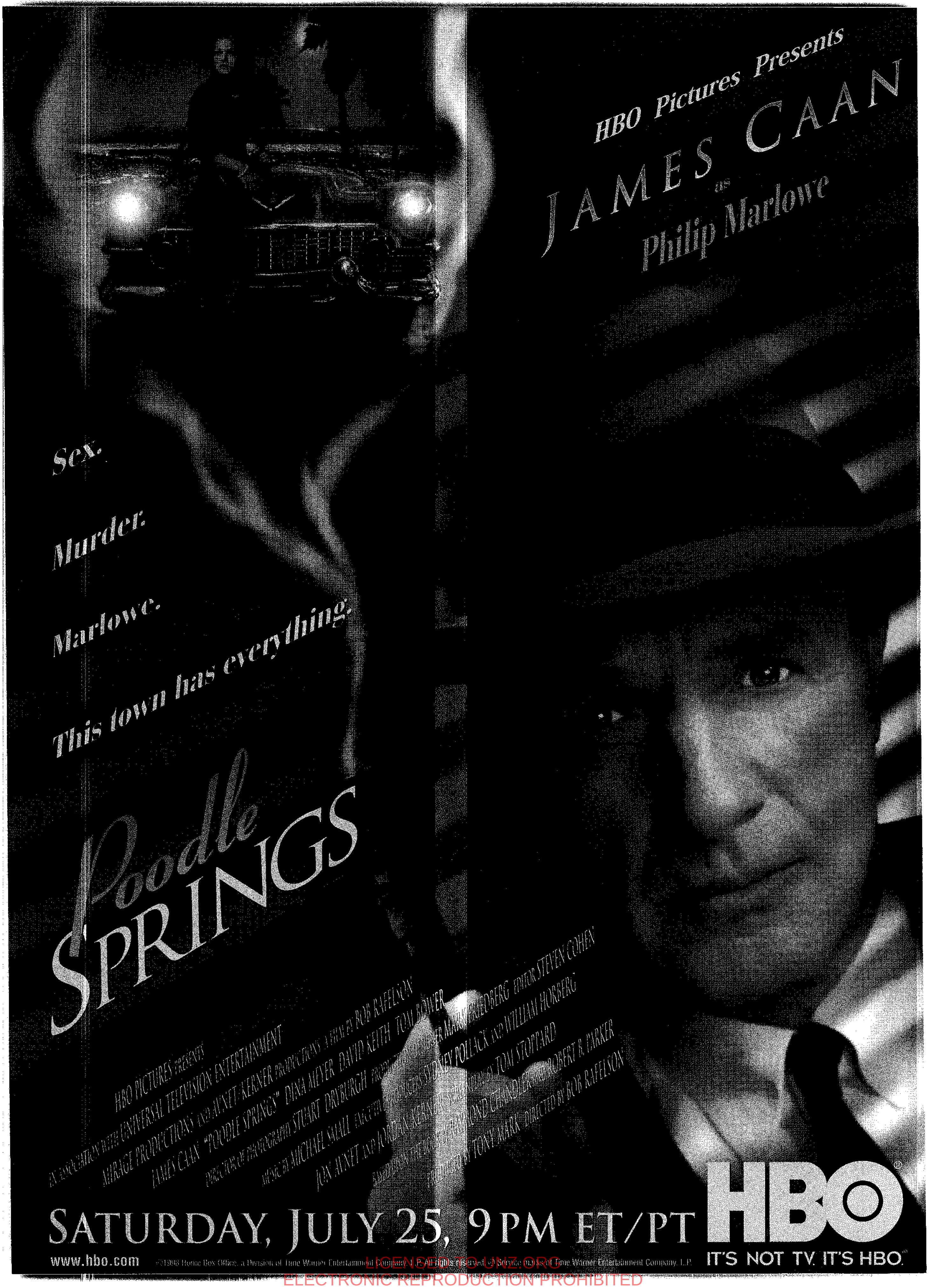

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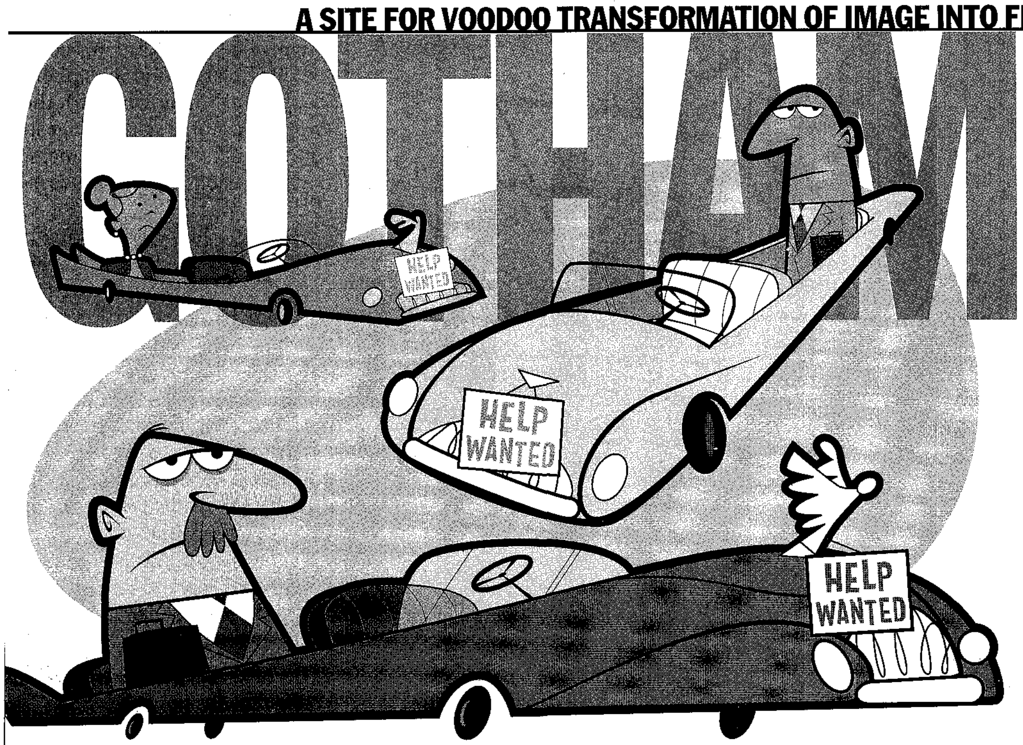


THE HELPLESS RICH

Horrors! There may be too few chauffeurs and sommeliers to go around.

THE SCENE AT DOGGIE-DO and Pussycats, Too!, an exclusive pet salon, was bordering on chaos last week. Harry, a white maltese, was having his Fourth-of-July ribbons out; Tawny, an apricot poodle, was halfway through a coiffure; and Valentino, Pipsqueak, and Truffles were expected any minute. On the strength of such brisk business, the shop recently moved to a huge new space and expanded its services. But now they can't find enough qualified people to staff the place. "It's our biggest nemesis," says Harold Binder, a partner. "We advertised in *The Village Voice* and the *Times* and the response I got was horrific." Having searched a year and a half for two recent hires, the salon now offers longer vacations, better benefits, and bonuses.

Similar scenes are being played out at posh addresses all around New York. Though the city's unemployment rate hovers around 8 percent, State Comptroller Carl McCall confirms that local shortages have arisen in specialized occupations. The city's well-publicized search for teachers and lifeguards is just part of the story of the current labor market: Several years into the boom, so many consumers are willing to shell out for so many previously obscure services, there just aren't enough people to provide them.

"If the stock market is buzzing, then we are buzzing, too," says Renato Salvacion, of Carey Limousine NY Inc.—which as a result finds itself desperately shorthanded. "Seven months ago we started offering finder fees," he says. Employees who find new sedan drivers now get $500; for limousine drivers, the bounty is $1,000.

Restaurants have also resorted to premiums to attract skilled kitchen staff. Au Bon Pain and Cheesecake Factory have started offering five-digit signing bonuses. And the situation gets worse further up the scale. "In New York the rage is on, employees are down to zero," says Blue Water Grill's Stephen Hanson. To keep his staff happy, he's started handing out cash for day trips.

(continued on page 14)

SPIN CYCLE

Easy Riders

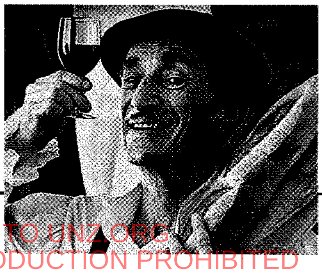
- The Guggenheim Museum, anticipating potentially unruly visitors to the "Art of the Motorcycle" exhibit, which opened last month, hired extra guards for the show. But though the opening weekend broke previous attendance records, the crowds proved unnervingly well behaved. "We do a walk-through every morning and look for fingerprints," says Sarah Botts, the exhibition's coordinator. "People have not been touching the bikes, which is extraordinary, because in the 'China: 5,000 Years' exhibit, which probably drew more of an art audience, everything was trashed. There's been a tremendous respect here."
- Frank Balsamo, a museum guard, says it's just biker etiquette at work. "You look at a guy's bike, you inspect it closely," he explains. "But you never touch it." Some Harley types were even inspired by the mechanical beauty to check out the museum's Picassos and Kandinskys, too.
- "I wanted to ride my bike up the ramp," admits one visitor waiting to retrieve his leather jacket and helmet from the coat check. "I could have done it, but I probably would have been arrested."

DAPHNE UVILLER

CAMEO

Merde to the Mob

PERHAPS DE TOCQUEVILLE COMMENTED ON this, but we've never been interested enough to find out: Americans hate the sight of victorious Frenchmen. Though the French *lose* gracefully, debating what defeat means for Mother France, victory merely ratifies their overdeveloped sense of world-historical import—like a mental patient's X-ray that shows there really is a radio transmitter in his brain. So a certain midsummer malaise was inevitable when France's World Cup victory, followed quickly by Bastille Day, flooded our city's streets with armies of French revelers unseen since the last time a Mickey Rourke film hit Blockbuster. Zidane's two goals were lovely, but that and the "Marseillaise"? What could a respectable xenophobe do but mutter "Marshall Plan" and snicker about Jerry Lewis. *C'est la vie. C'est la guerre.* Fuhgeddaboudit.



Customer Service: gotham@primediamags.com

Helpless *continued from page 13*

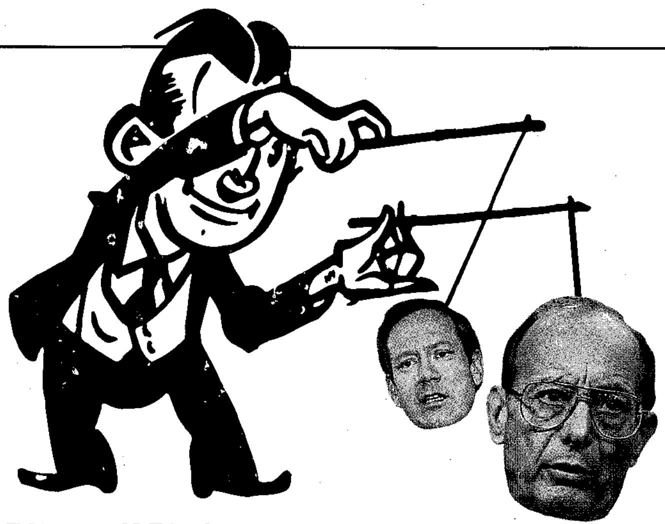
Sommeliers, once required by only a few top spots, are now a necessity for respectable restaurants. "There's an explosion right now," says Bob Moody, of the Sommelier Society of America. "Even diners have wine lists." Scrambling to accommodate the demand, the group has doubled its class size.

Beauty and fitness specialists are in similarly short supply, sending some spa owners into a most un-spa-like tizzy. Dr. Steven Margolin upgraded his small storefront operation to a 3,000-square-foot Wellness Spa last year, but couldn't hire a masseuse. "We couldn't even get calls back," he recalls. Despite offering an almost unheard-of benefit package, he ended up having to import someone from St. Louis.

Of course, in cases such as these, an employer's misfortune is often an employee's windfall. Many have been able to ride the rising market, trading up from entry-level jobs to senior positions. "Manhattan has become a mecca for the personal-service industry which is now supported by out-of-work artists," says Mitchell Moss, director of the Urban Research Center at NYU. And many others have been able to hold out for the most attractive offer. Hala Khouri, a highly sought-after aerobics teacher, ticks off the concessions she won from her employers: "They paid me in cash to get me to stay there, and any time I want they'll completely change the schedule to accommodate me," she says.

Those who study fluctuations in the labor market, however, are careful to point out that the current conditions won't last. "In ten years, I've seen two cycles," says Arnold Huberman, a public-relations headhunter whose business, like that of his proliferating colleagues, has grown along with the Dow. "Eventually it will all even out."

But even if the bull market goes bust, there may still be one low body count that no benefit package can overcome: Area medical schools have joined the trend by reporting a troubling shortage of cadavers. Perhaps they ought to make do with headhunters. SARAH BERNARD



FIELD MEMO

Wag the Fonz

A tainted spin doctor makes a comeback.

POLITICAL CONSULTANT Arthur Finkelstein never gives interviews and is so rarely photographed that he could shake an opponent's hand without being recognized. But for all his reclusiveness, Finkelstein has quietly assumed a massive undertaking in this year's election, simultaneously overseeing the campaigns of New York's governor and its junior United States senator. George Pataki and Al D'Amato, quips Democratic strategist Philip Friedman, "are joined at the consultant."

It's a big moment for a man whose slash-and-burn campaigns have earned him a hallowed place in Republican Party history. Wildly successful in his blunt attacks on Democratic opponents ("hopelessly liberal"; "unbelievably liberal"; "embarrassingly liberal"), Finkelstein ran into a wall in the 1996 elections, when four of his five Republican Senate candidates were swept aside by Bill Clinton's coattails. Critics chortled that his one trick had worn thin.

That same year, *Boston Magazine* revealed that Finkelstein, who'd re-elected Jesse Helms by linking his opponent to radical homosexuals, was gay himself, living with a man and their two adopted children. The revelation led to a torrent of condemnation from the left, while a client, North Carolina senator Lauch Faircloth, let him go (the senator claims it was due to a routine reorganization).

The experience left the 54-year-old Finkelstein exposed for the very first time, though his friends quickly circled the wagons. "Only the liberals seemed to care about his lifestyle—and they're supposed to be the tolerant group," says a Finkelstein confidant. "It was the Republicans who stood by him."

Many top GOP consultants are ex-Finkelstein protégés, and they consider him nothing less than a visionary. "Arthur understands that politics is entertainment and politics is information flow," says former GOP spin doctor Roger Stone. "I used to go to these meetings with Finkelstein and the candidate would start talking about the organization he was building, and Arthur would just giggle. He understands it was nonsense. All that matters is mass communications—you put up 10,000 gross points of TV and you win."

But now, trying to bounce back from his personal and professional troubles of the last two years, Finkelstein faces the grimmest scenario of all: the loss of his franchise candidate, D'Amato. Close since D'Amato's famously nasty 1980 campaign (when Finkelstein's commercials blasted the incumbent Jacob Javits's failing health), the two remain one of the longest-running acts in the business, boosting each other to successive triumphs.

Having helped D'Amato elect Pataki governor in 1994, Finkelstein was made chief strategist of the 1996 Republican national senatorial campaign effort by the senator. D'Amato says Finkelstein helped the GOP win a net gain of two seats and "would have to have been God Almighty himself" to have salvaged some of the other races that year.

Some say D'Amato helped Finkelstein land his most successful client in recent years—Israeli prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu—and the senator also tried, albeit unsuccessfully, to install Finkelstein as head of Bob Dole's presidential campaign. "He's without peer in understanding electoral politics," says D'Amato, no slouch in that area himself.

Now D'Amato is on the ropes, plagued with middling poll numbers and a strong field of Democratic challengers. And he's turned once again to a man he widely touts as a political genius. "You have to know that Finkelstein's priority is the election of D'Amato over all else," says a Democratic consultant.

The governor, on the other hand, is considered a shoo-in for re-election, and some wonder why he's not distanced himself from his unpopular mentor. "Somewhere along the line someone had to convince Pataki that the short end of the stick was really the long end of the stick," muses Friedman. He speculates that Pataki may need the D'Amato-Finkelstein duo for his presidential hopes.

Democrats involved in the Senate primary are bracing for the Finkelstein treatment. "They'll do some people-oriented spots to try to soften D'Amato up around the edges," predicts one campaign manager, "but after the primary they'll turn it into a vicious, slice-and-dice campaign. It'll become not who's the best of the two candidates but who's the least bad."

ANDREW KIRTZMAN

Illustration from CSA Archive. Photographs: Frances M. Roberts (Pataki); Terry Ashe/Gamma Liaison (D'Amato).

TRANSPORTATION

Quadriceps for Hire

Don't pity pedicab drivers—join them.

Writer John Bowe provides leg power for a pair of tourists in Manhattan.

I'M SITTING ASTRIDE A BABY-blue rickshaw at the north end of Union Square, too scared to leave the parking lot and commence my maiden journey. Someone taps me on the shoulder, and I whirl around, expecting to see my high-school girlfriend or my cousin the currency trader and thinking how I'll explain myself. Instead, it's a guy named Mike and his 8-year-old son Nick. They want a ride to Duggal on 20th Street and clamber into the backseat. My career as a pedicab driver has begun.

It has been only a few hours since I received my final training session from George Bliss, the founder of Pedicabs of New York. Though he has eight cabs in operation and a deal with the Grand Central Partnership, he views his enterprise as more than a business; to him, it's the first step toward making the city a safer, friendlier place to ride and walk. He personally trains all his drivers, guiding them through an obstacle course, a role-playing session, and a lengthy discussion of rules. And he takes the process very seriously, especially when I nearly sideswipe a Dumpster with him in the back. His cardinal rule: "Love thy passengers."

As I pull into traffic with Mike and Nick, a fire truck screams past us, which makes them nervous. They ask if I've been pedicabbing for a long time. I lie, for their sake. After a few blocks, they forget their fears and start chattering away like a couple of ruling-class Bangladeshis on an outing in downtown Dacca. George Bliss says that people like riding in a pedicab because it's the first time since infancy that anyone's physically carried them. The trip lasts about ten minutes, and I score a $5 tip on top of my prearranged 50-cents-a-minute rate.

I cruise down Fifth Avenue with a dead-ahead stare, trying to do my best Travis Bickle, but I can't maintain the pose. Not when I ring the bell, anyway, as Bliss admonished me to do, in order to "fill the collective unconscious with the happy sound of the happy pedicab driver." The funny thing is, I *do* feel kind of happy. People—especially girl people—are looking at me not with the pity and sadness I expected but with something almost like adoration.

Just two blocks later, I'm hailed by a middle-aged woman and her teenage daughter. "The Village," they say. *Tourists*, I think. I leisurely pedal them down toward Washington Square Park while they try to make polite conversation. "So do you, like, have a job?" the teenager asks me, before handing me another $5 tip.

Before I can say "Objectify me," I'm flagged by Kelly and Janet, two young midwestern dancers. They want to cut through Chinatown, and that means hills. Not big ones, but even the slightest incline can break a pedicabbie's heart. The girls, unfortunately, want to talk. "God, you must get in great shape doing this," Janet says cheerfully. Meanwhile, I'm choking on every cigarette I've ever smoked.

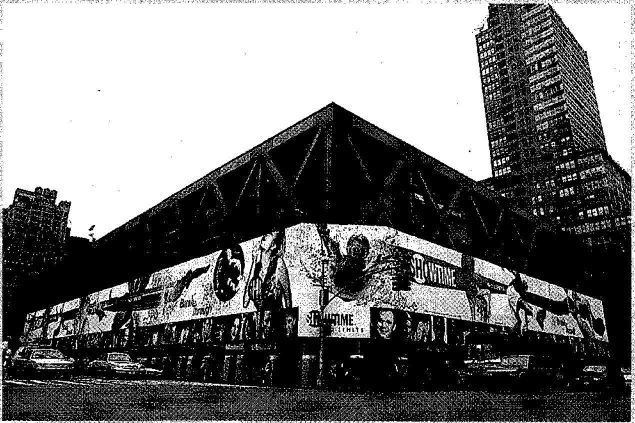
Finally, I reach the flatlands of the Manhattan waterfront. There's only one problem: It's getting cloudy. Cumulonimbi, the pedicabbie's mortal enemies, are piling up in a foreboding way. As my passengers climb out of the cab, Kelly asks what happens when it rains. *Yeah*, I wonder, *what the hell does happen when it rains?* I start to feel like Travis Bickle again. JOHN BOWE

SITE LINES

Dressed to Shill: The Bus Terminal Gets a Madison Avenue Makeover

THEY'RE RUINING THE PORT AUTHORITY. THAT'S WHAT I catch myself thinking as I stand at the corner of Eighth Avenue and 42nd Street, waiting for the light to change. Logic dictates there is no way to ruin a building as unfortunate in every respect as the Port Authority Bus Terminal. But the vinyl billboard that wraps, Christo-style, around the building has done the illogical, the impossible, the inconceivable: It has made the bus terminal uglier still.

The Port Authority Bus Terminal, vanishing behind a wall of ads.



The billboard, which advertises Showtime with images of miscellaneous celebrities swimming (or possibly drowning), demonstrates, according to a press release, that the cable channel "pushes the boundaries of everyday television, offering an emotional escape that has 'NO LIMITS' and endless possibilities." (Translation: They're airing *Lolita.*) Mounted on a sidewalk shed, the billboard is actually concealing the construction of a steel grid that, when completed, will cover the entire building with still more advertising. According to Brigg Dinley of the outdoor advertising company TDI, the new superstructure will carry three-dimensional signs of a size and complexity that can't be attempted on regular office buildings. TDI is trying to find sponsors for, among other things, both a massive illuminated clothesline hung with gargantuan fabric garments and a three-dimensional laptop computer showing stock quotes. As far as I know, there are no plans for a jumbo illuminated New Jersey Transit bus.

The Port Authority, with its accretions of parking levels, its copious quantities of brownish brick, its seventies-style trusswork—the architectural equivalent of seventies-style ferns—begs to be hidden. But because the bus station is the last vestige of the pre-Disney, *Shaft*-era 42nd Street, I hate to see it go. Soon the familiar green steel crisscross façade will be obscured by "interactive super-signage," and, in the words of TDI's Dinley, "it's going to be very, very fabulous." KARRIE JACOBS

Photographs: top, Evan Kafka; bottom, Dan Bigelow.

SHOPPING

Global Flea Marketeers

An African bazaar grows in Chelsea Mini-Storage

THE LARGE BRICK WAREhouse at Eleventh Avenue and 28th Street that's home to Chelsea Mini-Storage looks drab from the outside. One would think it contained nothing more surprising than a few thousand futons, some forgotten college textbooks, and maybe a frustrated studio-dweller in search of "alternative" housing. But a twelve-foot-tall wooden statue of a soccer player at the end of the first-floor hallway is a visitor's first oversize clue that the building houses the African Art Center, a thriving pocket of African commerce and culture.

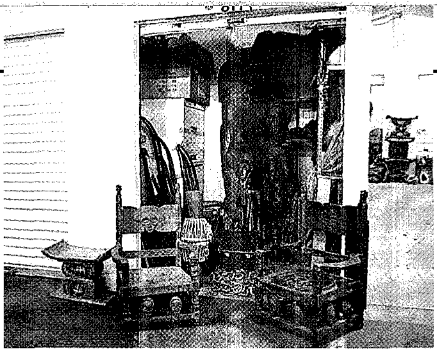
The quiet, fluorescent-lit hallway opens into a bustling scene that's straight out of Nairobi. Men and women in bright dashikis and batik dresses, speaking Bamana, Sarakole, or Bamun, clamor about the loading dock inspecting a dizzying array of imported products, from carved masks to Ashanti fertility dolls to musical instruments. Beyond the dock, the animated crowd spills over into a warren of narrow corridors, where overstuffed storage rooms double as market stalls and traders mill about, greeting friends and striking deals. From a communal dining area, the smell of chicken with rice and peanut sauce wafts out. And juju music, punctuated with live drumming, accompanies the commotion—except when Muslim vendors head over to a makeshift mosque, remove their shoes, and pray.

The African Art Center, which is to African decorative art what 47th Street is to diamonds, has been around for three years, since one floor of the building was customized for the merchants. "It was not easy," explains the founder and president, Mamadou Dibassy. "I was here by myself, and I watched people come one by one."

Since that time, it's become a critical social network for immigrants. "When I'm living here," says Kaba Mohamed Karamo, a Guinean, in shaky English, "I feel like Africa." It's also become an essential resource for collectors. "Every dealer in the U.S. who is worth his salt has been here," says Ian Sutherland, a Manhattan trader. All transactions are African-style: Written contracts are rare; personal reputation is vital.

Occasionally, merchants make concessions to American ways. Zoumana Bamba, a stylishly dressed importer of *djembe* drums born in Côte d'Ivoire, is sometimes known around the Chelsea Mini-Storage as "King Drum," a reference to his aristocratic lineage. He's no street musician, but for a potential customer, he'll condescend to pound out a short rhythm, though his mother would disapprove. "It's not easy in the United States to survive," he says in his own defense. "You have to pay the bills."

ROBIN CAMPBELL



One makeshift stall in the African Art Center.

THE SCENE

Cosmetics Plus

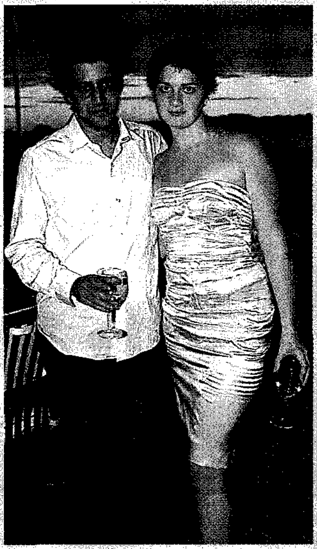
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

By Vanessa Grigoriadis

'GROWING UP, I HAD beautiful skin so I never needed to wear makeup," bragged Roshomba. "I didn't wear it till I began modeling," Cindy Crawford agreed. "Yeah, I only started when someone entered me in a beauty pageant," Halle Berry chimed in. Only one guest, it seemed, at VH1's Lilith Fair preview (sponsored by Revlon, thank you very much) had no regrets. "I believe that women should wear makeup from the womb to the grave," said Cindy Adams. "Women who are feminists can pee on men and still wear makeup." But the argument did little to convince Michael Moore—who was there as an escort of Duff and not "to make any heavy-duty political statement," he insisted. "One time I was on CNN and they put makeup on me," he recalled. "But I went outside without taking it off, and a bunch of guys jumped me."

Richard and Sarah Vass at *Elle Decor's* party for the tenth anniversary of Bridge Gardens Trust.

Gwyneth Paltrow and Sarah McLachlan at Lilith Rocks, a National Women's Cancer Research Alliance benefit sponsored by Revlon and VH1.



Ravi Nandan and Gaby Hoffmann at the kickoff party for the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge, held at Neil Hirsch's home in Watermill.

Victoria Gotti (Sr.) and Victoria Gotti (Jr.), the author of *I'll Be Watching You*, which was celebrated at Il Cantinori.

Leo Castelli with Yayoi Kusama at the Museum of Modern Art, for the opening of "Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958–1968."

Authors Rona Jaffe and Steven Gaines, Pamela Morgan, the chef, and the CFDA's Fern Mallis at Hedy Klineman's birthday in East Hampton.

Photograph by Liz Steger.

GOTHAMSTYLE

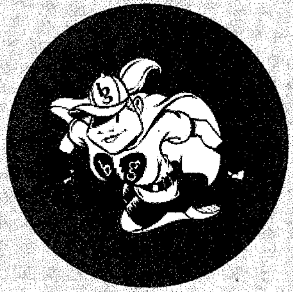
EDITED BY DANY LEVY

Not Necessarily the News

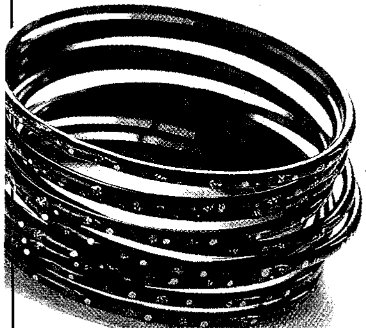
Sure, New York 1 provides local headlines and the weather, but a growing number of dogged newshounds have come to regard Gigi Stone—the news channel's 24-year-old Queens reporter—as the most compelling reason to tune in. "There's a rippling buzz about her," says Warren St. John, media columnist for the New York *Observer.* "All the guys at the dailies are talking about her." "She's a real up-and-comer," agrees Gregg Willinger, vice-president of Conrad Shadlen, a top TV-news agent. But it's not just her reportorial technique that's getting attention; as Scott Wenger, business editor of the *Daily News,* says, "She's got the look." • For her part—though she enjoys "being able to light the fire under issues that otherwise don't get noted"—Stone can't get too fired up about her admirers. "All jokes aside, you're the real freak barging into some neighborhood in your little outfit and makeup. But that's news reporting."

But Can We Still Be Super Friends?

Bravely declaring, "Men are not from Mars, women are not from Venus. Breakups are from hell," Breakup Girl—a modern-day superhero who dispenses funny, irreverent, and consistently intelligent relationship advice—has won many followers through her interactive Website, www.breakupgirl.com. Ever on the lookout for a new challenge, the crusader for romantic justice is now going multimedia. • A Breakup Girl book (the sequel to *He Loved Me, He Loves Me Not*) is forthcoming. The William Morris Agency has been shopping "BG TV" around to major studios. And come autumn, the Gotham Comedy Club will unveil a monthly Breakup Girl variety show. • All of which strikes Lynn Harris (who, along with her partner, Chris Kalb, created the character) as a decent start. "Our ultimate goal," she says, "is a Macy's parade balloon. But it won't fall on anyone. Breakup Girl never hurts anyone." **NICK MEYER**



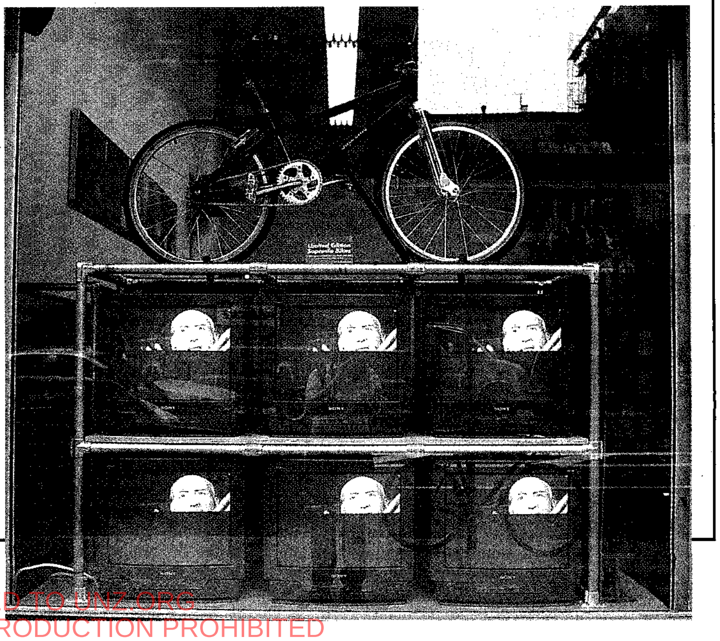
Cheaper by the Dozen



First a certain very visible circle of young socialites started exchanging bangles from Little India (left) as friendship tokens, then rubber bands stamped with words like HAPPY, DYSFUNCTIONAL, and DIVINE started piling up on tanned arms, and now Madonna—who began it all, years ago, with those clusters of black stretchy bands—has been spotted wearing Zoe Metro's Chinese charm bracelets. For summer accessories, the message is clear: the more the merrier. "Bracelets look great stacked up your arm when you're wearing a tank top," explains Stacey Pecor, owner of Olive & Bette's. "People take them off their wrist to give to friends." It's easy to be generous when the items in question are so affordable: the rubber bands sell at Shì, Apartment 48, and Norahs (in Southampton) for 50 cents. DEBORAH NETBURN

Far East Village

Skateboard style may have first emerged as a fashion for disaffected white kids, but in stores like Supreme, 555 Soul, Blades, and Union (all on or near Lafayette Street), local Asian-American streetwear designers—such as Rookie, PNB, and Staple—are now the hottest things on double-truck wheels. "Asian Americans started in this in the eighties, but now it's booming," says Rookie's Jung Kwak. "It was only a matter of time before more people of color got into it." • Many of the clothes bear Asian design elements, such as Chinese characters or Japanese anime figures, but the look is all about the interplay among identities—especially as seen on the streets of lower Manhattan. "The multiethnic, multicultural experience stems from that area," says Brue, one of the founders of PNB. • Or, as a Supreme customer wearing an anime T-shirt put it, "This is the dope shit." **EDMUND LEE**



Photographs: top, Michael Kenneth Lopez; center, Amy Freeth; bottom, Matt Salacuse.

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Deep Impact

That deadly asteroid homing in on Geraldine Ferraro's campaign is Charles Schumer, who has the record and now the money to win the primary and take on Al D'Amato.

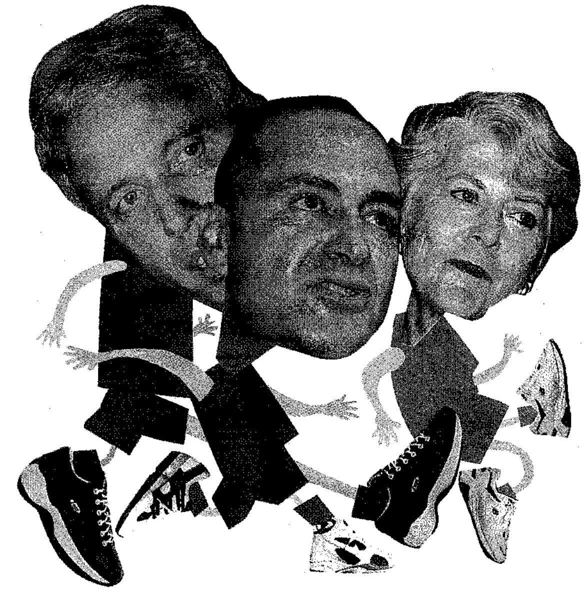
IF YOU STILL THINK GERRY FERRARO IS walking away with the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senate, consider three pieces of recent evidence.

The first sign that things were getting interesting came July 12 in Robert Novak's inside-dope column in the *Post.* Alfonse D'Amato, Novak wrote, was "telling close personal friends" that Mark Green would explode out of the pack and win the September 15 primary. The junior senator further believed that Geraldine Ferraro would be his toughest foe, and Congressman Chuck Schumer his weakest.

Needless to say, D'Amato's spin to the friendly Novak means that the opposite of everything he said is true, which confirms what most people following this race closely believe. D'Amato would prefer running against Green; he isn't that worried about Ferraro either; and he recognizes that Schumer in fact would be his toughest opponent. (Note to the Fonz: Your M.O. is stale. Next time, try telling your scriveners the truth; that'll really throw people off the scent.)

Exhibit B was delivered last week when Quinnipiac College released a poll showing Ferraro at 39 percent, Schumer at 28, and Green at 24. This sounds like just another "Ferraro leads" poll until you consider that, only a month ago, this same organization had Ferraro at 46, Green at 23, and Schumer at 19. Measuring Ferraro vis-à-vis Schumer, in other words, we see a sixteen-point swing (and the current poll is of likely voters, making it presumably more reliable). In March, Ferraro was at 50 and Schumer at 15. Furthermore, a source working in another statewide race confirms the existence of a private poll, targeted specifically at so-called "prime voters," that reduces Ferraro's lead over Schumer to single digits. Political writers pay too much heed to polls, of course, but these two confirm what everyone watching has been feeling for a few days now: This race is tightening.

Finally, our third piece of evidence: The candidates' most recent financial filings. It has become a given in this race that, each filing period, Green lags behind the other two because he lacks Schumer's PAC connections and Ferraro's glitz, but that this is all right because Green, our local Nader, could win this primary not with the wallet but with the sort of luck, pluck, and drive that has characterized his chronically underfunded career. So it came as a surprise to find that, with Green's having collected $568,000 this period ($2.5 million total) and Ferraro $701,500, the two of them now have the same amount of cash on hand, around $1.1 million. Ferraro's cup-rattling has yielded her just over $2 million since she announced her candidacy in January. She said then that she would need to raise $5 million to $6 million. That figure was itself one of those lowering-expectations ploys—since D'Amato will spend three or four times that, it's unlikely that $5 million could produce victory—but now it appears she's well off the pace to achieve even that much. Schumer drank in another casual mil, bringing his total raised to $12 million and putting his cash-on-hand figure at a gaudy (as the sportswriters say) $7.2 million.



Campaigns have their phases, and this one will probably have three. Phase I was Gerry's phase. It started in January, when Ferraro announced to the blare of history's trumpets that she'd give it one more go. She got hammered in the press for having no motive save vengeance, but with 35-point leads in the polls, she could afford to laugh off a few cranky columnists. April's conventional wisdom, for example, was that she was running a lousy campaign but that it wouldn't matter; her celebrity would carry the day.

Well, friends, Phase I is over. "My sense is that Gerry's in free-fall," says a prominent elected Democrat who hasn't endorsed anyone in this race (how freely they speak on background, those prominent elected Democrats!): "She just never capitalized on her beginnings. There she was, with all that press and attention, and she never took advantage of it, never gave a rationale for her candidacy."

You hear this line a lot, that she has no rationale. But is it really a fair shot? Well, yes. Think of it this way. In fourteen years—that's a long time; world fascism was vanquished in six—she has done one political thing in New York, which was to run a losing race for the Senate in 1992. She has been a private lawyer and a television host. It's her right, of course, to have done so. But it means that she has not been on the scene in any meaningful way. She did very little work, for example, for other Democrats like David Dinkins. She's done little to identify herself with issues, or an issue. She might say she couldn't be too openly partisan about things because of her *Crossfire* role, but that in itself reflects a choice she made: television and money over local political ground-

Illustration by Stephen Kroninger. Photographs: Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma (Green); Nina Berman/Sipa (Schumer); Brad Rickerby/Sipa (Ferraro).

work. Schumer and Green, meanwhile, have been on the scene to the point of oppression. You can't yank either one away from a news camera, can't avoid their phone calls or calls from their aides; and if you're an attentive voter, you can name three or four things each has done off the top of your head. They've been engaged over the long haul in a way Ferraro just hasn't. She should have realized this and rushed out a flurry of proposals right off the bat, given a couple of very public platform addresses, that sort of thing. Instead, she said, *I've got to go raise money now, boys, and by the way, you're not allowed to discuss me while I'm doing it.*

So it's no surprise that her polling slip is showing, and it's no surprise that Schumer is gaining ground. The experts have been saying since January that Schumer had to show something by midsummer not to be written off. So here it is midsummer, and he's showing it. His bland but solidly biographical ads have been on the air for four or five weeks now, and he swears that he's noticing more reaction on the hustings. Virtually every insider believes what D'Amato fears: that Schumer, the only candidate with both the record and the money to give D'Amato fits, will win this primary and give D'Amato everything he can handle. Indeed, if Schumer should be worried about anything, it's the wisdom of the experts.

And don't count Green out. If we've just entered Phase II of this race, then the third and final phase will arrive ten to fourteen days before the September 15 primary, when probably one quarter of the voters, maybe more, will finally make up their minds. Green will run his commercials then, and count on the favorable press he has a knack of getting.

Green and Schumer are savvy pols, and they will run smart campaigns. The outstanding question is whether Ferraro has any ideas about how to match them. "There was a recognition that things were not going as well as they should have," says her spokesman, Stephen Gaskill. "Problems were identified, and changes were made." He means that the campaign manager left. But when candidates nudge out campaign managers, it's usually not the campaign manager who was the problem. People may glow and whisper when Ferraro walks into a room, but people glow and whisper when Tama Janowitz walks into a room. Glowing and whispering about someone and voting for her are very different things. This isn't celebrity table tennis. But it is getting to be a horse race. ■

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Alexandra Parnass
Beauty Editor
Marie Claire Magazine

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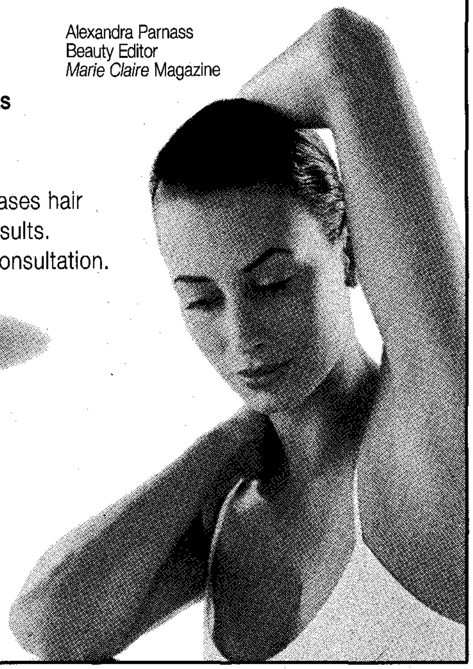

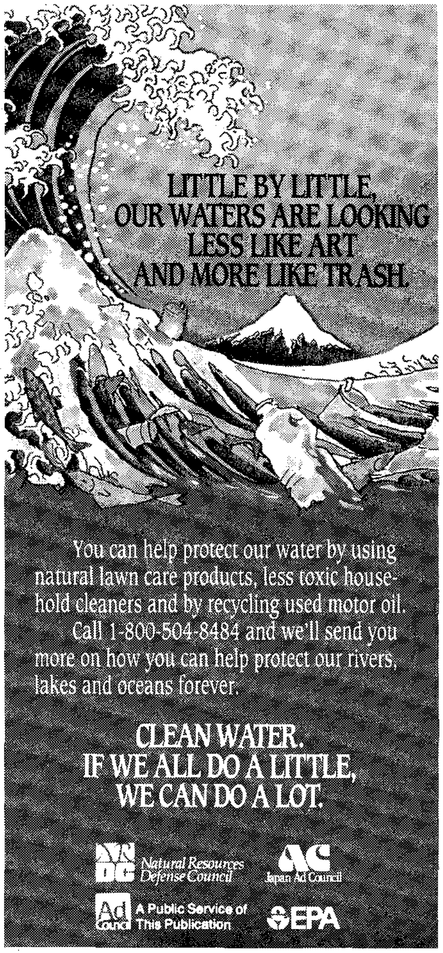
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NEW YORK
ON THE AIR

Join *New York* political columnist **MICHAEL TOMASKY** as he discusses why, in the battle to challenge the Fonz, Gerry Ferraro may not be as far in front as you think.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, AT 10 A.M., WITH HOST BRIAN LEHRER

Tune in to WNYC's "On the Line," at AM 820, the call-in program that puts a human face on the issues shaping your life.

WNYC

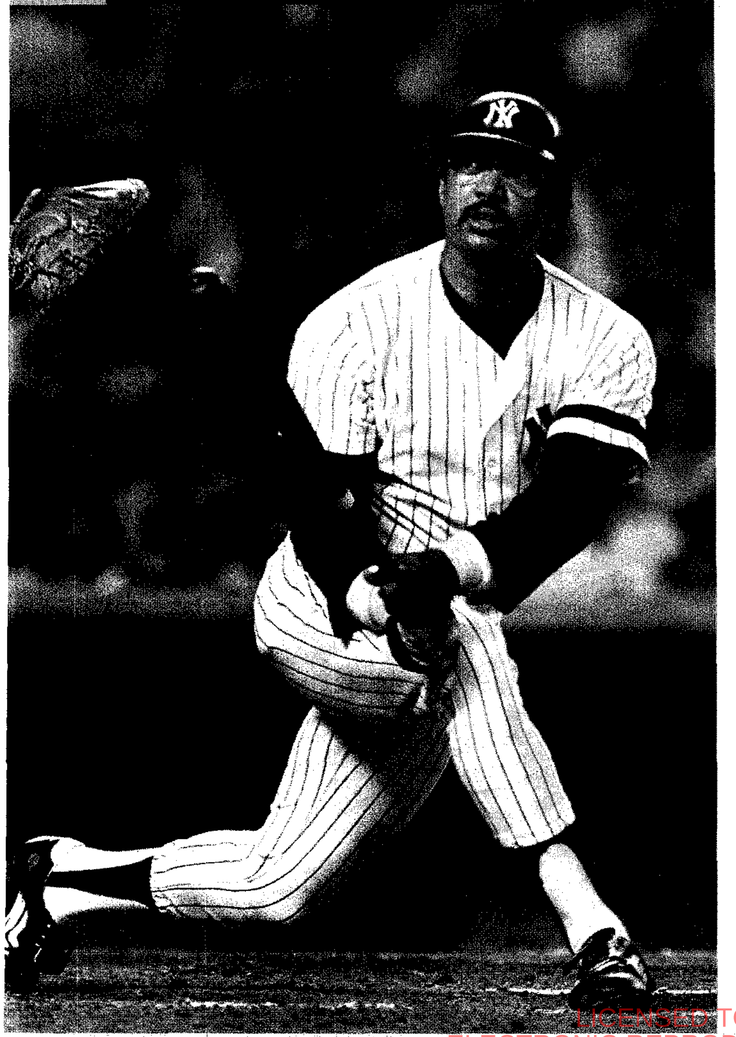
Right fielder Paul O'Neill's clutch hitting and fierce intensity have made him a leader in the field and in the clubhouse.

199

These Yankees don't blast tape-measure home runs. They don't come to blows in the clubhouse. They don't do anything interesting but win. So what can stop them from becoming the greatest baseball team of all time? Inside the Big Blue Machine. By Chris Smith

the Bronx coup

.978 No current Yankee showboats like Reggie Jackson.



REGGIE JACKSON HASN'T PLAYED IN pinstripes since 1981. But tonight, hours before the Yankees are to face the Atlanta Braves, Jackson struts into the legendary clubhouse at Yankee Stadium and instantly takes over the room. Now employed as one of George Steinbrenner's "baseball people," Jackson has flown in from California for the big series. A curvaceous blonde woman wearing a press pass walks up and begins to introduce herself, but Jackson cuts her off. ◆ "Damn," he says. "A beautiful woman in the clubhouse?" He looks her up and down, slowly. Twice. "The women reporters are usually pretty . . . *rough.* Where'd they import you from?" ◆ As she

Photographed by Marc Asnin/Saba

stutters a reply, Derek Jeter appears, crossing from the player's lounge to his locker. Jeter is wearing a T-shirt and tight running shorts that highlight his tapered torso and minuscule waist.

"Reginald!" Jeter says, shaking Jackson's hand. Jeter tries to keep moving, but Jackson won't let go of his hand.

"How'm I doing?" Jackson says, rolling his eyes from Jeter to the blonde. "Pretty nice, huh?" Jeter glances quickly at the woman and doesn't say a word. "Whaddaya think?" Jackson asks, pointing his cigar at the woman for emphasis.

Jeter, who managed to date Mariah Carey for months and keep things discreet, changes the subject. "What you doing in town, Reginald?"

"Motherfucker hasn't paid me in six months!" Jackson yells. "I had to come collect! I didn't know about it till my secretary told me!"

Jeter moves rapidly toward his locker, tossing back some gentle sarcasm. "You don't need any more money!" he says. "You're rich already! Give me a loan!"

Jackson, flattered, grins widely, not noticing that the blonde has also managed to escape. Talk returns to baseball: Is this the best Yankees team ever?

"Sheee-ittt," Jackson exhales. "They're a good team, maybe a great team—but talk to me after they've won the World Series. If they even get to the World Series. That's the test. Remember," he says, "you're talking to Mr. October!"

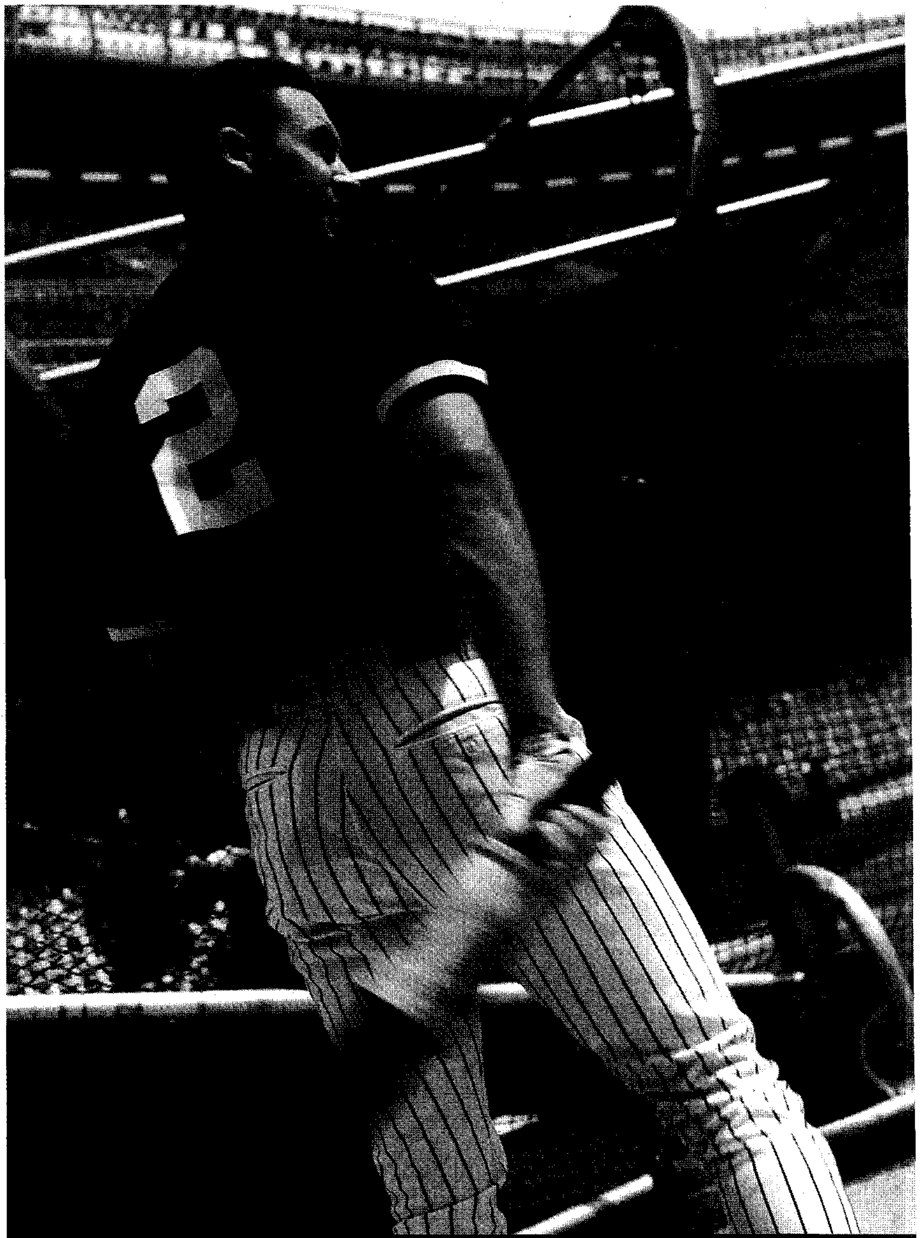
THOUSANDS OF FANS are ready to argue with Reggie and crown these Yankees right now. They've watched this team win big (pounding out 12, 14, and 12 runs in consecutive games versus the Sox, Red and then White), win little (a crafty pitching gem by David Cone to beat the Orioles 1–0), win lucky (a horrible umpire's call bailing them out against Baltimore), and win gloriously (David Wells's perfect game against the Twins).

The victories just keep piling up, 67 wins in the first 88 games. At this rate, the Yankees will shatter one of the game's oldest landmarks, the 116 regular-season wins racked up by the 1906 Chicago Cubs. The toughest challenge these Yankees have faced is ordering dinner for a pitching staff that includes a Cuban, a Japanese, an Australian, a born-again Christian, and a beer-loving Southern California flake.

Whatever the team's final numbers—and there are signs that the Yankees won't keep winning three out of every four—the way the Yankees are succeeding deserves close attention. Playing in the capital of hype, for an owner who is the major-league career leader in bluster, they go about their daily business with the discipline of a Marine drill team. Like Jeter in his encounter with Jackson, they refuse to be distracted. The defining symbol of this team is the blond-wood Pottery Barn picture frames perched in players' lockers, holding snapshots of their smiling children.

"We're grinders," says manager Joe Torre. "Baseball is our job. And that's the way we approach it." The all-for-one, one-for-all mythology, though, disguises plenty of machinations: One day, Torre is stroking the ego of the prickly Chuck Knoblauch; the next, he's poking at the pride of David Wells.

The Yankees won a World Series two years ago with largely the same cast of characters, but the personality of this year's model is quite different. The 1996 Yankees also generated headlines with off-the-field dramas, especially the heart transplant that saved the life of Torre's brother Frank. "In '96, we had so many human-interest stories, it was like living in a TV movie-of-the-week," says David Cone, who won a pivotal game in the World Series months after surgeons plucked an aneurysm from his pitching arm. "This year, it feels like we're working on a classic."



Derek Jeter already seems like the best hitting Yankee shortstop ever. **199**

INSIDE THE VISITORS' LOCKER ROOM IN Cleveland, reporters are grilling Scott Brosius for more details, more of his feelings, about the weird moment last night

Photographs: preceding page left, Nedjeljko Matura (cap); right, AP/Wide World.

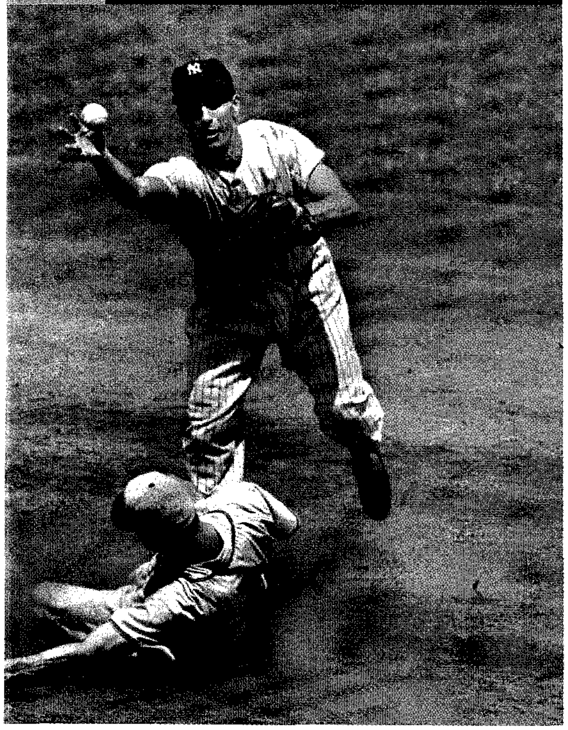
when he beat the Indians twice. In a tense ninth inning, with the score tied and the bases loaded, Brosius tapped a slow roller down the third base line, just far enough for Tino Martinez to score. Then a bizarre reversal: The home-plate umpire waved off the whole thing, saying the ball had deflected off Brosius, making it foul. Torre leapt from the dugout to argue; Brosius trotted back from first base, confused and winded, to face the flame-throwing Mike Jackson again. Then Brosius fouled off five straight nasty two-strike pitches before taking ball four, forcing in the winning run.

The beat writers want to know: Wasn't Brosius angry about the controversial call? Did he think the call was wrong? How did he compose himself so quickly?

Brosius, a soft-spoken dead ringer for Lenny on *Laverne and Shirley,* shrugs and offers several variations of "I just tried to focus and make contact."

The questions keep coming: How was he able to keep a clear head in such a pressure-packed situation?

949 **Phil Rizzuto sparkled in the field.**



"It's because he's a good Christian!" shouts Tim Raines. Raines, lounging on the locker-room couch, cracks up both Brosius and the writers. The Yankees have one of the best-attended prayer groups in the majors—including Brosius, Chad Curtis, Joe Girardi, Andy Pettitte, Paul O'Neill, Darryl Strawberry, Darren Holmes, and Raines—but they're not sanctimonious. That Raines can joke about their faith is another sign of how loose and mature this team is.

Jeter and Raines are the leaders when it comes to keeping things light. But the Patient Zero of the team's fierce determination is Paul O'Neill. Last October, right here in Cleveland, O'Neill set the tone for this year's team. The Yankees were one out from playoff elimination, and they barely had a pulse. Then O'Neill, hobbled by a season's worth of aches, whacked a pitch into right field and launched his tired body toward second base. The tying run was in scoring position.

The 1906 Cubs record of 116 wins is in grave danger.

The Yankees' season ended on the next pitch, but O'Neill's example has carried over to this year's team. O'Neill fights until the last breath. You'd think a team riding such a phenomenal wave would look like it's having fun, but the only emotional displays associated with the Yankees are O'Neill's volcanic temper tantrums. "When I first came to the Yankees," Torre says, "a lot was made of the fact that Paul breaks things, that he gets mad when he makes an out. I think some people misdiagnosed that as being selfish. There's a certain amount of wanting to get a hit every time up that doesn't necessarily mean you're selfish; it just means you're passionate about it, and you're a perfectionist." The only caution Torre says he's given O'Neill is to not hurt himself. "We've made strides with water coolers," Torre says, timing his punch line. "Now they're plastic. So we're all right."

O'Neill isn't much of a talker, but he can be slyly funny. Ask him to assess the grueling two weeks that took the Yankees to Baltimore, Cleveland, the Bronx for two days, and Atlanta, then to Queens for a bragging-rights match with the Mets, and O'Neill says, "Yeah, I'm ready for it to be over. I'm out of clean clothes."

Turn the conversation to O'Neill's role in this dynamo, though, and his wincing, self-abasing Irish Catholic side takes over. He's been reclining, relaxed, on a stool; now O'Neill bends forward at the waist and stares at the floor as he talks, politely and briefly, before fleeing to the pregame bridge table.

O'Neill shuffles the cards. He's paired with catcher Girardi against coach Don Zimmer and third-baseman Brosius in a season-long tournament. "We been beatin' em up pretty good so far," O'Neill says. Yet even as he's winning at bridge, O'Neill is working at baseball: He keeps glancing away to study a TV monitor, which is showing videotape of Al Leiter, the starting pitcher for the Mets tonight. "Look at that," O'Neill says to Tino Martinez, who is hunched over in front of the screen; O'Neill and Martinez nod, having picked up a clue to Leiter's curveball. "Left-handers are getting better hacks than righties," O'Neill says.

Other Yankees point to Girardi, the veteran catcher, as another leader: Bumped from his starting role by young Jorge Posada, Girardi doesn't sulk—he tutors Posada between innings. Athletes respect nothing so much as physical gifts, and so the 24-year-old, supremely confident Jeter has become a leader as well.

But this isn't "Derek's team," or "Paul's team," in the way that one dominant personality usually emerges out of the 25-man roster, demanding to carry the load in tough situations. "We kind of see ourselves as a unit, focusing on a common goal and putting aside selfish things," says Chad Curtis, who has played capably in center field while Bernie Williams has been injured. "That's so clichéd, but it really is the case on this team. People are gonna read that and say, 'Oh, yeah, they all say that.' But I've been on quite a few teams, and I've never seen it before."

UP IN COOPERSTOWN, THEY'RE ALREADY casting the bronze Hall of Fame plaque of Greg Maddux. The Braves right-hander takes the mound at Yankee Stadium on a warm night in late June riding a two-month winning streak. Now he's buzzing through the batting order of the ballyhooed "best team in baseball." For the first two innings, the Yankees look docile, taking pitch after pitch before grounding out meekly.

Then, in the third inning, Knoblauch faces Maddux for the second time. First pitch—snap. A single to right field. Up comes Jeter. Third pitch—snap. A single to center field. O'Neill is the hitter now. Maddux floats his best pitch: A mesmerizing change-up. Pop: A first-pitch single to center, scoring Knoblauch.

Next is Martinez. First pitch: Another change-up. Martinez slashes. Another hard single. Game tied.

Three innings later, the game still tied, Maddux asks to be replaced. Afterward, he blames his early exit on a stiff neck, caused by a bad night's sleep at the Grand

Photograph from UPI/Corbis-Bettmann.

Hyatt. The Yankees jump all over the Braves' weak bull pen, beating baseball's second-best team 6–4.

Later, Martinez says the Yankees weren't being docile at all in the first part of the game. It was part of the plan of attack for facing a pitcher like Maddux. "Your first at-bat, if you have a pretty good at-bat, you're gonna see quite a few pitches," Martinez explains. "You see his fastball, his change-up, whatever he's gonna throw. The next few at-bats is the time you gotta try to sit on one certain pitch. This lineup makes adjustments during a game faster than any team I've been on. We talk about it in the dugout—what we're looking for, what he's doing—and we know we've got a good chance to get him eventually."

Inevitability: That's the best way to describe the Yankees this year. Either the ocean-deep starting-pitching staff—Cone, Pettitte, Wells, Hideki Irabu, and Orlando "El Duque" Hernandez—throws a suffocating game, or the intensely focused hitters keep punching until they find an opening. The 1906 Cubs, the team with the most regular-season wins, had an airtight defense, anchored by the famous Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance double-play combination. But those Cubs played in an era when somebody named Harry Davis could lead the league with twelve home runs. The game was so different it makes comparisons to the '98 Yankees silly.

The team that's commonly lauded as the best ever, the 1927 Yankees, was overwhelming, featuring Ruth, Gehrig, Lazzeri, Combs, and Meusel—the famed Murderers' Row. The '98 Yankees have an Assassins' Row: Expose one vulnerability and they'll kill you. They wear out even the most precise pitchers. "You've gotta do everything you can to keep your mistakes to a minimum," says the Braves' Tom Glavine. "They don't have a lot of guys who swing at bad pitches. They take a lot of walks. They go out, they play the game hard. If they beat you, that's that; they don't make a big deal out of it."

The only place where Roger Maris's single-season homer record isn't threatened, it seems, is in the Bronx. Martinez leads the Yankees with a modest 14 dingers. But check the names at the top of this year's home-run derby: McGwire, Griffey, Sosa. Then check to see where their teams are in the standings.

THEY SIT CLOSER THAN TWO AIRPLANE PASsengers in economy class. To the left, Joe Torre, swarthy and impassive. To the right, Don Zimmer, round and pop-eyed. The dialogue between manager and coach determines every strategic move. And sometimes which golf course Torre and Zimmer will play tomorrow morning.

Right now, in the seventh inning of an interleague game against the Mets, Jorge Posada is on third base, Scott Brosius on first. Because this game is in a National League park, there's no designated hitter, so pitcher Andy Pettitte is about to hit for himself. Or perhaps Pettitte will lay down a squeeze bunt. "Whaddaya think here, Zim?" Torre says.

"I dunno," Zimmer says. "I like to squeeze, but remember, Pettitte's been up at bat twice in—how many years?"

"He bunted that sacrifice perfect his first time up today," Torre says.

"Yeah," Zimmer says. "So that's one time in three years. It ain't that easy, guy throwing a ball 90 miles an hour at you."

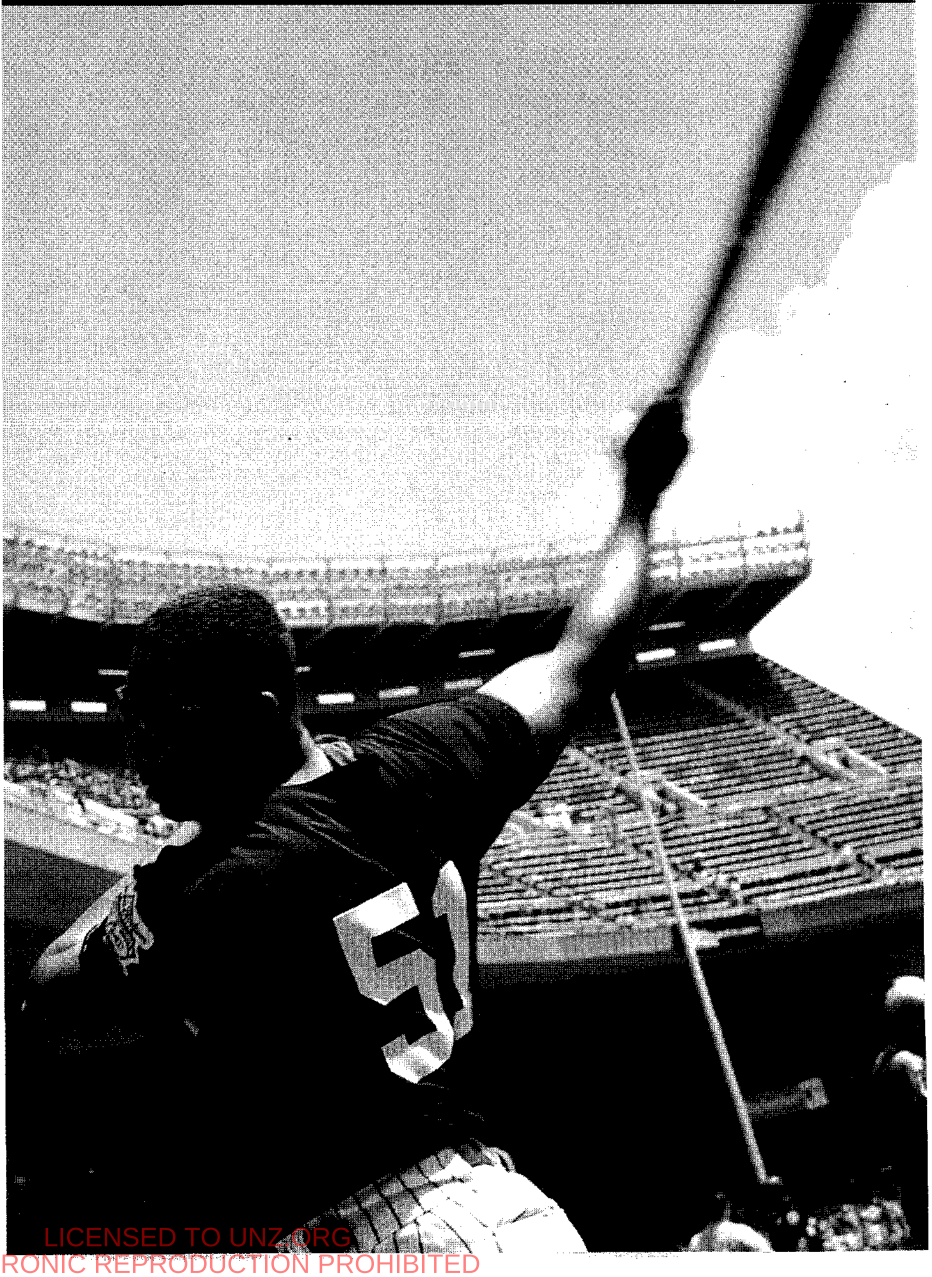
Pettitte is standing just outside the batter's box, looking down at third-base coach Willie Randolph for the sign. Torre signals for Pettitte to swing away. "Besides," Torre says, "it's enough that other teams know we like to squeeze. [Mets pitcher Bobby] Jones will be thinking a little extra. Let's see what happens."

Pettitte strikes out. No matter: Jeter and O'Neill follow with hits, boosting the lead to 7–1 and dooming the Mets.

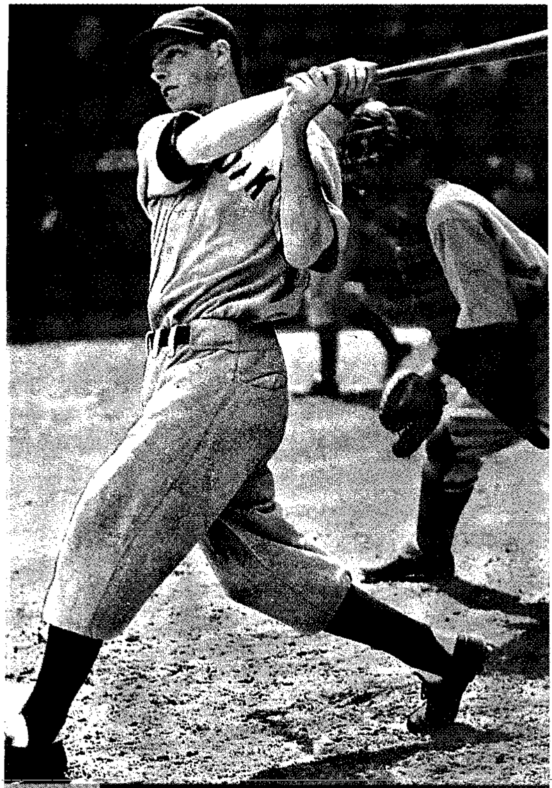
Two men chatting while they watch a baseball game—it looks like a simple thing. But the body language of Torre's relationship with Zimmer filters down through the entire team. Torre cares deeply about winning with the Yankees, but unlike his predecessors Billy Martin and Buck Showalter, he has the serenity of a man who could live without the job and doesn't mind sharing credit. Instead of fighting with the tabloids, Torre endorses one (the *Daily News*). He's so sure of himself that he's able to admit when he's unsure.

Before a game in Cleveland last month, Torre was tinkering with his lineup. Chad Curtis had done well in

Bernie Williams, once considered "too soft," has arrived as a superstar. **199**



center field with Bernie Williams injured, but today Torre wanted an extra left-handed hitter against the Indians' Charles Nagy. Curtis hits right-handed, and over the years, he had been a miserable 3 for 36 against Nagy. As Curtis sat in front of his locker four hours before the first pitch, Torre walked over and told him he had the day off. The rookie Ricky Ledee was starting in center field. "I think he kind of wanted to see if I was relieved to have a day off or if I was perturbed," Curtis says later. "I told him, 'I know my numbers against Chuck Nagy aren't very good. Below .100. But the last few times I've faced him, I hit the ball hard.' I wanted to be in there, and I think he sensed that." Torre thought it over, and started Curtis.


946 The Yankee Clipper, Joe DiMaggio.

"I don't want to flatter myself and say I talked Joe into anything," Curtis says. "But that means a lot, just the fact he would come up to me and tell me that I wasn't in there, instead of just making me read it and wonder why."

"Different people need different things from the manager," Torre says. "I may give Tim Raines a cigar—well, that's bad news for him, because he thinks he's not playing that day, and he probably isn't. With younger players, you become a little more aggressive with the conversation. You're gonna tell 'em things they haven't felt before."

So in June, when Jeter came back from his first stay on the disabled list, Torre put his arm around the shortstop's shoulders and told him not to expect to immediately be back in synch. When Jeter did flail at hittable pitches, he didn't become overfrustrated. "You have to be available for each one of their needs," Torre says. "And I try to be."

SOMETIMES THOSE NEEDS ARE A KICK IN THE ass. Torre normally criticizes a player in private, but in May, after David Wells wilted in the Texas heat, Torre needled the sensitive pitcher in the papers, questioning whether Wells was too fat.

Two months later, Wells still bristles over the jibe. The left-hander pulls a T-shirt over his massive torso, covering the blue-ink trio of tattoos on his back: Mom, Grandma, Grandpa. On Wells's right deltoid is a rendering of his boy, Brandon, and the tattoo tenses when Wells is reminded of Torre's crack. "I think he's wrong," Wells says. "I'd be the first one to tell you when I'm sucking wind. But I wasn't."

Sitting on a black Naugahyde couch in the center of the Yankee Stadium clubhouse, Wells is instantly likable, with warm brown eyes and a quick, slightly sinister laugh: *Heh, heh, heh.* "Eventually I called a meeting with him and Mel [Stottlemyre, the pitching coach]," Wells continues. "I was a little bitter about things, and I don't like walking around with those kind of feelings on my mind, so I got it off my chest. However it ends up, it ends up."

The Yanks could have three 20 game winners for the first time ever.

One way it seems to have ended up is with an increase in Wells's concentration on the mound. Wells has always had a smoking fastball and good control, but his attention could drift like plastic shopping bags in the outfield breeze. Since May's perfect game, Wells has won six of seven decisions, and he went an amazing 36 innings without walking a batter. "A lightbulb has gone off for Boomer," David Cone says. "I think the perfect game humbled him a bit, and now he sees just how good he can be."

Post-perfect-game fame has forced him, Wells says, to rein in his partying a bit; he doesn't go to the China Club with Jeter and Posada as often. "Everywhere I go, I'm getting hounded by autograph seekers and stuff like that," Wells says. "But I'm flattered by it all. It just changes my daily program. I gotta slide out the back door, or wait last minute, just so I can get some of my own peace time. It gets a little old sitting in your room looking at the four walls every day, so I've been going to the park a lot earlier and hanging out."

Are there no fringe benefits? Do better-looking women chase him? "Nah," Wells laughs. "You'd wanta think! I'm a mullion, man. They go after Jeter and Posada, the good-lookin' dudes." Just then Jeter ambles by, so Wells ups the volume. "He's one of the 50 most beautiful people in the world, by *People* magazine! Man, we rode him hard about that."

The fun-loving, canine-loyal Wells isn't ever going to be *too* humble. When he sees Reggie Jackson, Wells exchanges laughs with Mr. October, then says, "Earlier in my career, I didn't really like him. I wished I could have faced him in a game—so I could've drilled him!"

FROM HIS OFFICE ABOVE AND behind home plate, Brian Cashman has one of the best views at Yankee Stadium. But the team's first-year general manager spends most games with his back to the field, scanning the scouting reports on his desk. And bolting out of his chair to answer the phone at its first bleat.

Cashman was thrust into the job in February, when Bob Watson abruptly quit after two years. Watson's blood pressure had skyrocketed while he was working for Steinbrenner, and he decided he'd had enough. Cashman, 31, smart, and earnest, looks as if he's wearing his big brother's shirt and tie. "It's probably the most demanding position in sports," Cashman says of his job. "Our owner is hands-on. There's no secret about that. He's probably one of the most difficult people to work for in sports. That's probably why he's successful, because he gets his money's worth and then some. But I knew what I was getting into. Does it make it any easier to deal with? No. It doesn't."

The phone rings, and Cashman lunges. He has spoken with ten other general managers today. He's on the lookout for ways to shore up some of the Yankees' minor weaknesses, including inconsistent middle relief and a vulnerability to left-handed pitching. Cashman is also hearing

Photograph from Archive Photos.

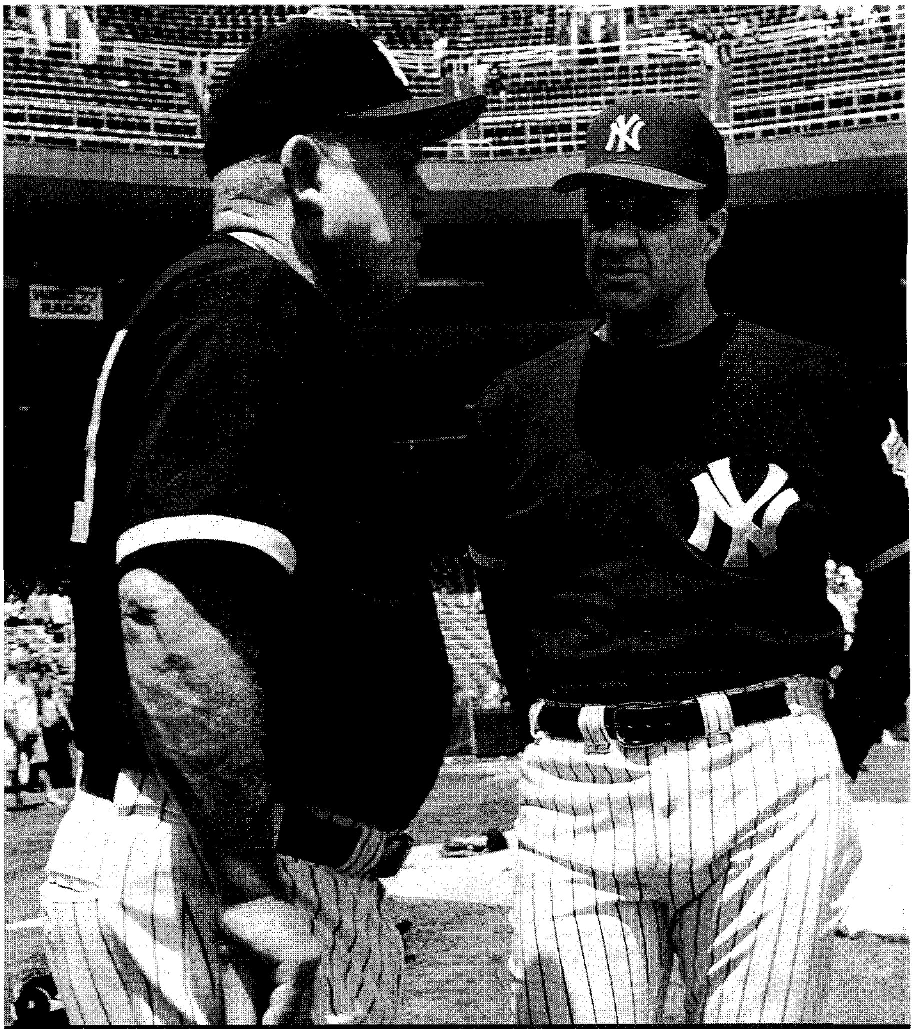
from a steady stream of agents, representing Jeter, Brosius, Curtis: With the Yankees playing so well, hey, don't their guys deserve to get paid better?

Cashman, whose father knows Steinbrenner from the horse-racing circuit, began as a Yankees intern during college and spent the past several years running errands for Watson and Gene Michael. A beeper and a phone clipped to Cashman's belt are connected straight to the Boss at all times. "He's had an impact on my personal side," Cashman says. "I balance my checkbook better; I fold my underwear a lot neater. When you have someone on top of you like that all the time, it makes you organized."

As he's jumping again for the phone, Cashman says he's learned the most from Mark Newman, the Yankees' Tampa-based player-development executive, and Gene Michael, whose title is scouting director and whose handiwork is evident everywhere. The 1998 Yankees are more Michael's team than anyone else's. He oversaw the drafting or signing of Jeter, Posada, Mendoza, Pettitte, and the cold-blooded closer Mariano Rivera. Michael also engineered brilliant trades for Martinez, O'Neill, and reliever Jeff Nelson; he also shielded Bernie Williams when Steinbrenner decreed the center-fielder be traded because he was "too soft."

As shrewd as Michael and other Yankees executives have been, they couldn't have done it without Steinbrenner's bucks. The Yankees have the majors' second-highest payroll, at $63 million. Not only are the Yankees the rare franchise that can afford to hold on to good players, but they can bury their mistakes. Players no longer with the team are being paid more than $7 million by Steinbrenner—almost equal to the payroll of the entire Montreal Expos roster.

Not that money guarantees victory. When David Cone, always on the lookout for a good line, is asked about the Yankees' financial muscle, he quotes Sandy Alderson, an Oakland A's executive: "Sandy said, 'The biggest payroll doesn't always win. I was in Vietnam.' "



Don Zimmer and Joe Torre talk straight and keep the team on an even keel.

IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS SINCE Hideki Irabu hurled any TV cameras in anger, and as he sits at his locker in late June, the pitcher has the lowest ERA in the league. Yet Irabu is testy when asked how he has changed since last season, when his pouting and his underwhelming fastball made him a multi-million-dollar flop. "I had some failures, and I wanted to use them as learning experiences," Irabu says through a translator. "As far as trying to change my image—I like playing baseball, and that's what I think about, and that's all there is to it."

Derek Jeter, pulling on his socks two stalls away, can't hear what Irabu is saying, but he knows something loamy is being shoveled. "Bu-bu!" Jeter shouts, with a teasing smile on his face. "You're lying! You're *lying*, man!"

Irabu looks puzzled. The translator translates. A slight delay. Irabu laughs.

The chemistry of the '98 Yankees is superior to that of the close-knit '96 champs. Mere language barriers don't spare players from ragging. And nearly all the problem children have been weeded out. "That was our problem last year," says first-base coach José Cardenal. "We had two or three guys that were bitching they weren't playing, and that was no good."

Yet it's more than just jettisoning grumblers. The Yankees executives, consciously or not, have sought out individuals who won't challenge Steinbrenner for the

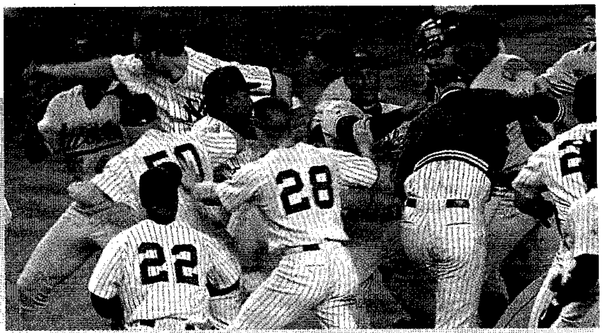
THE HIGHLIGHT REEL

APRIL 7

After a shaky start to their season, the Yankees blow out arch-rivals the Seattle Mariners, 13-7, in the Kingdome, fueled by two Darryl Strawberry homers. Will they ever lose again?

MAY 17

Flaky left-hander David Wells, already auditioning for Joe Torre's doghouse, pitches a perfect game against the Twins, establishing himself as a bona fide Yankee star.

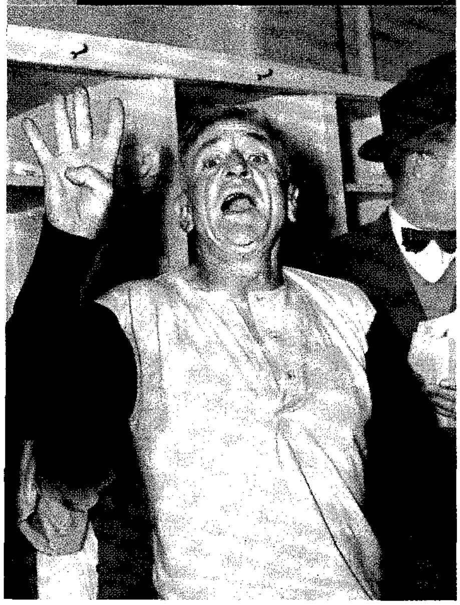


Photographs: left, John Dunn/AP/Wide World; right, Lou Requena/AP/Wide World.

tabloid limelight. As long as Steinbrenner is the owner, there will be periodic fireworks displays in the Bronx. But this year, none of the rockets are launched from the field or the clubhouse. The secret to building a stable Yankees team is players who aren't colorful enough to make Steinbrenner feel insecure. And there's been an unforeseen fringe benefit to the controversy over the future of Yankee Stadium: Raging at Peter Vallone has diverted some of Steinbrenner's anger.

The team itself just seems to keep people in line. "Guys who were considered assholes on other teams, like Wells or Knoblauch, they join this team and they just mix in," says one longtime baseball writer. "It's hard to explain. It's just the weight of being in this special group. With people like Cone, Martinez, O'Neill, Jeter, and Williams around, if someone acted like a jerk, they'd really stick out."

952 Legendary skipper Casey Stengel.



The Yankees are also one of the more Caucasian teams around—in style if not demographics. But lately, even their soul-deficiency has been reduced, with the arrival of El Duque. Hernandez, the Cuban defector, oozes charisma and flair, and he possesses a self-assurance that has nothing to do with surviving a raft trip to Florida. "The first day he showed up at spring training, I was like, *Whoa,*" Cone says. "This guy's got a real presence."

It's a quality that will encourage Torre to give Hernandez the ball in playoff games, and it's an electricity that's visible late one night in Cleveland. Hernandez slips out of the team hotel and is whisked to the only Cuban restaurant in town. Workers stream from the kitchen to gaze at El Duque. As the place closes down, men in stained aprons can be seen imitating his balletic leg kick.

Is $63 million too much to pay for the best team ever?

JOE MORGAN, THE HALL OF Fame second-baseman on the great Cincinnati Reds teams of the seventies, is now an analyst for ESPN and NBC. He points to the wild night in May when Tino Martinez was beaned by Orioles pitcher Armando Benitez, igniting a bench-clearing mêlée. "Sometimes that word *team,* we don't realize what it really means," Morgan says. "When that guy Benitez hit Martinez, they showed they were a team. You may say everybody would have fought back. I don't believe that. Some other clubs wouldn't have responded that way—they'd have come out of the dugout and stood around. There aren't that many teams anymore. It has the connotation that you have the same goals, the same heartbeat—these Yankees are a team. Plus, they get mad when they lose."

Morgan was a star on the 1976 Reds, one of the all-time-greatest clubs. The Reds had more power, with Johnny Bench, Tony Perez, and George Foster, than these Yankees; more speed, with Morgan, Cesar Geronimo, and Ken Griffey; and more nastiness, courtesy of Pete Rose. Only their pitching staff—Fred Norman?—was clearly inferior. Would these Yankees win a World Series matchup with the '76 Reds?

"No," Morgan says without hesitation. "But I'm prejudiced. I don't feel there's anybody, including the '27 Yankees, that could play my '76 Reds in seven games and beat us. I have my reasons: Intelligence. The way we played the game. We'd find a way, because of the team's intelligence, to beat anybody."

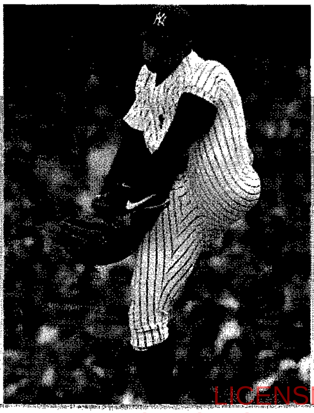
Between here and history, plenty can go wrong for the Yankees. Bernie Williams is desperately needed to provide some right-handed slugging between Martinez and O'Neill, and there's no guarantee his return from the disabled list will be seamless. The Yankees' lack of home-run power becomes glaring when the team batting average droops, as it has in the past month. The starting pitchers, nearly unbeatable since April, have piled up the most innings of any starting staff in the league, which could leave them weary in September. The addition of designated hitter Chili Davis will make for an awkward playing-time logjam with Curtis, Raines, and Strawberry. And Steinbrenner may force a trade for Randy Johnson, in the name of keeping the Mariners' left-hander away from the Cleveland Indians. Johnson would add a 95-mile-per-hour fastball, but his acquisition could stir resentment, depending on whom the Yankees ship to the Mariners.

Could, might, may—these Yankees don't deal in equivocation. Short of a plane crash, nothing is likely to keep them from rolling up wins through August and September. Fantasy matchups will dominate the New York baseball conversation, the hype will escalate, and the chase for the best regular-season record ever will either motivate or burden the team. Like a presidential candidate discovering he has what it takes during the primaries, the Yankees will find out whether their persona grows along with their win total. Even if they win the most games ever, the Yankees may lose in the more subjective "greatest team" arguments because they have no sure Hall of Famers, no outsize stars, no Morgan or Reggie.

David Wells shrugs off the impending seriousness of it all. "This is a kids' game," he says. "It's a bunch of grown-ups acting like kids, out there playing a summer game where you throw a ball and hit it with a bat and catch it with a glove. And you get paid for being a kid!"

Yet Wells, more than any other current player, has a reverence for baseball history. And he speaks as he pitches, with refreshing directness. "Are you kidding?" Wells says. "If we get down to the last few weeks with a shot at it, you bet your ass we're gonna go for the record." ▬

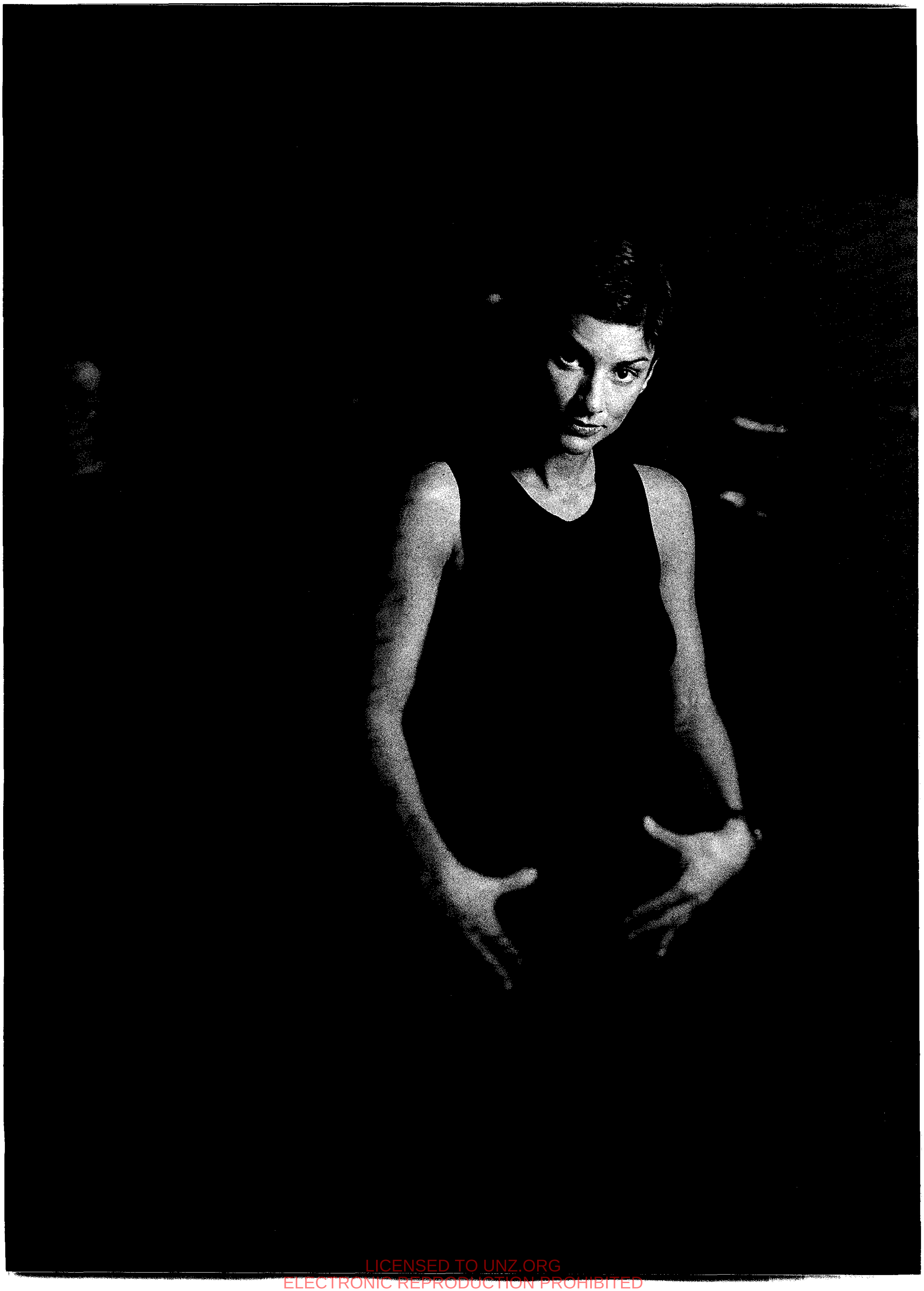
MAY 19
eammates come flying out of the ull pen and dugout to stick up for ino Martinez, who has been nastily eaned by Baltimore reliever Arman-lo Benitez.

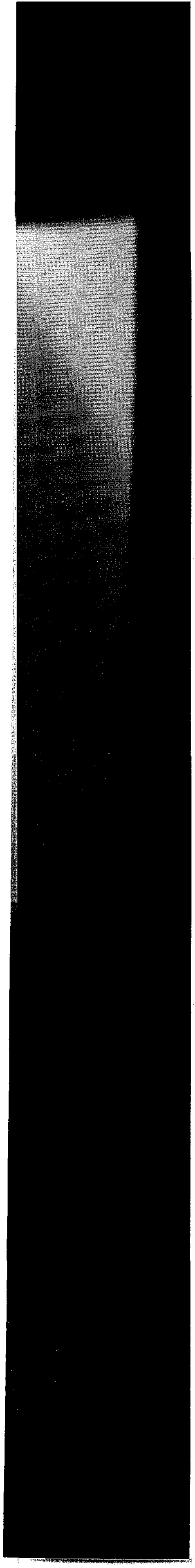


JUNE 3
Filling in for a dog-bitten David Cone, Cuban refugee Orlando "El Duque" Hernandez, signed by Steinbrenner to a $6.6 million contract, mows down the Devil Rays in his debut.

JULY 2
Down 5-0 to the Phillies? No problem. Tino Martinez hits a three-run blast with two outs in the ninth to tie it. The Yanks end up triumphing in eleven innings.

Photographs: top, AP/Wide World; bottom, Ron Frehm/AP/Wide World.





Hair and makeup by Clarinda Vitale/Marek. Styling by Paula Fox. Shirt and pants by Ann Demeulemeester. Photographed at New York Aquarium in Coney Island.

"Ingrid Casares" rings no bells? Try* INGRID CASARES, *boldfaced friend to the famous; reluctant lesbian icon; Madonna's best pal; Miami nightclub queen. So why is New York giving her such a hard time?

By Jonathan Van Meter

WHO'S THAT GIRL?

ONE DAY LAST FALL, INGRID CASARES WAS having lunch at Balthazar with a friend, the model Kara Young, who used to be married to photographer Sante d'Orazio, and nightlife publicist Lizzie Grubman, the daughter of the powerful music-industry lawyer Allen Grubman. Casares, who co-owns Liquid, a spectacularly successful nightclub in Miami, was in the business of trying to open a Liquid in New York and had employed the awesome connections of Lizzie

Photograph by Kwaku Alston

Grubman on the advice of her model friend Veronica Webb, who told Casares, "She's young and hungry."

That she happens to be the daughter of Madonna's lawyer no doubt also recommended her. Casares's friend Tommy Mottola, who happens to be the head of Sony Music and Mariah Carey's ex, had told her that she should surround herself with the best lawyers, accountants, and publicists in town if she wanted to open a nightclub in New York, because "you're going to be under scrutiny for the rest of your life by the nature of what you do." So Casares hired the law firm of Fischbein, Badillo, Wagner, Harding, who also happen to be Donald Trump's lawyers. (Trump happens to be a friend of Casares's and, as it happens, once dated Kara Young.) Ingrid Casares, one can plainly see, has taken the axiom "It's all about who you know"—or, in her case, who you *happen* to know—to new levels of hyperconnectedness.

One of the benefits of having lots of superfamous, superconnected friends is that when you have a party or, say, a nightclub, your friends come and the press dutifully reports that your party or your club is superexclusive, thereby creating a powerful, self-perpetuating desire in people to *get in.* Call it the Studio 54 principle. And if anyone has ever been positioned to be the next Steve Rubell, it is certainly Casares. Take her birthday party at the Kit Kat Klub on May 27. Among the 400 guests: Michael Douglas, Robert De Niro, Joe Pesci, Calvin Klein, Sandy Gallin, Jann Wenner, Tommy Mottola, Madonna, k. d. lang, Amber Valletta, Kevin Aucoin, Russell Simmons, Andre Harrell, Heavy D., Ed Burns, Stephen Dorff, Ian Schrager, Eleanor Mondale . . . for Christ's sake, were there any civilians? Liz Smith reported on the party but then wrote, surprisingly, "Actually, I hope Ingrid threw herself a smaller celebration somewhere. It must have been hard to feel cherished by pals or contemplate your life during the frenetic bacchanalia that occurred on Wednesday. On the other hand, bacchanalia is Ingrid's life as a club owner and friend of the famous. So she probably loved it."

Casares, whose attempt to take over Les Poulets on 22nd Street had failed the month before, was buoyed by the turnout and said at least once that night, "See? Shouldn't I have a club in New York?" On the phone a few days later, she patted herself on the back once again: "I was disappointed about Les Poulets, because my heart was set on it. But after having a birthday party like that, I'm feeling better. I had everyone coming up to me saying, 'If you want us to go before the boards so that we can have more parties like this, we'll talk for you.' "

Casares has since been offered the chance to take over several other clubs, including Studio 54, which she turned down. Meanwhile, she's not exactly slacking. She and her partner, Chris Paciello, have several projects either up and running or in the pipeline, including Joia, a successful South Beach restaurant that opened earlier this year, and Liquid Lounge, which opens in Palm Beach this fall. She's managing D.J. Victor Calderone, Madonna's latest remix swami. And she's got a deal in the works to do a coffee-table party-advice book in the hope that she'll become, says Grubman, "the Martha Stewart of nightlife." Even as far as New York is concerned, Casares is sanguine. "I'm definitely still looking," she says. "It's now a matter of, out of all the offers, finding the right one, the perfect one, the one that's going to happen, including the right community board, the right area of town, so it's a process of elimination."

The other thing Casares wants to eliminate—and that Lizzie Grubman was also intent on dismissing at lunch—was the notion that she's nothing more than Ingrid Casares, Madonna's friend.

"Everyone knows we're friends," said Casares. "I mean, M's a human being. She needs friends, right?"

"It's not all about Madonna," said Grubman.

"We got the Madonna thing out of the way," said Casares.

Here, there...

Casares on the town (top to bottom): With Sandra Bernhard, in 1991; celebrating her birthday at the Kit Kat Klub in May with k.d. lang, Madonna, and (not pictured) 398 other very special, very famous friends; with Madonna at a 1994 LifeBeat benefit in New York; and with Madonna's daughter, Lourdes, outside Madonna's apartment in February.

Photographs: from top, Kelly Jordan/Ron Galella; Patrick McMullan/Gamma Liaison; Steve Eichner/Retna; Larry Levine/London Features.

"Okay? What else?" Casares's and Grubman's cell phones whistled into activity. While Grubman barked orders into hers, Casares chatted with Tommy Mottola: "Hi, honey. Dinner? Yeah, it'll be you, me, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Rosie O'Donnell."

Funny how Ingrid Casares's life just happens.

INGRID CASARES SPRANG FROM THE LATE-EIGHTIES SOUTH Beach renaissance and onto the gossip pages around 1991 as the original "gal pal," a snickering, winking term assigned to her and her new friends Madonna, k. d. lang, and Sandra Bernhard, the latter two of whom she had dated. Since then, her photograph has appeared with such frequency in the tabs and party pages of magazines—usually sitting next to Madonna at either a fashion show or a basketball game—that her face and her look (a sort of butch Audrey Hepburn) have become instantly recognizable to nearly everyone who reads, or reads captions, anyway. Still, the question remains: What does Ingrid Casares actually do?

That she had been featured in Madonna's *Sex* book tongue-kissing the suddenly more-naked-than-thou pop star naturally fueled the fires of speculation about their relationship. In queer urban circles, Ingrid Casares became an icon almost overnight as the girl with magic lesbian powers who managed to nail all the cool chicks. She was also roundly assumed to have busted up Madonna and Bernhard's friendship, which only furthered her legend. All of that nastiness eventually lost its teeth, and Casares settled into a less complicated, if no less difficult, public persona as Madonna's Best Friend. "I could discover a cure for cancer," she said last year, "and I'd still only be known as Madonna's girlfriend."

"I've always had a theory that you meet people to meet other people. I met Sandra because I was supposed to meet M. It's very obvious."

About a year and a half ago, Casares's boldfaced name began to turn up all by its lonesome. Casares and Paciello opened Liquid on Washington Avenue in South Beach on Thanksgiving weekend in 1996, and the club helped push South Beach—already lousy with hype and a certain kind of tan, bleary-eyed glamour—into the realm of America's Official International Playground for the Rich and Famous. Finally, the honky-tonk strip of beach had its own world-class nightclub and four-star hotel, just in time to house and entertain all the VIPs pouring into town.

After having been perceived as a coattail-riding, star-fucking hanger-on, Casares emerged as a strange sort of Regine–Steve Rubell hybrid for the nineties—the potential heir to the nightclub-impresario throne that has remained empty all these years, save for a brief occupation by Nell Campbell of Nell's and Area/MK ringmaster Eric Goode in the late eighties.

Early in 1997, Casares came to Manhattan to reconnoiter the dismal nightlife landscape, which had been sliding into irrelevance and depravity, culminating in the Peter Gatien trial and the flameout of oddity turned monster Michael Alig, who confessed to murdering his drug dealer, chopping him up, and tossing him into the Hudson. With money from her wealthy Cuban-exile father—and surrounded by lawyers and publicists—she set about the business of looking for space, securing a liquor license, petitioning community boards, transferring leases, and finding vendors. Unlike Miami (where Casares grew up and is a beloved figure—and friends with the mayor), New York presented a challenge. You can't, for example, simply buy a liquor license for $30,000, as in Miami; you must apply and be deemed worthy.

Casares's trials were often reported in the gossip columns, usually with a Liquid's–coming–to–New York! excitement. By March, things got complicated. The landlord of Les Poulets, the Latin-music club on East 22nd Street where Casares wanted to open Liquid, backed away from the negotiations, and the battle ended up in the *Post*. Jack Newfield—inspired by calls from community-board activists in the Flatiron District—devoted three columns to the story. In one, Deputy Mayor Rudy Washington said, "The city opposes a license for Liquid at this location, or any location in the city," which seemed a bit severe—bizarre, even—given Casares's high profile and the importance of nightclubs to the city's economy (worth $2.9 billion last year), not to mention the fact that Washington's position, according to Casares's lawyers, raises restriction-of-trade issues. Most damning, however, was a piece by William Bastone in *The Village Voice* accusing Paciello, her partner, of being a violent, drug-dealing mobster.

Paciello, 26, denies all of the *Voice*'s accusations—except for his troubled and violent youth, which can be verified by a fairly long rap sheet, including felony assault, criminal mischief, disorderly conduct, car theft, and grand larceny; with most of these cases, charges were reduced and he never served a prison sentence.

"I grew up in Brooklyn," Paciello says. "I have a lot of friends. It doesn't make me a gangster because I hung out on the corner with people when I was growing up. They're childhood friends of mine, and they will remain friends."

Needless to say, the article sealed Casares's fate. On April 8, anticipating imminent rejection by the State Liquor Authority, she withdrew her application for a license.

Casares, as she and her legion of famous friends will tell you, is not used to hearing the word *no*. "Ugh! I wake up in the morning and I have this overwhelming feeling of defeat," she said the day after the SLA hearing. "I just can't imagine that these fuckers just said no to me! There's some weird conspiracy going on between the other nightclubs—who don't want competition—the community boards, and the press. I don't care how powerful my people are; I can't compete with people who are demonstrating, and people who are bursting into my landlord's office, and people talking to the press every five minutes."

"She is totally bewildered," says her lawyer, Richard Fischbein. "She's been hit with a sledgehammer. It's vicious and sick, but it's typically New York."

And Casares, despite her beach-town street smarts, perpetual tan, and world-weariness specific to those who grow up around people constantly on vacation, is at heart a New Yorker: impatient, stylish, sharp-tongued, industrious, clever, and a bit cold. She is used to pulling things off. Ironically, in her big bid for if-you-can-make-it-here legitimacy, she was shot down by New York, and none of her famous and superconnected friends could save her.

I FIRST MET INGRID CASARES ON EASTER SUNDAY FOUR years ago, at Madonna's house in Miami. I was there as editor-in-chief of *Vibe* magazine, nervously orchestrating an interview and an expensive cover shoot with Madonna and Dennis Rodman. After a daylong production in and around downtown Miami, we all returned to Madonna's house and ordered takeout. While Madonna and Rodman went outside to eat and talk, I hung out in the kitchen drinking beer with Liz Rosenberg, Madonna's longtime publicist and de facto Jewish mom, and Madonna's then–personal assistant, now manager, Caresse Norman. Before long, Casares turned up, followed by the actress Debi Mazar, who had only come over to take a bath in Madonna's tub. At one point, k. d. lang called and the phone got passed around.

There was something delightfully surreal about being with Madonna's inner circle of best girlfriends, sitting around the kitchen table, gossiping and bickering and talking about Madonna. At one point, someone lit up a joint, and Casares—after admonishing everyone for being a "bunch of potheads"—talked very candidly and hilariously about having been in and out of drug rehab. I instantly liked her.

It is hard to explain her appeal. She is in many ways inscrutable. Still, I enjoyed her company immensely. "When a person is with Ingrid," says Rosenberg, "you get a different view of the world. She gets you into a certain mind-set and it's just a great place to be." Another friend, Tim Rosta, the executive director of LifeBeat, the music industry's AIDS fund-raising organization, describes Casares as "a Peter Pan." Rosta jokes, "She suffers from attention-deficit disorder, but it's sort of endearing." Says Rosenberg, "She could calm down a little."

At the time of that first meeting, Casares was working as an image consultant for Emilio Estefan (husband of singer Gloria Estefan), who produces Latin artists like Jon Secada and Albita for his and Gloria's record label, Crescent Moon. Casares went to high school with Gloria's younger sister, Becky Fajardo, and has known the family for years. Her first task for Estefan was to make over Secada's deeply unhip, hairy-chested *Miami Vice* look—no small feat. That night, in Madonna's kitchen, she didn't waste a minute before pitching her pet project to me—a losing battle, I thought, as I hated Secada's corny music and image. A week later, back in New York, I was walking to work one morning when I noticed a black limousine slowing next to me. The darkened window glided down and Casares, still pitching Secada, popped her head out. "I'll call you this afternoon," she said, and zipped away. She did call, and by the end of the day I had assigned a piece about Jon Secada. Like so many other schnooks before and after me, I couldn't say no.

CASARES OCCUPIES AN ODD AND SINGULAR PLACE in America's celebrity culture: Best Friend to Very Famous Sexually Ambiguous Women. Strangely enough, there is a precedent—a Cuban woman named Mercedes de Acosta who was the nonfamous best friend to both Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, for all intents and purposes the cool bisexual chicks of their day. In Antoni Gronowicz's book *Garbo: Her Story*, the actress reminisced: "My most original friendship was the one with Mercedes de Acosta, a woman with a small figure, a sharp nose, and a great appetite for arts and for life." Physical parallels aside, the two women share an old-fashioned social role usually reserved for gay men by Upper East Side ladies: the perfect accessory, or "extra man." Ingrid Casares is a lesbian walker, a female Truman Capote minus the writing chops.

"She became the ideal escort, the total confidante, pal, and glamorous companion for Madonna, or Sandra, or Ingrid Sischy [editor of *Interview*]," says Sarah Pettit, the former editor of *Out* magazine, who has traveled a bit herself in the ever-more-crowded fabulous-lesbian orbit. "In a funny way, she has played this dashing Holly Golightly girl that a lot of lesbians would hate to admit that they want to be but actually do."

When I asked Casares to define her sexuality, she said, "I don't define myself in any way. I fall in love with someone's soul—I'm not gender-specific. I've fallen in love with men and women."

"But you've become a famous lesbian," I said. "Yeah, I guess so," she said with a shrug, "but that's because I've had high-profile female affairs."

While Casares is not a household lesbian name in America like Ellen DeGeneres or k. d. lang, in queer circles she definitely stands for something, whether she likes it or not. There's the simple fact that she's attractive to women. "There was a period where it was all about Ingrid, the girl-toy," says Pettit. " 'Who is she sleeping with?' I was actually very embarrassed to find myself the other day discussing her with another lesbian, and I said, 'You think Ingrid's cute? I would never have expected that of you.' Ingrid has that versatile mixture of being very impish and pixie but also being sufficiently butch. You sort of feel like she's wearing the pants when she's with Madonna."

Additionally, she has confounded people by being so publicly associated with fashion and beauty, things not considered serious enough for a lesbian. "What she really is," says Pettit, "is the worst vice that you could be as a lesbian, which is somebody who is extremely social-climby, fairly concerned with artifice, and totally unashamed about it. In earlier times, that was considered a total lesbian no-no. But obviously, she's nobody's fool, and she sort of said, 'Screw it. I am this person.' She became her own inventor in a way, and if she had to go before a panel of lesbian experts, they would have turned her down. You have to be doing something for the cause."

> ***"Ingrid is social-climby and totally unashamed about it. A panel of lesbian experts would have turned her down—you have to be doing something for the cause."***

Other lesbians have a much less generous take on Casares. "She's a loathsome, pretentious, shallow social butterfly who's been skating along on her family's money," says Camille Paglia. "She's turned herself into Madonna's flunky and yes-girl, and I think Madonna's dependence on Ingrid Casares is a self-stunting sickness. Madonna should go to the Betty Ford clinic to break her addiction and detox from Ingrid Casares."

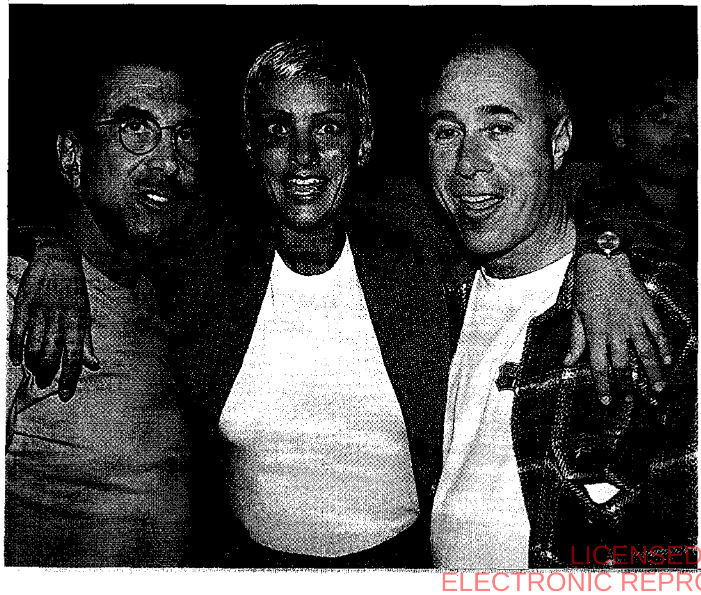
INGRID CASARES WAS BORN IN 1964 IN MIAMI IN LITTLE HAVANA, just a couple of years after her parents, Nancy and Raul, left Cuba during the revolution. She was raised in tony Coral Gables, a wealthy Miami suburb where Wasps and rich Cubans play golf together. Theirs is the classic Cuban-exile story: lost everything, worked hard, became wealthy Republicans, sent kids to private Catholic school. Casares has a younger sister, Lourdes (!), who is now a psychologist, and an older one, Nancy, who has two kids and works in her father's business, which Casares describes as "aluminum, windows, and sliding glass doors for high-rise construction." Their mother is a housewife, "very beautiful, very young-looking," says Casares.

She attended Our Lady of Lourdes (!!) Academy, a strict private girls' school, where she was, all at once, bad girl, class clown, and star athlete. (Casares was an all-county basketball player with the highest scoring average in Dade County.) "Boys, parties, and sports," says Casares, listing, in order of importance, her main activities in high school. "At some point, sports weren't important to me anymore. I should probably have kept going on that road. I was very good. I was the leader in a lot of ways, and I hung out with all the popular kids and the athlete boys and the cheerleader girls. It was the whole Cuban, decadent, A-crowd thing. But I always felt a bit different. I was a lot more liberal than most. There's a

Photographs: from top, Patrick McMullan/Gamma Liaison; Peter Kramer/Ron Galella; Kevin Mazur/London Features; Patrick McMullan.

...and everywhere

Casares, on the town some more (top to bottom): With Clive Davis, her publicist Lizzie Grubman, and her partner Chris Paciella, at *New York* Magazine's thirtieth-anniversary party in March; with Donatella Versace in 1997; with Donald Trump at Lemon in 1997; and with Sandy Gallin and David Geffen in 1995 at her hot Miami club, Liquid, a New York version of which does not—yet—exist.



certain way that Catholic Cuban girls are raised—very conservative—that I didn't necessarily adhere to. It was very confining, and it wasn't me."

"She was always in trouble," says Becky Fajardo, Gloria Estefan's sister, who has known Casares since she was 14. "In her senior year, in order for her to graduate, her mother had to sit in every class with her." Casares is allergic to cats, says Fajardo, "and she used to rub cats on her face in the morning so that she wouldn't have to go to school. She was a bit of a freak." When I ask Fajardo if any of her old friends are surprised by her fame, she says, "Not at all. You just knew that Ingrid was going to be infamous, because I think she's infamous more than famous. I can't get over every time I see her with the biggest celebrities in the world in the oddest places in the world. And this is a person who's never really *done* anything." Fajardo, who says they're still good friends, can't hide her hostility: "She kind of whirlwinds into your life and whirlwinds out. And whenever she needs a little sanity, she calls, and that's it."

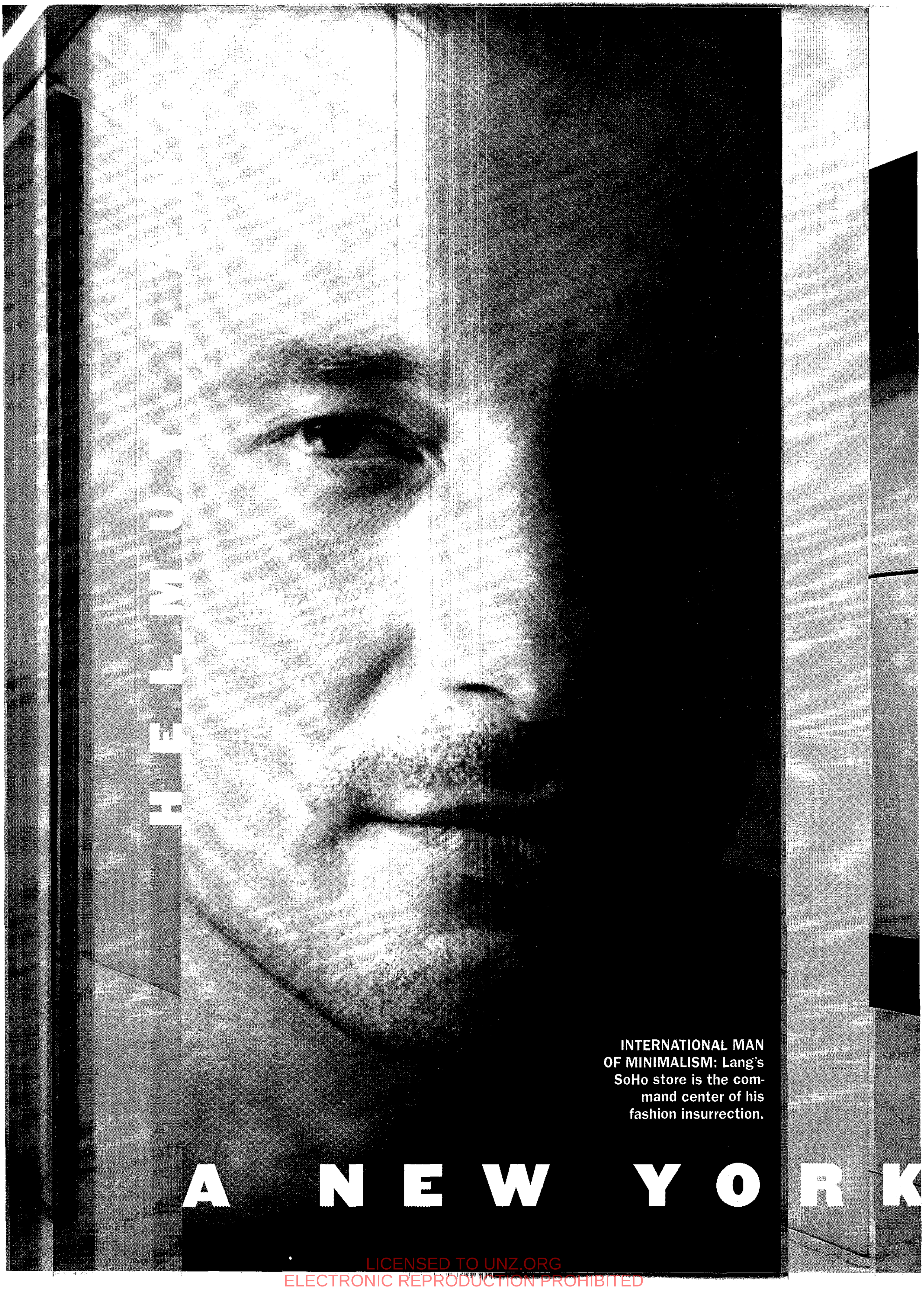
After high school, Casares went to the University of Miami for a year, where she fell in love with a fellow student, took off with him on his motorcycle and moved to North Carolina. "It was a very dysfunctional relationship, to say the least," says Casares. She laughs at her stupid, youthful self. "I really wanted to be a free spirit. But I don't think that anybody interpreted it then as free spirit. There was a lot of experimenting with drugs, drinking, sex. I don't think my parents slept."

Casares, who, like Madonna, was once a fanatical runner and now does yoga, is in great shape, though over four lunches I never saw her actually consume anything but coffee. "I never eat," she says. One afternoon in February, over lunch—well, my lunch—at Jerry's in SoHo, I mentioned the time we talked about rehab at Madonna's house the day we met. "Well, they were all getting stoned," she said, laughing. "By nature, I'm very addictive, compulsive, obsessive. In the long run, it paid off, because I'm that way with my work now. I'm that way with everything: drugs, alcohol, food, sex, working out, whatever makes you feel good. And you know it doesn't feel good anymore. I led that overindulgent lifestyle in the eighties that everyone did. I'm an excitement junkie. The adrenaline, I need it 24-7. I don't need it as much anymore, but back then that's all I lived for. We should have had extreme sports back then because I would definitely have participated—it would have been healthier."

FOR SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIGH SCHOOL, CASARES drifted around, attending "a lot of colleges" and working at menial jobs (tanning-salon receptionist, valet parker) before finally getting a degree in English and public relations from the University of Maryland. In 1991, she moved to Los Angeles and started working as a model booker for Wilhelmina Men—a job she hated and "wasn't very good at." She started dating Sandra Bernhard (whom she'd met backstage at Bernhard's one-woman show in Miami the year before). Bernhard took Casares to Madonna's birthday party, where Madonna was "very nice to me. She was polite and interested in what I had to say."

Their relationship developed in Miami, "when I shot the *Sex* book with her," says Casares. "We realized we had a lot in common and liked to go running, and that's where we kind of bonded." Queer-gossip legend has it that Madonna stole Casares from Bernhard, and that Bernhard felt betrayed. Whatever happened, Casares and Madonna remain estranged from Bernhard. (When I contacted Bernhard's publicist to ask for an interview, she snapped, "Why would Sandra want to talk about her? What good could possibly come from it?")

(continued on page 62)



HELMUT

A NEW YORK

INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MINIMALISM: Lang's SoHo store is the command center of his fashion insurrection.

BY JAMES KAPLAN

WHY FASHION'S MOST IMITATED DESIGNER DECIDED TO MOVE HIS HEADQUARTERS FROM VIENNA TO MANHATTAN—AND THEN PROMPTLY UPSET THE WAY BUSINESS HAS ALWAYS BEEN DONE HERE.

ER BY DESIGN

“HE’S BECOME ONE OF THE **BIGGEST PLAYERS** IN THE INDUSTRY BY NOT

HELMUT LANG VIVIDLY REMEMBERS his first visit to New York, around ten years ago—a stop of just a few hours on his way to a Caribbean vacation. He was based in Vienna then, and just starting to become a kind of elusive legend as a clothing designer. “Friends in the business all said, ‘Come over; come visit us,’ ” he recalls. “And unconsciously I didn’t really want to, because I had the feeling, if I come here, I would maybe end up here.”

He laughs. He did end up here. The 42-year-old Lang is sitting behind his publicity director’s desk in the basement of his new flagship store, on Greene Street, looking a little like a schoolboy taking an exam. Or a shy gangster. His full face, sleepy eyes, and long, slicked-back hair give him a slightly seedy look and a surprising resemblance to the action star Steven Seagal, minus the dim, put-up hardness. He is a man fashion sophisticates discuss in tones of awe, and yet the most palpable vibration of his personality is an intensely focused but ever so slightly awkward gentleness.

Lang’s layered leather modeled by Elsie Samotan.

Something odd happened to Lang on that first visit. He was browsing through a store uptown when he looked up and saw Andy Warhol. “I didn’t recognize him, really,” he says in his soft, strongly Austrian-accented English. “There was a kind of exchange without talking. He was looking; I was looking—if I would have met him again, we would have definitely talked, you know. It was just kind of funny—it was only a few hours that I was here.

“I just saw somebody who had a kind of intenseness, and a kind of strangeness, which made me remember it,” Lang says. “And then much later realize that it was Warhol.”

At the time, it was Paris Lang was enamored of. “I think I liked New York instantly, but I was afraid of changing my life again,” he recalls. “I was still between Vienna and Paris, and I kind of was not ready to go into something else.”

He decided to return for a three-day visit; he wound up staying two weeks. He was content, he says, to “just look at the usual things and walk around, and suddenly find yourself in the environment which is basically very known to you [from] movies, TV. Because that’s the amazing thing about New York when you come from Europe for the first time—it felt familiar and at the same time exciting. I kind of also had the feeling, coming the first time and later, that I’d come back home.”

1990

LANG INTRODUCES PLASTIC—NOT TO MENTION LEDERHOSEN—WITHOUT KITSCH.

ON JULY 7, JUST SIX MONTHS after Lang transplanted his headquarters and his life to New York, he was already rewriting rules for the New York fashion community. He announced that he would break the venerable tradition of showing New York collections in November, after the London, Milan, and Paris shows, and introduce his collection in mid-September.

In the tight-knit, gossip-intensive, acutely competitive fashion community, Lang’s announcement had a seismic effect. It was as if the owners of Belmont Park Racetrack had unilaterally proclaimed that henceforth the Belmont Stakes would be run before the Kentucky Derby. Yet the very next day, July 8, Calvin Klein—who has often, and somewhat unfairly, been accused of copying the younger designer—announced that he would follow suit, premiering his spring women’s collection on September 18, the day after Lang’s show. “I’m in agreement with Helmut Lang,” Klein told *Women’s Wear Daily.* “It’s the only thing that makes any sense because . . . designers who do business in Europe have their collections ready a month early. It’s ridiculous to show last when we show in Europe already.”

“Normally, we show in Paris around the tenth of October,” Lang explains. “But the collection is already available for all the buyers at the beginning of October in Milan. So the decision was to continue to show in Paris or to make a commitment to New York. Emotionally, I wanted to make the commitment to New York. And I was ready to take the risk by showing up front, alone, out of the usual timing. Eventually, it’ll grow into something.”

WWD chairman and editorial director Patrick McCarthy agrees. “Calvin’s following; Donna [Karan] probably will,” he says. “The impact will be on everybody for years. American fashion has always had this inferiority complex—everything everybody saw in Europe then turned up on the runways of New York. American designers said, ‘I don’t want to be known as some sort of copyist.’ Helmut Lang has sort of lit a torch to the whole process.”

But then, Lang is quite adept at lighting torches—he’s been doing it for a while. Who else besides him, after all, would have held a major fashion show and not invited anyone? This is precisely what he did last March, for his winter 1998–99 collection.

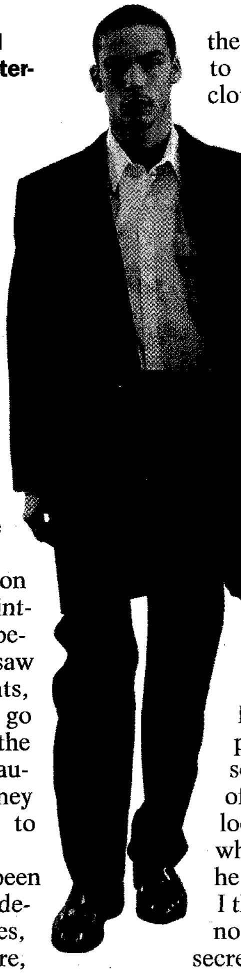
In an empty white studio, Lang videotaped his male and female models (including both Daryl Hannah and the photographer Elfie Semotan, a friend of his who is in her fifties) marching by purposefully, almost martially, against a soundtrack of tribal drums and the dazed androgynous voice of former punk model Leslie Winer chanting, *Star-fucker, star bright, first star I see tonight . . .* He then put the show on CD-ROM (and posted it on his Website, helmutlangny.com) and sent out discs to all the fashion worthies who would otherwise have attended, basking in the compound fabulousness of Lang’s clothes and one another’s company.

But no such basking was possible, and the worthies’ disagreement with Lang’s move had an undertone of hurt feelings. “I thought the CD-ROM was a huge mistake,” says *Vogue* editor-in-chief Anna Wintour. “Nothing comes close to a show—there’s an atmosphere, a feeling; you see the

Photographs: preceding page, left, Paul Warchol; center, Elfie Semotan; right, Paul Warchol. This page, top, Dan Lecca.

NG TO BE A PLAYER. HE'S KIND OF THE **GRETA GARBO** OF THE BUSINESS."

Lang's classic suit is updated this season with a three-quarter-length jacket.



clothes so much better."

"Extremely irritating," agrees Suzy Menkes, the *International Herald Tribune*'s worldwide fashion editor. "I think there was an element of just trying to be too clever. The feeling I had was that he was desperate to be in control."

"It was an experiment, but I don't think you can judge it as a successful experiment," says *WWD*'s Patrick McCarthy. "The clothes are great, though."

That was the thing. Fashion editors who went (by appointment) to Lang's showroom, beneath his SoHo store, and saw and touched the garments, were ravished. "When you go and look at those clothes in the store, they are absolutely beautiful," McCarthy says. "They are clothes you just want to grab up."

Minimalism has always been Lang's signature, but it's a deceptive minimalism: Shapes, cuts, and colors may be spare, yet fabrics and details are wildly—if subtly—inventive. This was never truer than in the winter '98–'99 collection, which was both breathtakingly virtuosic and breathtakingly expensive. The predominant color schemes were off-white, beige, yellow and black, the silhouettes as simple as ever, but Lang added layer upon subtle layer in such luxurious (and eccentrically juxtaposed) materials as moleskin and cashmere and silk tulle.

And even as themes—a three-quarter-length hooded parka coat; an organza cape; a tight cotton T-shirt—kept repeating with slight variations (like that dazed chant on the soundtrack), Lang kept throwing in details that made you shake your head and blink: long capelike extensions hanging from the sleeves of a blouse; even, as a kind of solemn joke, a pair of black silk bunny ears atop an unsmiling Amy Wesson.

1991

LANG PIONEERS A NEW KIND OF SHEER WITH LAYERED, TRANSPARENT FABRICS.

While Lang and I sit and talk in the basement of his store, it's hard to keep my eyes off the sample clothes from that collection, the beige and gray and white women's and men's garments hanging on long racks all around us, lining the walls tantalizingly. The clothes have presence: You do want to get at them. You want Lang to talk about them.

"I'm really bad at it," he says sweetly, politely, adamantly. "I feel I have put everything in the clothing. At the end, it's really simple—either you like it because you think it suits you, or you don't like it because you think it doesn't suit you."

Since nothing about him or his clothing appears especially simple, I scan his face for signs of disingenuousness. He looks apologetic. "I know what you're looking for," he sighs. "But sometimes I think it's more interesting not to explain the full secret, and just leave it as a secret."

Secret is a big concept with Lang. With clothes, with art, with people. The hidden, the veiled, the complex, fascinate him far more than the bold and blatant. It's an attitude that in fashion, an industry not known for reticence of personality or presentation, makes him a kind of insider's outsider. "In a way, he's become one of the biggest players in the industry by not trying to be a player," says Amy Spindler, a fashion writer for the New York *Times*. "He's kind of the Greta Garbo of the industry."

There is a weird integrity—weird for the fashion industry, anyway—in a man who speaks of "my disability of getting pleasure out of complete exposure," a man so shy he sent Jenny Holzer to accept the biggest award he's gotten, the Council of Fashion Designers of America's International Award for 1996. It's hard to imagine Lang ever putting himself in his own advertising, as so many designers have done, or even having his ads grab too much attention (his latest campaign: small signs atop New York City cabs bearing his name and nothing else).

He's a business minimalist, too. Not for him the kind of giant licensee buyouts or initial public offerings that almost sank Calvin Klein and Donna Karan. "I think it's better it grows healthy than fast," Lang says, of his privately held company. He has shops in New York, Vienna, Munich, Milan, and Paris, and he's thinking hard about opening new ones in London, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Los Angeles, and Berlin. The concept of *going public* is anathema on the face of it. "I just have no interest and no need," he says. He's not kidding: According to Lang, his wholesale revenues have doubled every season for the past three years. "That's very good for the industry," he says, putting it mildly. (His yearly sales volume—which surprisingly is evenly split between his men's and women's clothes—has been estimated at close to $100 million.)

1993

LANG'S MUCH-IMITATED TAB PANTS HERALD A NEW ANDROGYNY.

Staying private, in Lang's worldview, means just that. "A lot of other young designers hang out together, but I think Helmut is not looking in any way to be in the fashion Establishment," Anna Wintour says. "He's a very controlling person. I think that by living in Vienna for such a long time, he was sort of removing himself from the world of fashion."

So why come here now? From a business standpoint, of course, Lang's move to New York makes perfect sense. "Vienna's a backwater," says Patrick McCarthy. "Working from there was like trying to operate a fashion business out of Toledo. Strategically, Milan and Paris are a little more important, but New York is the place where designers want to be. Helmut is here, Giorgio Armani just bought an apartment, Donatella Versace and Karl Lagerfeld are here every other week."

But for Lang, it's perhaps a more personal thing. "Somehow, I've felt more at home here than I think I ever felt in Vienna, which I realized, of course, only after. There's maybe something in the roughness and in the tenderness which gave me that feeling."

Photographs: center and bottom, Dan Lecca.

“EMOTIONALLY, I WANTED TO MAKE **THE COMMITMENT** TO NEW YORK. I

Roughness and tenderness?

“You know when there’s a certain roughness, like, built up to protect yourself?” Lang says. “At the same time, there’s also this need for tenderness, and being loved. I think that New York just has this feeling, which is sometimes very covered up, but it’s definitely there. And it’s also a sense of community.

“I mean, there’s this bigger, better, competitive factor. But then I think one extreme creates another extreme. And I think this need for tenderness and being loved is very strong, too.”

Lang’s models this year included a layered Daryl Hannah.

FOR A LONG TIME, LANG’S dream was Paris. Soon after he set up shop as a designer, in Vienna in the late seventies, he began commuting to the capital of couture—“but not actually with the intention to do something in fashion—just because life was very exciting,” Lang says.

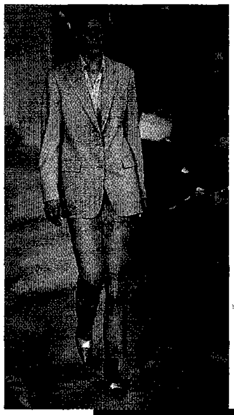
But then he showed his first women’s collection in the legendary Vienna-Paris Exhibition of 1986 (he started showing men’s clothes the following year). “Paris was very gay in fashion, very outrageous,” Lang says. “And although I was out in Paris, and had fun, I was not really checking out what was going on—which was a good thing—and I arrived at something very different.”

To say the least. It was the height of a decade marked by excess, in fashion and the world that surrounded it. And here, suddenly, was this 30-year-old outsider with a group of . . . *Austrian*-looking garments: a translation of the folkloric national dress, the dirndl; deerskin jackets; a severe-looking loden coat; blouses and skirts in prints by Josef Hoffmann, of the famed turn-of-the-century Wiener Werkstätte design group.

The respected intellectual daily *Libération* gave Lang a rave review, and he was off and running. “I got forced to think about my identity,” Lang says. “And I thought, My identity is just where I’m coming from.”

Lang was born in Vienna, but the formative experience of his life was being sent by his parents, who divorced when he was a year old, to live with his grandparents in a tiny town in the Austrian Alps called Ramsau. The image of a parentless boy living with loving grandparents (Lang’s grandfather was a shoemaker) in a farmhouse in the Alps would be almost laughably *Heidi*-esque if it weren’t so poignant: To this day, Lang isn’t quite sure why he was sent there. His memories of the place are inchoate and bittersweet around the edges, the memories of a solitary child exquisitely, almost painfully, alive to his environment.

“It was a very, very beautiful place, a very simple house—even white bread would be something special,” Lang says. He remembers the smell of leather in his grandfather’s shop, the scent of his grandmother’s cooking. “It was great playing in the woods, or going for skiing. . . . There’s certain exact images of this huge white landscape when it was winter and we walked 45 minutes to school, and the snow was piled up left and right, like, higher than the ceilings. Or after a very long winter, when the green grass comes through, when the whole valley was covered with rare flowers, special flowers in very strong blue or very strong red.”



1995

LANG REINSTATES THE CLASSIC KHAKI SUIT WITH AN OFF-THE-CUFF TWIST.

But at 10 he was cast out of paradise—sent, for reasons he doesn’t fully remember, to Vienna to live with his father and stepmother. The move to a big city from an alpine farmhouse without a TV or telephone stunned him. “Suddenly there was this mass amount of information—unknown information,” he recalls. “Plus a different language, because where I was raised, there was a very strong dialect. And at that age, kids are also pretty violent—they don’t have a long attention span for this kind of thing. I think I must have appeared a little bit retarded, because I wasn’t familiar with so many things.”

Home life wasn’t much better. “I was basically busy with surviving this time with my father and my stepmother, which was not a very happy time,” Lang says. “It basically consumed, I think, all my energy to survive that.”

He moved out on the morning of his 18th birthday—the earliest legal moment—with all his possessions in two Chiquita banana boxes. And for the next three years he supported himself, as he took pre-university courses, with a series of jobs: bartender, bakery worker, shoe salesman. “I always liked to work; I was never angry about it,” he says. “I just thought, This is necessary for life. So I did it.”

The mid-seventies in Vienna were a lively time—“a kind of a party mood,” Lang says. “There was a good mixture of young people—artists, musicians.” He remembers “starting to play with fashion—discover[ing] it. The seventies bloomed with colorful, fancy, ornamental things. I mean, it was fun to wear flared jeans with embroideries. Everybody had this kind of outfit. And Cher was absolutely fabulous, and so you tried all this stuff out. I tried, understood that I was not exactly built for it, and then I went to the classics”—jeans and khakis with polo shirts. “I think it’s very important that you get a chance to find yourself. Even if you just come back to where you started from.”

Around the same time, he first became aware of fashion magazines. And one day, he saw an outfit on the cover of *L’Uomo Vogue* that he liked—a simple-looking off-white pair of sweatpants and a T-shirt, both in fine cotton rather than jersey—and decided, quite simply, that he wanted to look like that.

He took the magazine to a seamstress he knew and asked her to duplicate the outfit for him. “This is actually quite common in Vienna, because there’s a tradition of made-to-measure clothes,” Lang says. It was also done more frequently in the seventies, “because there were not so many designer labels available yet.”

But it was the outfit Lang had chosen (“something I would never wear again today”) that attracted attention. “A lot of people asked me [where I got it], and I said I had it done, and then they said, ‘Can you have it done for me, too?’ It’s actually how I got the idea that I could maybe start do-

Photograph: bottom, Dan Lecca.

READY TO TAKE **THE RISK** BY [DOING THE SHOW] UP FRONT, ALONE."

ing things for other people."

He found somebody who could make patterns and sew, and opened a small studio, producing special-occasion garments—evening gowns, holiday clothes—for friends and acquaintances. What had attracted clothing-sensitive Viennese to Lang's first outfit was not just the look of it but the fact that it wasn't made out of the expected materials. There was an artistic kick to this slight tension between appearance and reality, and it was this kick that made Lang catch on.

"I kind of had a natural feeling for fabrics," he says. "It's very difficult to describe. It's like, you see 1,000 fabrics and you pick out three that seem interesting to you. And maybe just use them like they are; or use them for something they were not supposed originally to be used for. Just with the weight, the shape, whatever. I'm still doing that today.

"It was not very developed at the beginning, but I know now that I must have had an instinct. But I also was not very insecure—I just went for it. When you don't know, you have nothing to lose." He laughs.

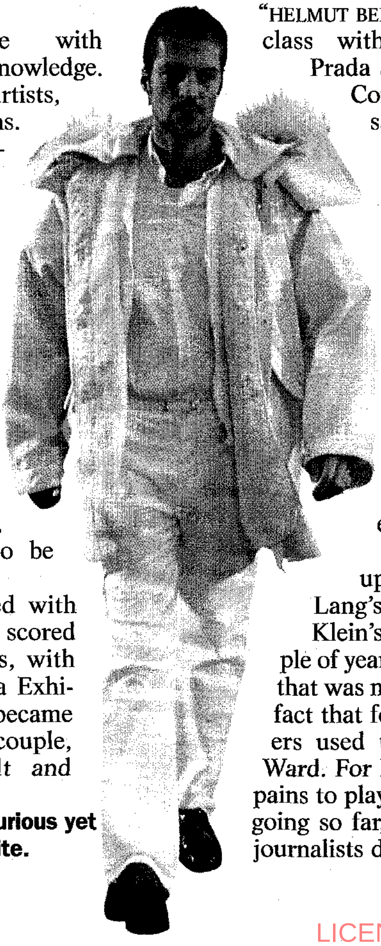
1996

LANG'S ARMY COAT PUT STRIPES ON THE LEGS, NOT THE ARMS.

Insecurity came with success and more knowledge. His friends were artists, writers, musicians. He'd come to his profession late, through an almost trivial happenstance: "Somehow I ended up with clothes; I still don't know exactly why," he says. "It probably could also have been something else. It took me a long time to get comfortable with it, really—I felt a little bit weird, in the beginning, to be a fashion designer."

The feeling stayed with him even after he'd scored his first big success, with the '86 Paris-Vienna Exhibition. But then he became close to a Viennese couple, Kurt Kocherscheidt and Elfie Semotan. Kocherscheidt was a painter, and Semotan was a photographer; they had two young sons. And they became, at once, surrogate family and artistic inspiration to Lang.

Kocherscheidt's paintings were thick, brooding abstractions not dissimilar to Philip Guston's later work. Lang felt drawn both to the work and to a kindred sensibility. "When we talked, I kind of realized that our approach was quite similar," he says. "You have to find a form; you have to deal with color and volume. And you have to deal with a kind of content. And to start out where you have a kind of vague idea, or maybe just from a color, or a texture. And then you try to reach a certain border, but this border is not known to you before. That's basically the goal. And that's part of the excitement, and that's part of the torture."



Lang's incredibly luxurious yet functional winter white.

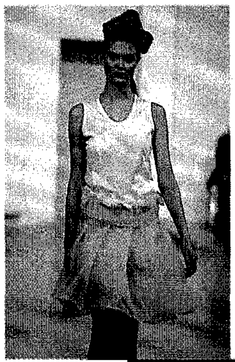
Photographs: top, Dan Lecca; center, Maria Chandoha Valentino;

"HELMUT BELONGS IN A class with Miuccia Prada and Rei Kawakubo of Comme des Garçons," says Amy Spindler. "What they do is take their inspiration from the art world instead of other designers. There's a lot of pressure in the fashion world to look around and see what's commercially successful. Helmut doesn't do that. Helmut tends to influence other designers. After a while, the aesthetic became pretty inescapable."

Much has been churned up in the fashion press about Lang's influence on Calvin Klein's turn to minimalism a couple of years ago. It was a relationship that was made all the muddier by the fact that for a while, the two designers used the same stylist, Melanie Ward. For his part, Klein has been at pains to play down any influence, even going so far, at one point, as to show journalists drawings for an asymmetrical fishtail-hemmed skirt that he claimed far predated the Lang garment he'd been accused of copying.

Change assumes tremendous magical power in the world of fashion, a world in which the slightest modification—an adjustment to hemline, lapel, or shoulder; the rediscovery of a color or a semi-forgotten classic—can cause empires to rise or fall. In this way, the world of fashion resembles one of those giant schools of fish or flocks of birds that, seemingly simultaneously and for no apparent reason, just suddenly . . . all turn left.

But—just as scientists have discovered that flock behavior is sensitively tuned to the animals in front—the key thing to know about fashion is that a certain small group of designers is consistently influential. Helmut Lang has been one of these since he first came on the scene. "The whole fashion business is people copying each other," says James Truman, editorial director of Condé Nast and a longtime Lang-watcher (and -wearer). "Big-name designers have sent whole collections out that look like they're out of Helmut's scrapbook."



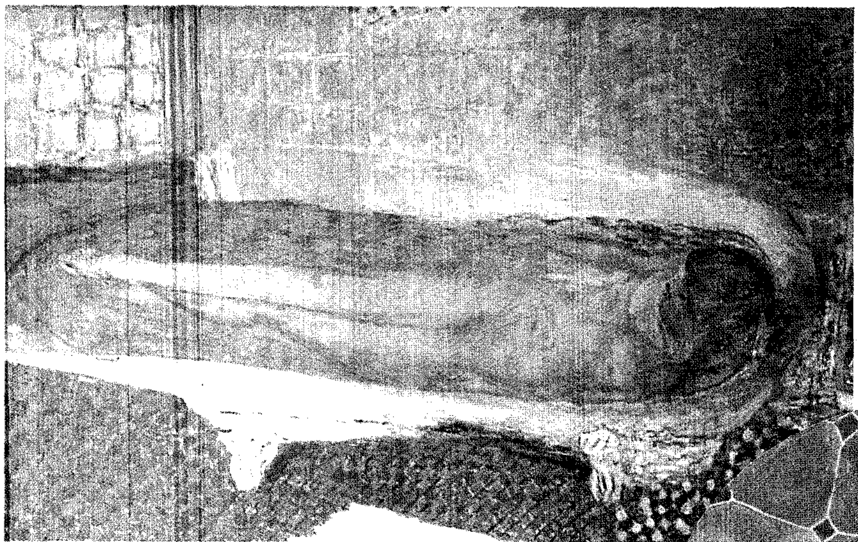
1998

LANG IMPROVISES WITH PLEATS, HERE IN MOHAIR.

The difference with Lang is that he appears to watch nobody but himself. His classic signatures (high armholes, severe silhouettes) have endured, even as he throws in curveballs (slits in elbows, lascivious fringes of lace, nearly undetectable spatters of rhinestones that resemble pasties) to keep everyone awake. But his changes are always subtle, as though he wants the viewer to observe the clothes as closely as Lang looks at the world.

"Change is something he plays with in an interesting way," Truman says. "It's almost a gesture in a continuum—you never feel there's been change for the sake of keeping up. Change with Helmut is like a Robert Wilson play, where the same light is on something for fifteen minutes, then it shifts just a little bit."

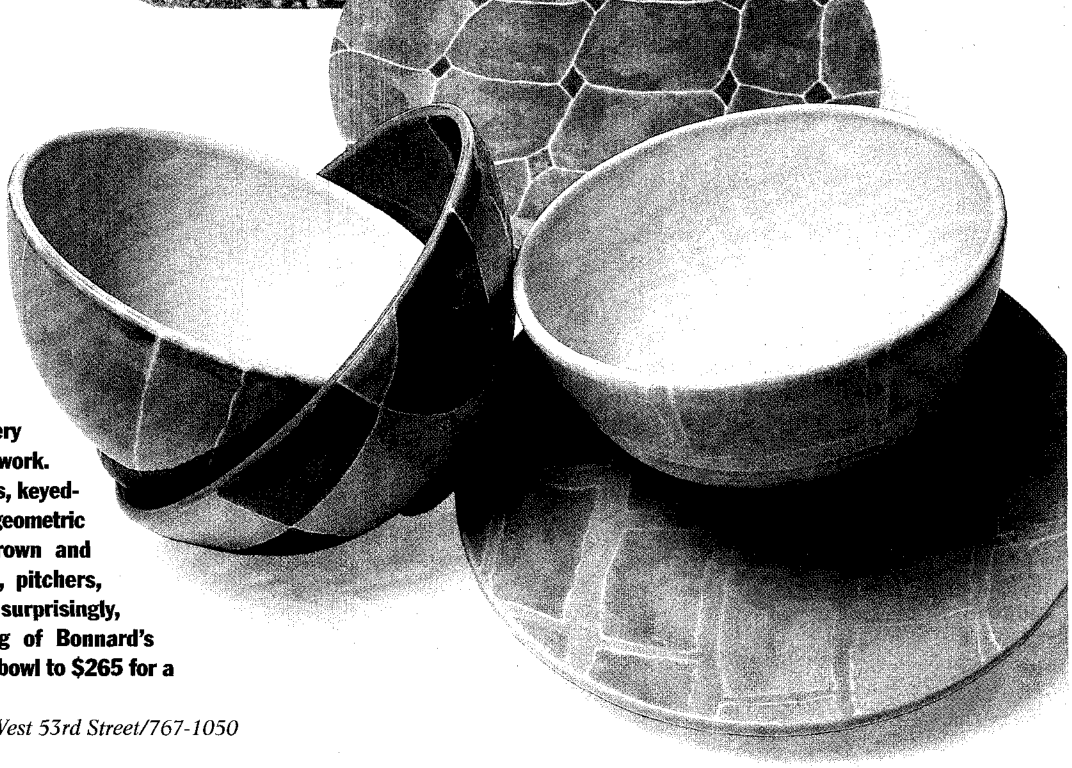
"The whole idea of techno music, like the kind he plays at his runway shows, is a big influence," Spindler says. "He'll do a long fluorescent band like on a fireman's coat—first one'll come out on a sleeve, next on a sleeve and the bottom of a jacket. It's very repetitive, like the music, but it's also like an artist driving a point home. It's like, what's he gonna put pleats on next? But he never pushes it to a point where it's ridiculous, the way designers do, turning out *(continued on page 50)*



Seeing Triple

Disposable, or “single use,” cameras have definitely gone upscale, offering functions that go well beyond your basic point-and-shoot. A tad bored with panoramic? Magic Plus has just introduced the 3-D. It can be used indoors or out, has a built-in flash, takes twelve exposures, and—best of all—there’s no need for those ugly glasses to view the results ($21.98).

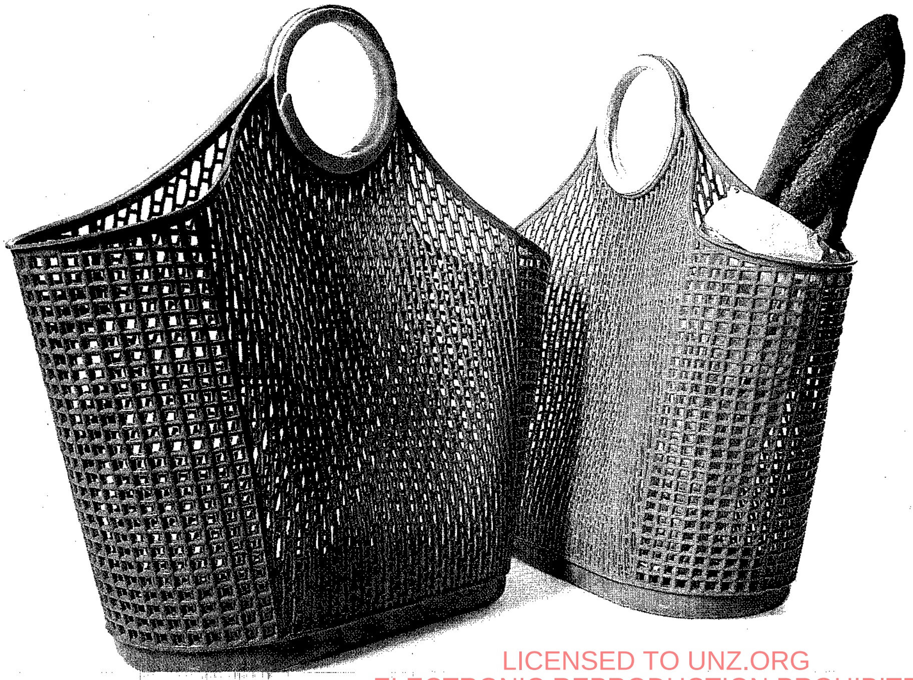
LITTLE RICKIE/*49½ First Avenue, at 3rd Street/505-6467*



Museum Pieces

Museums are cashing in on current exhibits in a major way, featuring merch that has only the vaguest ties to the artist or the show. But for “Bonnard,” MOMA’s new winner, the museum has gone well beyond the usual. It has commissioned Jill Rosenwald (a leading New England ceramic designer) to create pottery in the spirit of the artist’s work. She used Bonnard’s luminous, keyed-up colors and his abstractly geometric patterning in her hand-thrown and hand-painted bowls, plates, pitchers, and tumblers. And, rather surprisingly, they do suggest something of Bonnard’s world (from $48 for a small bowl to $265 for a large platter).

THE MOMA DESIGN STORE/*44 West 53rd Street/767-1050*

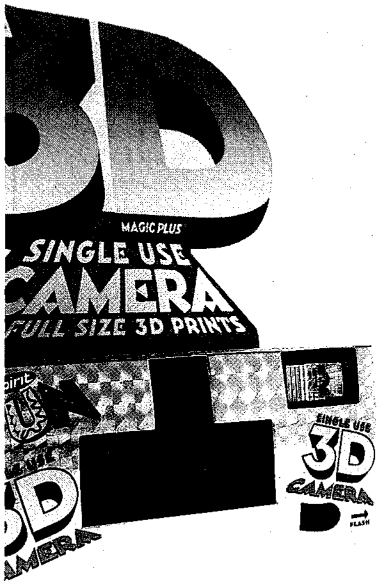


A Green and Yellow Basket

Temporarily abandoning its signature nylon-tinsel confections, Lucky Wang has come up with market baskets that are a take on the French straw classics. Unlike the company’s evening purses, these plastic totes won’t make the club scene—they’ll show up at farmers’ markets stuffed with summer’s bounty ($14).

LUCKY WANG/*100 Stanton Street/353-2850*

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART/*2 Lincoln Square/496-2966*



Hitting the Roof

If it's tar beach for you this summer, these lightweight woven-plastic mats from Thailand could be your constant sunning companions. On the other hand, if the Hamptons loom on the horizon, they're so festive and high on charm, they'd liven up a dreary rental ($21.98).

LITTLE RICKIE

BEST BETS

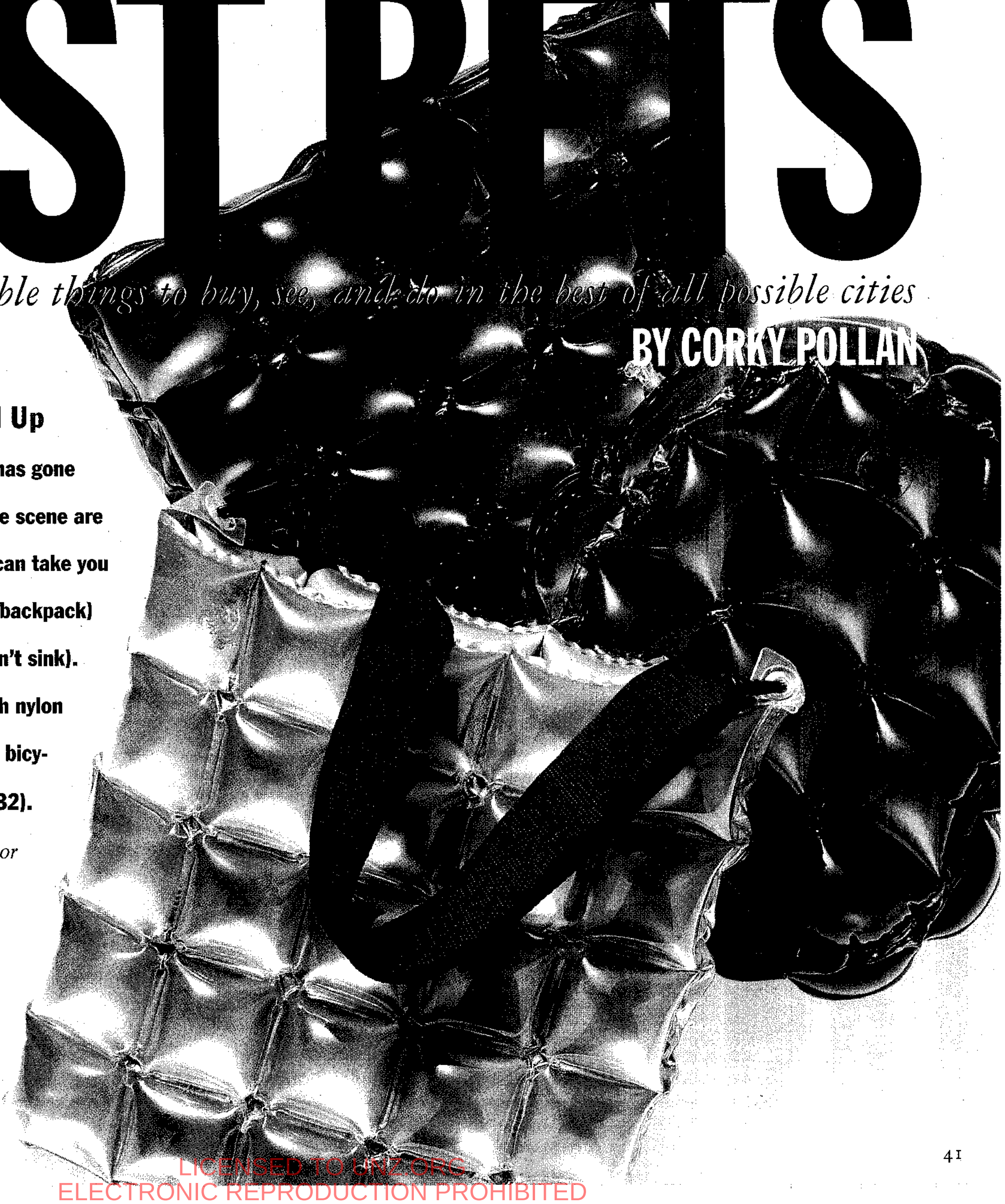
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Pumped Up

The current rage for inflatables has gone well beyond chairs. Newest on the scene are Bubble Bags—blow-ups that can take you from work (briefcase) to school (backpack) to play (a beach bag that won't sink). They're made of PVC plastic with nylon straps and can be inflated with a bicycle pump ($16 to $32).

HENRI BENDEL/*Main floor*



Road Warriors

Travel in style with summer's most-wanted tech gear.

Nothing's Shocking

It's called a Cross Trainer, you see, because you can hop, skip, and jump with this CD player strapped into your ass pack and your music won't hop, skip, or jump. In fact, the Electronic Anti-Shock System on the Aiwa XP-SP1200 gives you a 40-second buffer against such disturbances; the rubber gaskets mean you can keep sand off your Chumbawamba and Joni Mitchell when you bring them to the beach. ***$179.95 (with headphones)/Call 800-BUY-AIWA for retailers.***

Take Note

You touch one of these babies, and you're going to want one, guaranteed. The Sony VAIO 505G notebook inspired a level of tech lust here at the *New York* world headquarters that we haven't seen since the early days of the Apple PowerBook. It has a 10.4-inch active-matrix screen, good keyboard (a bit undersize, sure, but infinitely better than what all those crummy Windows CE devices offer), 2.1-gig hard drive, v.90-upgradeable internal modem, and—this part you better sit down for—a 0.9-inch profile. *Yeah, baby, less than an inch thick* (and less than three pounds). Okay, so it's got only a 200-MHz Pentium processor, but what do you want for two grand? An ultrastylish magnesium-alloy shell? It's got that, too. *$1,999 (external floppy drive included; external CD-ROM extra)/Call 888-315-7669 for retailers.*

MOTOROLA
Read
Write
PageWriter 2000

E Ticket

How to properly convey the all-encompassing sense of digital-age omnipotence, information mastery, *connectedness* that we experienced when we first received full-text e-mail from a friend in California (who sent it from his AOL account) while *sitting in a cab*? Even cooler than that, we *wrote right back.* In fact, we were inspired to peck out a little paean to the Motorola PageWriter 2000 (it sends and receives regular alphanumeric pages, too, but that's *so* tired) on its finger-cramping (but oddly endearing) three-inch keyboard. *$399 (plus monthly connection charges)/Call 800-548-9954, extension 2, for retailers.*

TEST DRIVE

Homeless Box Office

Can't afford a jet but want to be jet-set? Time to get your *own* in-flight movie. The first portable Digital Versatile Disc player on the market, the two-pound **Panasonic L10 DVD/CD/Video CD "PalmTheater"** player, was designed with the traveler in mind. Smaller than a laptop, it slipped easily into my shoulder bag for my ride out of town (on a train). The L10's vivid 5.8-inch LCD screen serves up more than 400 lines of resolution (twice as good as VHS). Hell, even *Waterworld*—the sample DVD disc sent along with the test unit—looked great.

Fully charged, the battery gave me almost two hours of viewing time before the screen went politely blank, so steer clear of relative epics like *Boogie Nights* unless you pack a spare battery.

The L10's infrared remote let me do some dubious tricks for added amusement, like bookmark my favorite combat scenes (Dennis Hopper loses an eye!) and even dub the wily bandito Kevin Costner in Spanish.

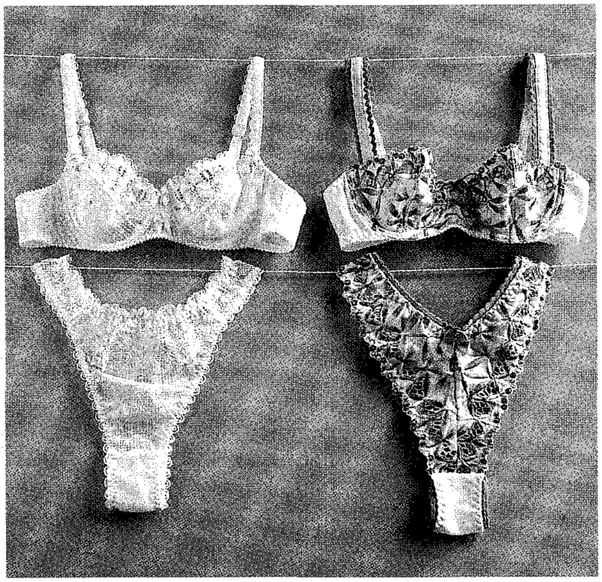
New DVD titles (about 1,500 are available so far) currently go for $25 to $35, and if you get tired of watching movies, you can slip in your Beck CD (DVDs are "backwards compatible" with audio CDs) and do the public-transit hand jive. Bonus feature: the "parental-lock function," which, after I entered my secret access code, allowed me to make damn sure nobody watched *Waterworld* when I wasn't around. Unfortunately, I was never able to figure out how to *un*lock *Waterworld*. But come to think of it, I'm okay with that. HUNTER KENNEDY

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

Pull Yourself Together

Advice for stabilizing those **shaky finances***; a sale on those thank-you notes you've really been meaning to send; and even a chance to* **replace those tattered underthings.**

WALKING AROUND Michael Atchison & Associates, one can't help touching the fabrics of the various evening, cocktail, and prom dresses—even the robes and lingerie seem to be made of otherworldly materials. At its sample sale, designs by Melinda Eng, Ronnie & Irit, Michael Morales, Rachel Yang, and Christine & Co. will be priced at wholesale; for example, evening gowns, retail $500–$2,500, here $100–$500; cocktail dresses, retail $250–$950, here $50–$125; lingerie, retail $50–$500, here $15–$150. *Michael Atchison & Associates, 498 Seventh Ave., at 36th St. (967-7979); cash only; Mon–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–1; 7/20–7/26.*



Jockeying for position: Even if they're hung out to dry, Bloomers's matching undies won't startle your neighbors.

Your Card, Please

FOR ALL OF YOUR THANK-YOU NOTES FOR summer weekends (vital to keep those invitations coming), check out Papivore's sale on monogrammed cards and letterhead. One hundred cards and envelopes in beige, gray, white, aqua, blue, or pink with three-letter monogram in one of twenty ink colors, were $125, now $100; 50 linen sheets and envelopes in white with three-letter monogram in one of twenty ink colors, were $165, now $125. There will also be a sale on discontinued papers and cards. *Papivore, 117 Perry St. (627-6055); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–6; 7/21–8/21.*

Petal Pushers

BLOOMERS—THE LINGERIE-AND-KIDS'-clothing store on Lexington Avenue—does sell the sensible undies for which it's named but carries a lot of sexy numbers as well. Items include: Lise Charmel bra, was $120, now $72; matching underwear, was $84, now $50.40; Aubade bra, was $86, now $51.60; matching underwear, was $54, now $32.40. *Bloomers, 1042 Lexington Ave., near 75th St. (570-9529); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon–Sat. 10–6:30, Thurs. till 7; 7/20 until supplies run out.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Atsuro Thing

ATSURO TAYAMA'S STORE ON WOOSTER Street seems a perfect showcase for this Japanese designer—much like the space itself, the clothing is minimal, well designed, and hip. At its sale, offerings include: collection-line charcoal-gray tuxedo-style jacket, was $880, now $440; Indivi white cotton-and-Lycra low-rise fitted jean-style pants, were $204, now $102; sample navy-and-baby-blue floral sheer dress, retail $150, now $45. *Atsuro Tayama, 120 Wooster St. (334-6002); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–6; 7/20 until supplies run out.*

Duck Down

BU AND THE DUCK—SUSAN LANE'S CHILdren's store that opened this May—is having a sale on its in-house-designed line. Solid and print silk dresses, pants, shirts, and jumpsuits, were $40–$100, now $20–$50. Sizes are for newborns to 3-year-olds. *Bu and the Duck, 106 Franklin St. (431-9226); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 7/20–7/25.*

Bejeweled Plumage

COLETTE MALOUF TOOK THE TERM *hair accessory* to a whole new level long ago; her feather hair pins, cast-resin sticks, beaded combs, and butterfly clips and pins are so decorative that sometimes the rest of your outfit doesn't even matter. Items that were $30–$90 will be $10–$25 at her sample sale. *Colette Malouf, 594 Broadway, Suite 1216 (941-9588); cash only; Tues.–Thurs. 5–7; 7/21–7/23.*

That's a Wrap

ANUSHKA DAY SPA IS BEST KNOWN FOR ITS "body contouring" program (a five-week, ten-treatment package with wraps, heat treatment, and nutritional guidance), which is now going on sale—was $725, now $599. Other specials include: antioxidant "lifting" facial, was $90, now $70; aroma body scrub with peppermint oil, was $80, now $69; full leg and bikini wax, was $75, now $60. *Anushka Day Spa, 241 E. 60th St. (473-1452); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon. and Sat. 9–6, Tues. and Thurs. till 8, Wed. and Fri. till 7; 7/17–8/31.*

Money Talks

FOR ANYBODY WHO NEEDS ADVICE ON HIS or her finances (who doesn't?), Adriane Berg, the financial adviser for WABC radio, is hosting two free seminars—one in the afternoon and one in the evening. She'll address all sorts of monetary woes, like being in bad credit-card debt or the problems of balancing one's budget. *Call 1-888-459-7747 for registration and information; 7/29.* ■

Photograph by Amy Freeth.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

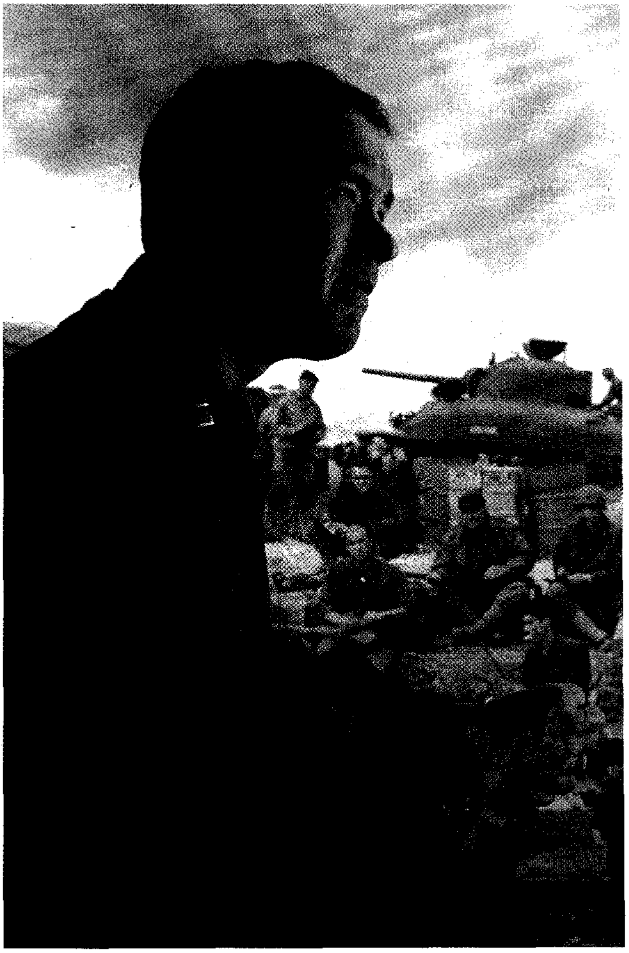
Heroic Proportions

Savage yet exhilarating, Spielberg's 'Saving Private Ryan' shows the great and minor acts of bravery that define valor against the horrific tapestry of war.

AT THE BEGINNING OF STEVEN SPIELBERG'S **Saving Private Ryan,** a group of American soldiers landing on Omaha Beach, on D day, face a hell like none other on this earth. As the front gate of the landing-ship drops, German machine-gunners sitting in a bunker above the beach open fire, and many men fall at the exposed mouth of the craft. Some of the Americans—they are Army Rangers, led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks)—jump over the side and get hit under the water (we can actually see the bullets, slowed down by the sea, striking their targets). Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. One man still standing searches for his severed arm, picks it up as if it were a log, and wanders around with it aimlessly. As all this goes on, Spielberg rapidly shifts from one nightmare to another: When we are under the water, or inside the head of a stunned soldier, the sound collapses into an indistinct roar; the next second we are above the water, or back in the head of that soldier, now fully conscious, and the noise of bullets and mortar fire has a cutting metallic shriek that approaches agony. The scene is both utterly realistic and entirely hallucinatory. The camera staggers violently, as in a newsreel. The desaturated cinematography has the grayish shades of a corpse.

Before you have watched more than a few minutes of this—and the sequence goes on for perhaps twenty minutes in all—you know that it is one of the greatest, most appalling things ever done in movies. Not just the violence, but the strangeness of it, is overwhelming. In literature, Homer and Tolstoy have attained a comparable cruel magnificence, but there are things here that literature cannot do—a sense of the simultaneity of many little dramas within the struggle to claim the beach; complex shifts of expectation and emotion that occur in just a second or two; and, in every shot, a blood-pounding rage, senses straining to the utmost, which brings men close to extinction and ecstasy at the same time. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made; and not even *Platoon* or *Full Metal Jacket* has brought us so close to the experience of men facing live fire at close range. He has also performed, intentionally or not, a devastating critique of what passes for action-film-making in Hollywood these days. I suspect that such ersatz directors as Joel Schumacher (*Batman Forever*) and Michael Bay (*Armageddon*) have hides thicker than armor; if I am wrong, and they have normal skin, they must know by now that their way of making pictures has just been plugged through the heart.

This is a marvelous movie, with superb things throughout, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. Some of it is merely alert, sensitive, and shrewd; and some of it is dully ceremonial (there's a patriotic framing device that could easily have been dropped). *Saving Private Ryan,* which was conceived and written by Robert Rodat, has its oddities of form and emphasis. It begins as an epic, changes into a peculiar little anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable—an attempt to say what the war means. After Omaha Beach has been secured, the captain and some of his men are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, pulled out of the war and sent home. In part, the rescue is a solemn public-relations exercise, but General George C. Marshall (Harve Presnell) truly considers it the only humane thing to do. In France, Captain Miller's men see it differently; the pursuit of Ryan makes no sense to them (eight of them sent to find one man?); they have two or three testy arguments about it, but they follow orders. Looking for Ryan, they wander through ravaged French fields and villages, fight the Germans here and



Lonely Ranger: Tom Hanks as an Army Rangers captain in *Saving Private Ryan.*

Photograph by David James/DreamWorks/Paramount Pictures.

there, and fall into punishing adventures. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved.

The search for Ryan borders on absurdity—at one point, the captain, exasperated, starts asking distraught French refugees about him—yet this is anything but an absurdist movie. The themes of *Saving Private Ryan* are loyalty, self-sacrifice, and death. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? And we think to ourselves: What could be the value of a decent gesture after what we've seen on Omaha Beach, where life was both enlarged and reduced to a condition of frenzy? The question is explored in different ways, each intensely moving. In a shattered French village, a terrified couple, standing on the exposed second floor of their house (the wall has been blown away), hand a little girl to the Americans for her protection. The girl cries that she doesn't want to leave her parents, and the captain doesn't want to take her—the Ranger who grabs her, against orders, exposes himself to enemy fire. Spielberg stages the scene without an extra shot and without a false emotion, and the episode has a wrenching painfulness that goes miles beyond the conventional heroics of war movies.

In such films as *Empire of the Sun* and *The Color Purple,* Spielberg hyped everything into airily beautiful images that often left us baffled. All those people gamboling about in the broiling southern sun in *The Color Purple*—was he crazy? There seemed to be something deficient and Disneyfied in his sense of reality. And it was hard not to view that deficiency in moral terms: This man had grown up at the movies; he didn't know life. Well, the problem has vanished. Like everything Spielberg does, the staging of the small encounters and skirmishes in *Saving Private Ryan* has tremendous physical energy, but his work has become soberly exact—which means, since this is war, close to crazy: A soldier, standing near an opening in a wall, with live fire all around him, picks up one little apple after another, chomping into them, discarding them, trying to find one that tastes good. Soldiers are always hungry, and this one's choosiness makes the scene funny.

Spielberg lets a movie breathe now, and sometimes he prolongs moments to the point of discomforting us. After all the years of meaningless movie violence, he wants us to feel some sort of pain. There is anger here, directed at the triviality of other movies. The old John Wayne and Dana Andrews war pictures made death clean and noble; this one makes it squalid and bloody—and noble. When the medic in the platoon gets shot, the men crowd around, laying on hands, and ask him what they should do to help—he would know that. It's a classic episode: It plays in real time, with a gathering tension of fear and hope, and then the certainty of death.

No doubt there will be a kind of resistance: Someone is sure to say that *Saving Private Ryan* is "only" a platoon movie. It is true that the men are separated, as convention dictates, by temperament and ethnic background. There is a Jew (Adam Goldberg), an Italian (Vin Diesel), a southern Bible-quoting sharpshooter (Barry Pepper), a Brooklyn wiseguy (Ed Burns) who complains a lot. The men know one another intimately, but Spielberg wisely soft-pedals the bitching and jokes. (It helps that the actors aren't familiar; a new face keeps cliché at a distance.) Young Jeremy Davies (from *Spanking the Monkey*) plays a skinny, nervous translator who gets pulled into this tough combat unit, and he's certainly not a cliché. He represents the audience—he's terrified—and when he freezes at the crucial instant, he forces us into a moment of grim self-recognition. Two characters are heroic in ways that most of us can't approach or even understand—a tough sergeant, played by that great, round-faced thug Tom Sizemore, and the captain himself, whom the sergeant hopelessly adores and tries to protect.

Hanks is 42. The goofy grin and springy legs are gone; he's a sadder, more realistic presence now, and certainly the right actor to play an ordinary man raised to greatness by war. He doesn't carry the heroic presence or the mythic associations of an action star. He's mostly very quiet, but he has true authority: When he gives an order, there's just enough pressure in his voice to make you understand why the men follow him. Throughout the movie, the horror and strangeness of war play off his face, which registers tiny shifts of tension and disgust. Only one of his scenes doesn't work for me—the one set in a candlelit church, at night, when he justifies a questionable decision, and the writing and playing become too explicit.

How can so painful a movie also be so exciting and pleasurable? Let me mention one factor: Janusz Kaminski, Spielberg's great cameraman, shoots from the middle of the action with a handheld camera, and much of the footage is rough. Yet Spielberg has so scrupulous a sense of the geography of a scene (the Germans are *here,* the Americans have to get *there*) that the footage, edited by Michael Kahn, hangs together beautifully, and we are desperately involved, not just stimulated. That spatial coherence is what some of us have missed in the nonsensical action movies turned out by Hollywood. Spielberg has taken us back to basics—back to art, back to amazement at the film medium itself. ■

David Denby's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Paging Esther Williams

In Nicholas Hytner's strangely aquatic version of 'Twelfth Night,' spectacle and buffoonery take the place of poetry and insight—his Shakespeare is all wet.

Helen Hunt and Paul O'Brien in *Twelfth Night.*

NICHOLAS HYTNER SEEMS TO HAVE DIRECTED not **Twelfth Night** but its subtitle, *What You Will.* He has staged a production in which anything goes, although Jeanine Tesori's music, going from inappropriate to intolerable, hardly evokes Cole Porter. Like the costumes, speech, and acting, it ranges meretriciously all over time and place, whether to capture the kudos of young, know-nothing audiences or out of sheer anomie, I lack the psychiatric credentials to determine.

Shakespeare having set the action fantastically on the seacoast of Illyria, a country that no longer existed, Hytner decided to go him one better by driving the actors to wading, diving, tumbling into the sundry pools with which the stage is littered. On top of that, an arbitrary thunderstorm elicits near-inundation from above. All this comes as a prodigal act of supererogation: Merely confronted with Shakespeare's poetic diction and iambic pentameter, few cast members manage to keep their heads above water. Yet what finally sinks the production is not so much its lagoons as its lacunae—in logic, literacy, and common sense.

Not quite a total loss, though. There are a few sound, waterproof elements, and the last ten or so minutes, when Hytner shakes off whatever demons from Peter Brook to Peter Sellars had him hagridden, are quite lovely. Let's start with the great Bob Crowley's fabulous folly of a set. From Monet's lily ponds to the Zuider Zee, from Venice to Xanadu, everything is here in ever-shifting perspective. From miniature swimming pools to far-meandering piers made of planking, suddenly sprouting palazzos, a baroque lighthouse seen variously from afar and nearby, and innumerable suspended lights that rise by modern magic, all is there except that useful modicum of consistency.

Conversely, Catherine Zuber's costumes fail even aesthetically. They jumble periods and continents as if shuffling playing cards, but even taken one by one, they belong in the circus, burlesque, or a male strip joint. Countess Olivia appears in progressively tawdrier and skimpier attire until, emerging from a pool in drenched white garb, she looks all but naked. Duke Orsino, not content with steadily keeping his chest bared, strips to a jockstrap for a dip; even when he goes formally wooing, he lets a third of his gold-chain-bedizened pectorals hang out. The rest of the fashions extend from Armani to Zouave.

On the other hand, Natasha Katz's lighting is the cat's meow from lyrical to dazzling, although here, too, there is a certain arbitrariness about when light ripples reflected from the waves will gambol on the backdrop, and when not. Still, if lightbulbs were tulip bulbs, Holland would be eclipsed. Joey McKneely's dances are relaxingly inoffensive; and there are three fine performances, all by older actors.

Max Wright offers, with exquisite timing, not the conventional whippersnapper of an Aguecheek but a middle-aged, thinning-haired stumblebum, a blithering and blundering much-defeated hoper-against-hope, as touching as he is entertaining. As his mentor and nemesis, the drunken Sir Toby, Brian Murray is irresistible. Whether bloatedly grandiose or delectably deflated, he exudes roguish, anarchic life, embattled or embottled, able to charm (since there are no birds out of the trees) fish out of the seas. Philip Bosco goes well beyond any Malvolio known to me in variety and depth. Starting as a typical pompous, snootily nasal bureaucrat, he fatuously melts into a prancing, senescence-defying swain easily led by the nose. The stages by which he tries to rejuvenate himself are delineated with perfection, yet the result is more than just laughable—all too human. Moving in his downfall, sadly dilapidated in his disgrace, Bosco delivers a threateningly Parthian shot that should leave no one unshuddering.

Among the younger actors, Amy Hill is a perky and properly pesky Maria, though the part does not call for a Rosie-and-Roseanne clone. Julio Monge is a suitably virile Antonio if a Puerto Rican accent does not disgruntle your ears; as the other sea captain, Paul O'Brien is hearteningly straightforward.

(continued on page 75)

Photograph by Ken Howard.

PETER G. DAVIS

Women In Love

Operas have dramatized almost every permutation of the love story, but until 'Patience & Sarah,' presented by Lincoln Center Festival 98, none had portrayed a lesbian romance.

ACCORDING TO THE OLD MYTH, GAYS ARE AN overwhelmingly dominant presence in the opera world, although I've never found that to be true—quite the contrary. If they were, by now there would surely be more operas with homosexual themes. True, a gay sensibility pervades the stage works of Benjamin Britten, but only as a hidden subtext that many still dispute. The only openly gay characters that immediately come to my mind—at least in operas written before 1990—are the Countess Geschwitz in *Lulu,* by Alban Berg (a straight composer), and a male couple in *The Knot Garden,* by Michael Tippett (a gay composer), and even in these operas, sexual orientation is scarcely a major issue.

So a warm welcome to **Patience & Sarah,** words by Wende Persons and music by Paula M. Kimper, presented by American Opera Projects and Lincoln Center Festival 98. The opera is based on a 1969 novel by Isabel Miller, which tells of two Connecticut women who meet in 1816 and, despite inevitable opposition from both their families, settle down together, living and farming in upstate New York—a tale loosely based on the real lives of folk-art painter Mary Ann Willson and her companion, Miss Brundage. I can't resist quoting from Miller's moving introduction to her book: "Not much is left of them, but we know about their 'romantic attachment' to each other, their quiet, peaceful life, the respect and help of their neighbors, their dooryard full of flowers, their plowing and haying, their cow, the improvised paints—berries and brick dust—the paintings sold for 25 cents to neighbors or bartered to peddlers who carried them all over eastern North America, from Canada to Mobile. And we know our own response. We are provoked to tender dreams by a hint. Any stone from their hill is a crystal ball."

That perhaps suggests why we've had to wait so long for an opera that focuses on a gay relationship. The "crystal ball" that Miller writes of could only be peered into with any degree of honesty and compassion right now, in the comparatively open atmosphere that exists today. *Patience & Sarah* does precisely that, and in many ways the sheer ordinariness of the basic dramatic premise is what gives the work its underlying strength and appeal. Essentially what we have here is the familiar romantic tale of two people who must confront, cope with, and overcome all the usual obstacles—social class, family enmities, their own doubts and insecurities—in order to find love and live happily ever after. At a time when gays still have much hateful prejudice to face, some will no doubt find such a conventional approach to the subject politically naïve and overly sentimental. Perhaps, but I'm more than willing to applaud this refreshingly upbeat opera which, as Kimper says, aims "to present a hopeful and positive portrayal of lesbian life."

Of course, writing any opera, especially a first opera, is a tricky business, and *Patience & Sarah* is not without flaws. For one thing, the disapproving family members remain one-dimensional types whose sudden acceptance of the situation—which sets the scene for a final radiant love duet—scarcely seems credible. Several other knots in the plot are never convincingly untied, but the two protagonists are effectively characterized and contrasted: the well-to-do Patience, introspective, hesitant, and at first rather overwhelmed by the more impulsive Sarah, raised as a tomboy by her less affluent farming family. The fact that we never lose interest in them is a tribute to librettist Persons and her ability to create two real people who, putting the same-sex issue aside for a moment, are dealing with problems that most everyone must face at one time or another.

Kimper's tuneful score is unlikely to offend tender ears, cast as it is in an idiom inhabiting the mainstream of American opera at its folksiest and most accessible. That also means the occasional turgid patch where the music seems to be awkwardly plowing through a wordy conversation for better or worse, but mostly the setting manages to be song-filled and expressive, attractive qualities brought out by the fourteen-

(continued on page 49)

Lori Phillips (left) as Patience, and Elaine Valby as Sarah.

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Reversals of Fortune

Riding its rep as the power venue of the moment, Patroon was the last place you'd go just for the food, until now; meanwhile, Luma gets an unforeseen lift.

ONE MAN *CAN* MAKE A DIFFERENCE. ANY PLACE inaugurated as an alternative to an anachronism like "21" begins just a lawn-jockey's-arm's length away from parody, and at least for its first year **Patroon** was not my snifter of Hennessy XO. Owner Ken Aretsky deliberately and successfully devised it as a haven for the new generation of media *machers* who have traded in their Armani suits for Purple Label because Ralph's shoulder pads are a lot bigger. Settled into the room's plushly curved banquettes as if they were corner offices, these guys boast about crunched numbers and trade thick cigars with rabid satisfaction, not only provoking the suspicion that Freud may have had it wrong about a stogie's ever being just a good smoke but also raising a question: Has eating well ever been a priority at Patroon, or is paying big bucks for a meal just one more Bradshavian male-bonding ritual?

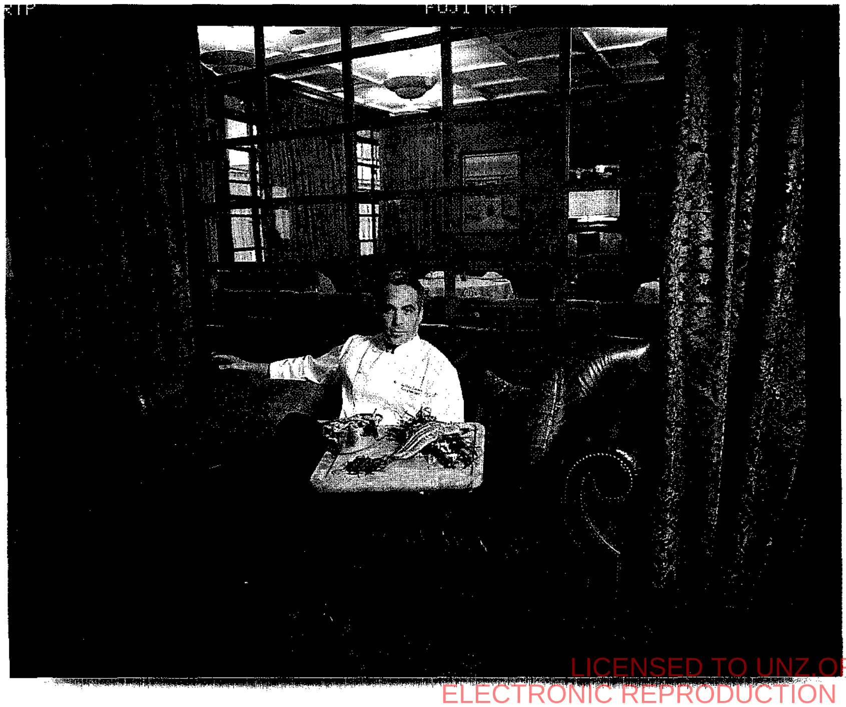
Consistent as the food has been, it always came up a little short. Just as the dining room's décor is studiously neutral, the kitchen is damned by faint beige. Perhaps hearty but unobtrusive fare was a conscious decision: no distractions, not even great food, to interfere with the intense strategy and marketing talk. If so, then Aretsky should never have hired Geoffrey Zakarian away from the Royalton's "44" several months ago. Because, from the first distracting bite of his brawny, almost lascivious terrine of lamb breast flanked by vibrant bits of tomato and mango, it's obvious this chef has no intention of playing second fiddle to any publisher's adjusted rate card or account executive's ad pitch. Everything about Zakarian's cooking boisterously proclaims a passion for big flavors, bright contrasts. Maybe he would have been better off as a caterer, bolstering special days, since I can't imagine eating this food without giving in to the delight that's been taken in its presentation. If this man doesn't love eating as much as he does cooking, then his performance in Patroon's kitchen is an even slyer con job than George Clooney's honey-dipped bank heist in *Out of Sight*. The result is that without altering the clientele, or peeling off one roll of the moribund wall fabric, Zakarian has given this tight-ass room one spectacularly energizing kick in the butt. Even Aretsky seems to be walking around with more spring in his step. And why shouldn't he? He gets to eat here every day.

With more lavish resources at his fingertips, Zakarian has gained in daring and polish. A risotto wonderfully velvetizes the heady flavors of escargot and summer truffles. Flecks of ginger continually jab a lobster out of its creamy tranquillity. Weightless scallops find some bite thanks to the edginess of roast endive and celery. And though every chef in town is throwing fruit all over foie gras, the unexpected and hardly sweet use of green apple and kale affords his rendition a fresh snap. And instead of oh-yeah goat cheese alongside arugula, radicchio, and watercress, they get pleasantly ambushed by a Stilton brioche.

If you can't get someone to share the organic chicken for two with you at night, come back in the daytime, when single portions are offered. Lamb porterhouse is not as exciting as the terrine appetizer, but the succulent skate, bejeweled with Jerusalem artichokes and in an asparagus crust, is a stunner with a nuttiness as addictive as that of warmed cashews.

Because the "boys in the front room" regulars are known for their medium-to-well-done taste, ask to have the duck breast a little underdone—it blends better with the braised salsify and pancetta. Do the same with the red snapper with red lentils. Two seafood dishes that float—cod in a bath of truffle broth, and lobster in one faintly laced with curry—are luscious as they are, and except for JUdson Grill's, you won't find better onion rings anywhere. And if you really want to test your friends' loyalties, order one portion of the ravioli stuffed with artichoke, pheasant, and tomato and watch how many decades-long ties that bind, personal or corporate, get unstrung before it's time to share dessert.

That would be too bad, because Zakarian knows something that lately seems to be eluding pastry chefs. Americans prefer cold desserts. Even warm treats find greater favor when they have at least some chilled elements: His caramelized bananas are stroked by white-chocolate cream, a



Bless his sole: Patroon's new chef, Geoffrey Zakarian, performs an unexpected miracle.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

soothing chocolate-pudding cake needs even more Earl Grey ice cream, and the shaved-apple tart is sensational. Want to seduce a client? Forget the cigar and the four-color-presentation. Serve the tart and he'll be putty in your hands. Patroon proves that the most exciting mergers are ones of passion, not convenience. Aretsky and Zakarian make a great team; more than their clients, they demonstrate the art of the deal.

Patroon, 160 E. 46th Street (883-7373). Lunch, Monday through Friday 12 to 2:30 P.M.; dinner, Monday through Wednesday 5:30 to 10 P.M, Thursday through Saturday 5:30 to 11 P.M. Closed Sunday. All major credit cards.

IT LOOKS AS IF ONE WOMAN CAN MAKE A difference, too. And if the change at **Luma** doesn't seem as drastic as the overhaul at Patroon, that shouldn't minimize new chef Christina Kelly's talent. It's just that Luma had already undergone a marked transformation four years ago (though not of its sponge-painted décor, unfortunately) when Scott Bryan replaced former chef and co-owner Eric Stapleman and upgraded his already innovative, macro-inspired cooking. Bryan's richer, more expansive menu—without troweling on the butter and cream—was worth every delicious extra calorie.

Kelly, who is Bryan's protégée, has this absolutely lovely knack for investing each element of a dish with its own striking acuity, yet the sum is not only harmonious but almost weightless. A crackling shrimp summer roll bursts with gentle blasts of mango, purple basil, and wasabi. The brine of warm dandelions is lushly tempered with prosciutto and the earthiness of wild mushrooms. Sesame seared tuna soars past sushi placidity with pea shoots and minted cucumbers, and fresh pea soup with mint and crème fraîche is as delightful as summer rain.

Passion-fruit sauce and scallion purée make soft-shell crabs a new experience. Buttery pan-seared lamb chops are coated in just enough olive sauce. Snapper is super with a stuffing of Swiss chard and leeks, and even a vegetarian mushroom risotto with stuffed red pepper earns notice. In addition, the $45 prix fixe dinner is a helluva deal. Four courses of food so invigorating and so gratifying, and yet you leave feeling lighter than your lime semifreddo. Congrats, Ms. Kelly. And right on, Mr. Zakarian. Forget the majority. Power to the person.

Luma, 200 Ninth Avenue, at 22nd Street (633-8033). Dinner only, Monday through Friday 6:00 to 11 P.M., Saturday 5:30 to 11 P.M. and Sunday 5 to 10 P.M. All major credit cards. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Davis *continued from page 47*

piece chamber orchestra led by Steven Osgood. For those who missed the performances and are curious for a sampling, a duet from Act Two is included on an interesting new Composers Recordings disc devoted to music by American lesbian composers (CRI CD 780), whose varied styles range from conservative to avant-garde, ragtime, and electronic performance art.

Patience & Sarah enjoyed a modest but affectionate production staged by Douglas Moser and designed by Marie Anne Chiment, whose flavorful sets evoked a rural New England long passed. The chemistry between Lori Phillips (Patience) and Elaine Valby (Sarah) seemed just right, and both singers made every musical moment count. The only other character to register in any major way is Daniel Peel, a traveling preacher who encounters Sarah on the road dressed as a boy and makes an unsuccessful pass. Implausible though it may sound, the scene turned out to be perfectly charming, thanks in part to tenor Barton Green's touching portrayal of the bumbling parson.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

WOMEN'S WORK IS A SUBTHEME OF THIS year's Lincoln Center Festival, which invited the German-based ensemble Sequentia to bring its production of Hildegard von Bingen's **Ordo Virtutum** to New York. A legendary abbess, visionary, and prophetess, the "sibyl of the Rhine" (1098–1179) has never been more in fashion than she is today, 900 years after her birth, a feminist–New Age icon who considered her poetical writings, paintings, and vocal compositions to be revelations rather than intellectual constructs. *Ordo Virtutum* is Hildegard's most famous work, a sung morality play in which allegorical figures—Humility, Charity, Chastity, Faith, Mercy, etc.—come to life to assist the human soul in its eternal struggle with Satan.

Led by two American musicologists, Benjamin Bagby and Barbara Thornton, Sequentia is by now an authority on all matters Hildegardian, and the group is already well into a project to record the complete works for Deutsche Harmonia Mundi. Sequentia's new disc of *Ordo Virtutum* is a winner, with singing of shimmering purity over a historically informed instrumental accompaniment, but its staged production at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle emerged as a tedious, static affair that made little use of a potentially striking theatrical space. Perhaps the Hildegurls's jazz-rock-electronic-fusion version of *Ordo Virtutum*, on view at the Festival this week, will have better luck in bringing Hildegard back to life. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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Kaplan *continued from page 39*

things that women would never wear. Helmut's clothes would be worn by normal people and also people in the fashion industry."

Well, true enough—but at the same time, there has always been about all his clothes (despite Lang's protests to the contrary) just a hint of rough sex. From the early nineties until very recently, when they turned to elegance, his women's garments were insistently, if subtly, provocative. Even as Lang himself seemed the mildest of men, there was a dark, fetishistic, almost Hitchcockian streak running through his work, a kinky fringe. What did those slit garments *mean*? (They put some fashion observers in mind of crotchless panties.)

"I had a couple of them, and I had them sewn up," Anna Wintour says. "I was not ready to see all those limbs sticking out."

"We called the phase his sex-shop thing," a fashion writer told me. "In one show, he had a bra that was pulled up really violently, with the straps kind of sticking out on the side. And the lingerie was disheveled—there was a lot of violence in that, too. You buy designer clothes to look put-together and fancy—here's something that makes you look like somebody tumbled you over in the back of a limo and had sex with you."

Then again, the writer was smiling when she said it. As was Truman when he observed, of his own Helmut Lang jackets and overcoats, "You always notice they're cut tight under the arms—there's that possibility of *restriction*."

Lang's print ads last winter, as he prepared for his New York debut, featured not only an artsy Bruce Weber shot of the legendary painter and sculptor Louise Bourgeois but a number of photographs from the Robert Mapplethorpe estate: Mapplethorpe himself, barechested and smiling in a crucifix-esque pose; a forbidding-looking character in an eye patch; a pair of stilettos in heart-shaped frames. What image was Lang trying to convey? The male models in his fashion shows have tended to look vaguely seedy—"broken," in a memorable formulation attributed to Lang himself. He now insists the word was mistranslated from the German by a former media-relations person.

THE FIRST THING YOU SEE WHEN YOU ENTER Lang's SoHo store is not Helmut Lang clothing but an obelisk-like Jenny Holzer light sculpture suspended from the ceiling just inches off the floor. Amber light-emitting diodes course and flicker down the sculpture's dark matrix, pulsing short, cryptic messages: MY FEVER/MY SKIN . . . I CRY OUT . . . I PRAY . . . I COVER YOU . . . I RUN FROM YOU . . . The words are intense but enigmatic, like the text of a dream. The black steel installation—an object hot and cool at the same time—is silent, relentless.

The men's and women's clothes that hang serenely in the tall display cases at the back of the store are somehow of a piece with the sculpture and the words: Cool and stately in repose, they gain heat and complexity upon examination. They warm the hands. The finish is superb. The details are unexpected, arresting. So are the prices.

It is tempting to see Lang's flagship store as a typical piece of SoHo cool, albeit in a highly advanced form: the big, white, high-ceilinged space; the cryptic conceptual artwork posted front and center; the minimalist-seeming, very expensive clothes. But the statement Lang is making—like the message of Holzer's light sculpture, which turns out, when read in its entirety, to be a wildly passionate love poem—also gains heat and complexity upon closer examination.

"I don't even know, when people say, 'Oh, this is really cool,' what's so great about something being cool," Lang says. "For me, cool is just like a pretended attitude. I haven't met anybody I found extremely interesting who wasn't a very emotional personality."

TRUE TO FORM, LANG DOESN'T seem to want just anybody wearing his garments. "You hope to find the people who can interpret the soul you try to put into the clothes," he says. "But they have to interpret it with their own energy, their own soul. It doesn't work—this is not only for me; I think it's in general—on people who just buy a label. They don't really have a relation to it, unless they're ensured that they can't be wrong because the label is in fashion. And that always gives, I think, a kind of strange, flat look to the clothes. I think that's the worst thing that can happen to clothes, basically."

His fanatical concern for soul and integrity even extends to the people who model in his shows. "What I'm trying to avoid is that it just has one direction—just driven by a very young appearance, or very fashionable," Lang says. "I think I avoid very much the profession; I'm very concerned about a mix."

Accordingly, he frequently has male and female friends model in shows and ads, without concern for age or conventional standards of beauty. (Although it helps if the friends are as tall and slim and elegant-looking as Elfie Semotan or Daryl Hannah.)

Friendship is extraordinarily important to him. "It's not something which is just appearing, and you don't have to do anything for it," he says. "It's like your extended family—a friend of mine said once, 'There are so few of us, but there are so many of the others.' I think this is what you need—a small group of people where you feel you can communicate without running the risk of being misinterpreted—just maybe for the advantage of not being careful all the time." He smiles. "It's also very healthy to have friends who are not in the fashion business."

Jenny Holzer, who met Lang when they collaborated on an exhibit for the Florence Fashion Biennale of 1996 (part of which was the light sculpture that now stands in the Greene Street store), speaks admiringly of his intelligence—"I like my friends to be smarter than I am"—and his persistence. "I wanted to give up [on the project], but he pushed me," she says. "He's fanatical about details—he's absolutely determined to have something finished the right way."

One of his newest friends is the 87-year-old Louise Bourgeois, whose quirkily fetishistic paintings and sculptures rhyme oddly with Lang's clothing and artistic development. "In a very funny way, when I met Louise last year, in her home in New York, the ambience in her living room reminded me completely of Kurt [Kocherscheidt]'s," he says. "There's a certain kind of aesthetic of nonimportant things. You know, the importance of nonimportance. Which I completely understand."

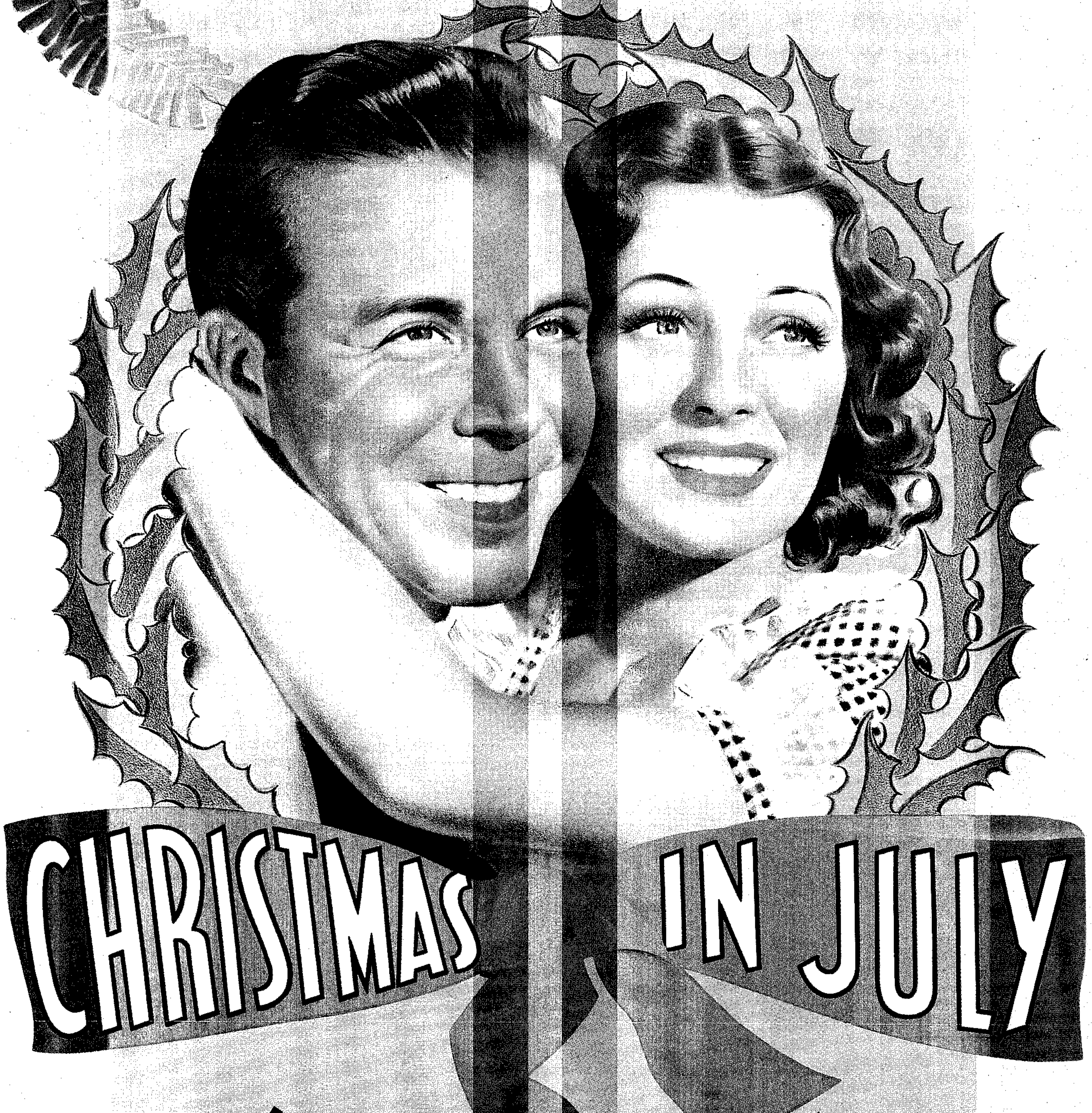
IT WON'T DO, THEREFORE, TO CAST LANG as some kind of precious aesthete. When I quote Proust on happiness to him, he comes back instantly with a nearly identical quote from *The Golden Girls*—which, along with *Seinfeld* and *Frasier*, he watches to decompress from work every night.

On the other hand, he's no Warhol. We're sitting at an outdoor restaurant on lower Sixth Avenue; at the next table, about three feet away, are Matt Dillon and Cameron Diaz. Neither they nor the designer gives any indication of recognizing each other. Lang is not averse to hanging out—he attended James Truman's 40th-birthday party last spring, along with the likes of Lee Radziwill and Bryan Ferry—but his social ambitions, in a city of frantic networkers, would appear to be refreshingly lax. "It doesn't matter what somebody is," he says of his friends. "The position doesn't matter. Maybe the position of the heart matters."

But then, it doesn't hurt to be in the right place at the right time. ■

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



(And August Too)

A two-week Preston Sturges centennial retrospective (pictured: Dick Powell and Ellen Drew) begins at Film Forum. Come in from the heat (page 54)

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movies

Western...Krzysztof Kieslowski...Cannibal: The Musical

New Films

★**Armageddon**—This is not a good movie, but it's probably the best movie that ever gave you a ringing headache—exciting, fast, often funny. Billy Bob Thornton is the executive head of NASA—the guy who has to run the crisis center and save the world. Here's what he says: The asteroid is coming our way at 22,000 miles an hour; we have eighteen days in which to try to blow it up or deflect it; we need to land on it, drill a hole 800 feet deep, plant a nuke, take off, and detonate the nuke. The only person who can do this is "the world's best deep-core driller," who sounds like the hero of a porno movie and turns out to be Bruce Willis. Willis demands his own raffish crew for this adventure in the skies. Ben Affleck is the young hotshot who happens to be in love with Willis's daughter (a mopey, dopey Liv Tyler, who looks eager to put a thumb in her mouth and crawl into a large crib). Also along for the ride are a fatty (Ken Campbell), a basso-voiced meatball (Michael Clarke Duncan), a naïve mystic (Owen Wilson), and a sardonic genius who loves whores (the invaluable sour man Steve Buscemi). In training, and aloft, the crew wisecrack their way through saving the world, as if they were teens trying to put up a pup tent on the first day of camp. The movie never lets up, and such things as the Houston control-room scenes, with everyone milling about purposefully, are done with much greater conviction and energy than usual. The jolts and thrills, plotted against the ticking clock, just keep coming. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hours.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Beyond—Lucio Fulci's 1981 zombie thriller set in New Orleans, home of one of the seven gateways to hell. Starring Catriona MacColl and David Warbeck. In English. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss—A gay photographer obsessed with old movies falls in love with his model. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Opens July 24.*

Boys in Love 2—Seven shorts celebrating gay life, including the animated *Dirty Baby Does Fire Island.* (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Brother—A gangster tale of two brothers getting by in post–Soviet Russia. Starring Sergei Bodrov Jr. Directed by Alexeï Balabanov. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Opening

Boys! Boys! Boys!

In *Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss,* Sean P. Hayes (above left, with the handsome Brad Rowe) is a lovelorn photographer who falls for a mystery man who may or may not be straight—and who may or may not be in love with him. The new take on fifties melodrama (complete with colorful musical numbers) starts Friday, July 24.

Photograph from TriMark Pictures.

Buffalo '66—Watching this film is a little bit like landing in the hands of a ratty hustler who lives in a bus station ("Hey, can I talk to you for a second? Just for a second . . ."). Which is not to say that Vincent Gallo doesn't have talent and a scraggly kind of wit. He plays Billy Brown, a jumpy young loser who leaves prison and spends a long time looking for a place to pee. Billy kidnaps a girl (Christina Ricci) with heavily tinted eyes and fluttering lashes so she will accompany him on a visit to his parents, who hate him and wish he did not exist. Angelica Huston and Ben Gazzara produce successful vicious caricatures, but in the family scenes, Gallo begins to play with trick staging and trick editing, and the movie comes grinding to a halt. From there on, it's strictly touch-and-go—some good scenes, some things that don't work at all, and a rushed, unsatisfactory ending. *Buffalo '66* has an authentic rotgut flavor, but here's the question for the future: Will Gallo learn to criticize his own ideas or continue to pride himself on screwing up? (Denby; 7/20/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Cannibal! The Musical—The true story of America's first convicted cannibal, as told with comedy and music. Written and directed by Trey Parker, the co-creator of *South Park.* (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Opens July 24 at Cinema Village.*

City of Angels—The drearily inevitable has come true—an original and rather haunting poetic conception has been turned into a literal-minded love story. Wim Wenders's 1987 movie—on which this film is based—was set in Berlin when the Wall was still up and, for better or worse, the movie had a super-earthly delicacy. This movie is a love story right from the beginning. Nicolas Cage plays an angel named Seth who hangs around the operating rooms of an L.A. hospital, waiting to take away the patients who die. When a wired-up surgeon, Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), loses a patient on the operating table, Seth falls in love with her, comforting her with an invisible hand as she weeps (it's a lovely moment, equal to anything in the original). But the movie quickly takes a tumble—it becomes an argument for life, for sensuous experience, for not living in the vacuum of immortality. But this is a movie set in Los Angeles, not in shattered, soulful, guilty Berlin. Could anyone possibly argue against pleasure in the sunlit paradise? The movie becomes a compellingly photographed advertisement for the good life, and nothing, in this setting, could be more redundant or banal. (Denby; 4/20/98) (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Dear Jesse—A young gay filmmaker takes a personal and political journey through his home state of North Carolina. Written and directed by Tim Kirkman. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Dr. Dolittle—Eddie Murphy plays the man with a gift for communicating with the animal kingdom. Also starring Kristen Wilson and Kyla Pratt. Directed by Betty Thomas. (About 2 hours.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Godzilla—This film is not a fiasco and it is not an insult to the audience: Within its dreary wastes, there are a few scares, a few thrills. But the

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movie is soggy, murky, and depressing—a joyless and redundant experience that leaves one in a ghastly mood. It's true that a rather large creature shows up now and then, but you can't always see more than a part of him, and when you do, he's half in darkness. The depressingness extends to the characters and actors. Matthew Broderick, as a young scientist summoned straight from Chernobyl, talks very deliberately and just seems sweet and out of it. There is a good moment when Hank Azaria, as a daredevil local-TV cameraman, is so paralyzed by a combination of bravado and fear that he forgets to get out of the way and almost gets squished by a taxi-crushing foot. But this boring, meaningless corporate product is opening on 7,363 American screens and may push some good movies into the gutter. (Denby; 6/1/98) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center.*

Gone With the Wind—A newly restored print of the eight-time Academy Award winner starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, and Olivia de Havilland. (3 hrs. 42 mins.; G) *Chelsea; Gemini; Lincoln Square; Cinemart.*

Henry Fool—A depraved writer moves in with a New Jersey garbageman and encourages his host to write, too. Starring Thomas Jay Ryan, James Urbaniak, and Parker Posey. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★High Art—A fresh young girl (Radha Mitchell), a sub-editor at a highbrow photo magazine in Manhattan, gets pulled into the life and bed of a star photographer (Ally Sheedy) who lives in the SoHo apartment above her. Having withdrawn from work, the photographer sits around doing dope with her lover, a wasted German actress (Patricia Clarkson), and a bunch of terminally wrecked cronies. The atmosphere is one of apocalyptic languor—everyone speaks in a whisper, and the coffee tables groan under the weight of heroin. This may sound like a very dreary funeral, but it isn't. The writer-director Lisa Cholodenko sustains her intimate moods with skill, and bit by bit the love story takes hold. I was fascinated by the movie's commitment to passion and to art. In its solemn way, *High Art* is a victory for both. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

I Went Down—An Irish gangster's tale about a crime boss and an ex-con who is pressed to serve him. Starring Tony Doyle, Peter McDonald, Brendan Gleeson, and Peter Caffrey. Directed by Paddy Breathnach and written by Conor McPherson. *Opens Wednesday at Village East.* (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

Kurt and Courtney—British filmmaker Nick Broomfield talks to a number of scary people who knew the duo when and develops a particularly humorous and unflattering—albeit sketchily sourced—portrait of the Divine Ms. Love. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Last Days of Disco—Whit Stillman drains the life out of a potentially terrific subject—the end of that period in which a thumping beat and drugs made nightlife in Manhattan an ecstatic release. His clubgoers, by contrast, are prattling yuppies; they don't want to lose themselves, they want to seek status. This may have been intended as a satirical idea, but it doesn't play as funny. The men (Chris Eigeman, Matt Keeslar, Mackenzie Astin, and Robert Sean Leonard) are so boring, weak, and self-absorbed that one can hardly tell them apart. The women, at least, come off a little better. Chloë Sevigny, as a respectable girl who works in publishing, is charming, and Kate Beckinsale as her malicious colleague might have been charming, too, if only her character wasn't such a dummy. Yet I suppose there is hope: If Stillman preserves his female characters as carefully as he does the male ones, these two may have further conversational adventures. In a Paris café, they could talk about the propriety of public smoking; in a Mexican whorehouse, about the wearing of mantillas at funerals; and so on. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Lethal Weapon 4—Danny Glover and Mel Gibson return to the roles they first played in 1987. Also starring Chris Rock, Joe Pesci, Rene Russo, and Jet Li. (About 2 hrs.; R) *19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kenmore; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Bay Terrace; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinema; Movieworld; Plaza; Atrium; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Criterion Center; Gemini; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Kingsway; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Mafia!—A parody of the traditional organized-crime film that revolves around the bumbling Cortino family. Starring Jay Mohr, Christina Applegate, Pamela Gidley, Olympia Dukakis, and Lloyd Bridges. Directed by Jim Abrahams. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Opens July 24.*

The Mask of Zorro—Zorro trains a young ne'er-do-well to carry on his legacy. Starring Anthony Hopkins and Antonio Banderas. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; State; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Crossbay; Forest Hills; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Mulan—Disney's animated version of China's most popular legend, in which a young girl becomes a

Talent
Late and Great

Hollywood is teeming with actors, writers, and directors—maybe a few producers and production heads, even—who claim to worship Preston Sturges. Not that you'd know it. There's little out there that meets the Sturges standard: snappy dialogue, abundant wit, great storyline. (One candidate, perhaps, is the Coens' *Fargo*.) It's a service, then, for Film Forum to celebrate the writer-director's centennial with "Preston Sturges 100" (starting July 24; see "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info). "He had an extraordinary gift," says James Harvey, the author of *Romantic Comedy: In Hollywood From Lubitsch to Sturges*. "The depth of his comedies is inseparable from the degree to which he makes you laugh. You really are in touch with some revelation about human nature and also about American life." And it's curious that Sturges emerged as an unparalleled observer of Americans, given that he spent most of his youth trailing his bohemian mother, Mary, and her best friend, dancer Isadora Duncan, across Europe. After a brief go at running Mary's cosmetics company here in New York, and a near-death experience (an emergency appendectomy), Sturges got down to what he really wanted to do. He wrote a few plays (notably 1929's *Strictly Dishonorable*), then moved to Hollywood, where he became one of the first screenwriters to direct his own movies (starting with 1940's Oscar-winning *The Great McGinty*). Sturges burned brightly—eight films, including *The Palm Beach Story* (1942) and *The Lady Eve* (1941, pictured), in four years—but not for very long. He flamed out in a series of clashes with his employers: first with Paramount, later with the aspiring filmmaker Howard Hughes, and finally with the last studio to hire him, 20th Century Fox. He moved to Europe, where he lived in near-poverty until just before his death (he died in 1959 in New York). "People talk about his story as being tragic because his period of creativity was so much shorter than his life," says Harvey. "I think that's foolish, because he left a lot behind."

Patricia Falvo

Photograph from Photofest.

war hero when she disguises herself as a man, joins the Imperial army, and fights against the invading Huns. With the voices of Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B. D. Wong, and Donny Osmond. (1 hr. 26 mins.; G) *Village East; Chelsea West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Nights of Cabiria**—This remains the most perfectly beautiful and touching of Fellini's movies. One is amazed by how close he keeps us to the moment-by-moment feelings of Giulietta Masina's aging, unhappy little prostitute. The film seems at first rather wandering and random, but Fellini quietly creates a structure that echoes and resonates. If you think of the movie as both a Christian fable and a sorrowing defense of illusion, everything in it makes sense. The movie becomes a panorama of betrayal—by art, by the church, by men. Only a silent man with a sack, walking about the outskirts of Rome and handing gifts to the broken-down old whores living in caves—a secular saint—redeems this wasteland. The film, we think, should be a tragedy. But Fellini renounces tragedy; he insists that life without illusion is not possible. He offers a Christian optimism that draws nothing from doctrine or clergy and everything from love. It would be nice to say that *Nights of Cabiria* could redeem the cinema too, but some things are not possible. Yet this 41-year-old movie provides an extraordinary contrast to the summer-season monstrosities as they blaze their way into oblivion. (Denby; 7/20/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Opposite of Sex**—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we are warned by the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci), that "if you think I'm just plucky and scrappy, and all I need is love, you're in over your head." Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is an exceptionally nice, intelligent man but almost pathologically mild. Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the handsome but rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia. As played by Lisa Kudrow, Lucia turns into a major comic creation. Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 59th Street East; Regency.*

★**Out of Sight**—Extraordinarily entertaining. George Clooney works for the first time with a smart script and a good director (Steven Soderbergh), and his face suddenly seems the equipment of a star. Clooney plays Jack Foley, a bank robber with the temperament of a con artist. Jack is by instinct nonviolent, but he's still a loser who has spent too many years in prison. Jack's buddy (Ving Rhames) picks him up when he breaks out of the pen. When they are confronted by a beautiful federal marshal, Karen Sisco (Jennifer Lopez), they throw her in the trunk of the car, and Jack, hiding, climbs in with her. The movie comes to a halt, and the most outrageous romantic scene in years plays itself out with leisurely calm. Jack and Karen discuss movies; they discuss life. Something in Jack's soothing manner and touch works for Karen: She falls in love with the man she is supposed to apprehend. Even though there's only one sex scene, the movie is erotically imagined. The characters size one another up; they even dream about one another. Soderbergh has done something truly original: He has proved

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that a comedy-thriller can take place as much in the ideas people have about one another as in what they do. The story of Karen and Jack and their friends plays itself out with satisfying twists and turns, and when violence comes, it is far more shocking than in most movies. When these people fire their guns, the bullets really hurt. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; State; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**A Perfect Murder**—Michael Douglas plays a cuckolded husband who loves his wife and plots her death at the same time. We don't at first know what has gone wrong between Steven Taylor (Douglas), a wealthy Wall Street investor, and his elegant young wife, Emily (Gwyneth Paltrow). When the movie opens, Emily, who works at the U.N. as a translator, is in bed with her lover, David Shaw (Viggo Mortensen), a soulful young artist—at least, that is what Emily thinks he is. If all this sounds vaguely familiar, you may want to know that this film is based on the same Frederick Knott play that inspired Alfred Hitchcock's *Dial M for Murder* in 1954. Andrew Davis, the director of *The Fugitive*, has added pace and heat and explicit sexuality to the material without whipping up phony excitement. His direction is swift and very effective, and the movie, shot in shades of ebony (the color of black marble), looks exceptionally handsome. A very proficient and enjoyable big-budget thriller. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; State; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Square; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Fresh Meadows.*

π—A mathematician tries to decode the numerical pattern in the stock market. Starring Sean Gullette. Directed and written by Darren Aronofsky. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Saltmen of Tibet—A glimpse at the 2,000-year-old tradition of a small band of nomadic herdsmen who make an annual pilgrimage to the Himalayan lakes to gather the raw salt that is their livelihood. Written and directed by Ulrike Koch. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Saving Private Ryan—See Denby, page 44. (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Opens July 24*

The Silver Screen/Color Me Lavender—An exploration of the way Hollywood dealt with or ignored homosexuality during its "golden age." Starring Dan Butler. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinemas.*

Six Days, Seven Nights—Anne Heche is pretty much the only reason to see this movie, a clownish retread of familiar material. Heche is initially matched up with David Schwimmer, a man patently wrong for her. Heche and Schwimmer take a vacation in the South Seas, but Heche gets ordered by her boss to do a photo shoot, so she and Harrison Ford, a drunken old pilot, take off in an ancient plane. You may not be astonished to hear that the plane crash-lands on a deserted island. Of course, they loathe each other and the generic elements stack up quickly: The Strange But Satisfying Meal (peacock), the Night of Safety (under a tree that holds an old Japanese warplane), and so on. I'm glad that Anne Heche, who has spirit and intelligence, wants to establish herself as a romantic lead, though I regret that she has to scream lines like "There's nothing wrong with my tits!" in order to do so. (Denby; 6/22/98) (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld.*

Slamnation—A documentary of the 1995 National Spoken Word Competition. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Sliding Doors—Gwyneth Paltrow is a London girl who gets to answer the eternal question (What if?) when her life heads down two different paths at the same time. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *The Screening Room.*

Small Soldiers—A small town is overrun by its children's feuding action figure toys. Starring Phil Hartman, Jay Mohr, Kirsten Dunst, Ann Magnuson, Denis Leary, and Frank Langella. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Smoke Signals—A comic Sundance favorite about a young Native American boy who reluctantly brings his goofy friend along when he travels from his Coeur d'Alene reservation to Arizona to pick up his father's ashes. Written by Sherman Alexie and directed by Chris Eyre. Starring Adam Beach and Evan Adams. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham.*

★**The Spanish Prisoner**—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe, and the trap has been set. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

There's Something About Mary—Years after graduation, a lovable loser tracks down his former high-school sweetheart. Starring Cameron Diaz, Matt Dillon, and Ben Stiller. Directed by Peter and Bobby Farrelly. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay II; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Thief—A war widow and her little boy begin a relationship with a strange man, with profound circumstances. Starring Vladimir Mashkov, Ekaterina Rednikova, and Misha Philipchuk. Directed by Pavel Chukhrai. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Truman Show—A clever but empty movie that is rapidly turning into the most overpraised picture of the year, *The Truman Show* is about a young man named Truman Burbank (Jim Carrey) who works as an insurance salesman in a town called Seahaven. From the day of his birth, Burbank has been surrounded by actors, his every move captured by hidden cameras. He doesn't know any of this, though he's beginning to suspect that something in his uneventful life is a bit weird. The lord of this realm is named Christof (Ed Harris), who wields absolute power from his control room. This is a profound movie for people who don't like to think, or perhaps for people who are in the media and of the media, and can't imagine any life outside it. *The Truman Show*, however, will not disturb anyone's sleep. (Denby; 6/8/98) (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Kingsway; Fresh Meadows.*

Western—Two men, one Spanish and one Russian, form an uneasy friendship and drive the west coast of France. Starring Sergi Lopez, Sacha Bourdo, and Elisabeth Vitali. Winner of the 1997 Grand Jury Prize at Cannes. (2 hrs. 1 min.; NR) *Opens July 24.*

Whatever—A Jersey girl struggles to grow up in her boring hometown and dreams of moving to New York. Starring Liza Weil and Chad Morgan. Written and directed by Susan Skoog. (1 hr. 54. mins.; R) *Village East; Eastside Playhouse; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The X-Files—I think it's useless to complain, as many people have, that *The X-Files* never makes any damn sense. This is a movie that is not supposed to make any damn sense. The material's unfathomability is what gives the TV show its mass-cult zing of excitement. For the uninitiated, however, the movie is only moderately entertaining. David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson certainly bring a practiced rhythm to their deadpan gibberish dialogues. Apart from that, one is constrained by duty to point out that the director, Rob Bowman, employs the same horror-film trope over and over. Either Duchovny or Anderson or both enter a dangerous and enclosed place—an alley, a laboratory, a booby-trapped building, a cave, an enormous warehouse. They are menaced by something strange; they escape. If it weren't for one scene involving bees, who are all terrific, none of these encounters would amount to a thing. (Denby; 7/13/98) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway; Kingsway; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Beyond; Buffalo '66; Henry Fool; The Opposite of*

Revival
Films to Live By

Before the trilogy *Red, White,* and *Blue,* there was *Decalogue,* Krzysztof Kieslowski's rich series of hour-long moral stories inspired by the Ten Commandments—and all set in a deathly gray Warsaw. *Honour the Sabbath Day* (No. 3), below, starts at midnight Mass when a family man (Daniel Olbrychski) makes eyes at another woman (Maria Pakulnis). At the Film Society's Walter Reade Theater. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph courtesy of the Lincoln Center Film Society.

Sex; Polish Wedding; Smoke Signals.

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Out of Sight.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Dear Jesse; Kurt and Courtney.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Brother; The Saltmen of Tibet; Slamnation.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *High Art; The Last Days of Disco; Nights of Cabiria; Silver Screen/Color Me Lavender.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *I Went Down; Sliding Doors.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Small Soldiers; The Spanish Prisoner; There's Something About Mary; Whatever; The X-Files.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Madeline.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Dr. Dolittle; A Perfect Murder.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Dr. Dolittle; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Armageddon; Gone With the Wind; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Madeline; Mulan.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Lethal Weapon 4 .*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Buffalo '66; High Art; Mulan.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Lethal Weapon 4 .*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Dr. Dolittle; Godzilla; Madeline; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Smoke Signals.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Whatever.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Armageddon.*

Embassy 2–3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Mulan.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Marx Brothers: A Night at the Opera and A Day at the Races.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *The Mask of Zorro; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Armageddon; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Big Hit; City of Angels; I Got the Hook Up; Suicide Kings; Titanic.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The X-Files.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *A Perfect Murder.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Dr. Dolittle; Out of Sight.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Polish Wedding.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Dr. Dolittle; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary; The X-Files.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Gone With the Wind; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The Truman Show.*

Photograph from Troma Inc.

Opening
Eating to Win

The comic genius of Trey Parker ('South Park'; next seen in 'BASEketball') first appeared in 1993, when he wrote and directed 'Cannibal! The Musical.' A straight-to-video release that appears to be gaining 'Rocky Horror'–like status, the film tells the true story of America's first convicted human-flesh-eater (played by Parker, above)—with a little humor and a lot of song. Starts Friday, July 24, at Cinema Village 12th Street.

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; There's Something About Mary.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Small Soldiers.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The X-Files.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Armageddon; The Mask of Zorro; Polish Wedding; Small Soldiers.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Buffalo '66; Henry Fool; The Last Days of Disco; Nights of Cabiria; The Spanish Prisoner; The Thief.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Dr. Dolittle; Gone With the Wind; Madeline; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Out of Sight.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Dr. Dolittle; The Mask of Zorro; Small Soldiers.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Dr. Dolittle; Small Soldiers.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Armageddon; The Mask of Zorro.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Bronx
Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Out of Sight; There's Something About Mary.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Small Soldiers.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary.*

Brooklyn
Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; The Mask of Zorro; Small Soldiers.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Madeline; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Small Soldiers; The X-Files.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; A Perfect Murder.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; The Mask of Zorro; Small Soldiers.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Madeline; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; There's Something About Mary.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; The Mask of Zorro; Small Soldiers.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy,

Opening

Accidental Tourists

A suave Spanish shoe salesman and a homeless Russian (Sergi Lopez and Sacha Bourdo, above) form an unlikely friendship in *Western,* the story of two men who find themselves traveling the (west) coast of France, looking for love in all the wrong places. Starts Friday, July 24, at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas.

off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Lethal Weapon 4 ;Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary; The X-Files.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Lethal Weapon 4 ;Armageddon; The Mask of Zorro; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Lethal Weapon 4 ;Armageddon; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; Small Soldiers.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Armageddon; Mulan; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Armageddon; Gone With the Wind; Mulan; Six Days, Seven Nights; Small Soldiers; The X-Files.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Dr. Dolittle; There's Something About Mary.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Armageddon; The Mask of Zorro; The X-Files.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Dr. Dolittle; Madeline; Mulan; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Armageddon; Madeline; Mulan.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Mask of Zorro; Out of Sight.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Dr. Dolittle; Madeline; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights; The Truman Show; The X-Files.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Lethal Weapon 4 ;Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Lethal Weapon 4 ;Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Dr. Dolittle; Madeline; Mulan; Out of Sight; Six Days, Seven Nights; There's Something About Mary; The X-Files.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Opposite of Sex; A Perfect Murder; A Price Above Rubies.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; The Mask of Zorro.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Dr. Dolittle; The Mask of Zorro; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Truman Show.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Out of Sight; A Perfect Murder; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; There's Something About Mary.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Lethal Weapon 4 ; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Out of Sight; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary; Whatever; The X-Files.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—7/26: *Suddenly Last Summer* (1959; 1 hr. 54 mins.); 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"A Spielberg Summer." 7/25: *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* (1988) and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (1984). 7/26: *Jaws* (1975) and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"Michelangelo Antonioni." 7/24 and 7/26: Shorts. 7/25: *L'Eclisse* (1961). 7/25–7/26: *Story of a Love Affair* (1950). "James Curtis introduces." 7/22: *The Bride of Frankenstein* (1935). "Maya Deren Program #3." 7/23–7/24: *Haiku* (1960). "Essential Cinema: Dziga Vertov." 7/25: *The Eleventh Year* (1928). "Lumière Cinema." 7/23: *Film Portrait* (1970). 7/25: *He Stands in a Desert Counting the Seconds of His Life* (1985). "Films by Nick Zedd." 7/26: Shorts. "New Filmmakers Series." 7/29: *Neptune's Rocking Horse* (1998), by Robert Roznowski and Robert Tate. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—Through August 29: "The Cinematography of Gabriel Figueroa." 7/25: *The Fugitive* (1947). Based on Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory;* directed by John Ford. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 members, students, and senior citizens.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/27: *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* (1945) (2 hrs. 8 mins). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Donnell Media Center—"The Faces of Janus." 7/22: *Ugestu* (1953; 1 hr. 36 mins.); noon. "Tuneful Summer Afternoons." 7/22: *Up a Tree* (1955) and *Funny Face* (1957); 2:30 P.M. "Ciné-City: New York on Film and Video." 7/23: *Clarence and Angel* (1980) and *Joe's Bed-Stuy: We Cut Heads* (1983); 2:30 P.M. 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater) "Krzysztof Kieslowski's *Decalogue.*" 7/24–7/25: One, Two, Three, and Four. 7/25–7/27: Five and Six. 7/26–7/27 and 7/29: Seven and Eight. 7/26 and 7/29–7/30: Nine and Ten. "Independents Night." 7/30: *Men Cry Bullets* (1998; 1 hr. 46 mins), directed by Tamara Hernandez. "The New York Video Festival." 7/21–7/22: *Dial H-I-S-T-O-R-Y* (1997). 7/21: *The Final Insult* (1997). 7/22–7/23: *Cuba: Going Back* (1998), *Lulu's World Wide Tour: Chernobyl* (1997), and *The Tourist* (1997). Also: "Faultlines in the Psyche," a series of shorts. 7/23: "Interfantastic Journeys: CD-ROM Spectacular." "New York Premiere." 7/28: *Lolita* (1997). Tickets $50–$150. Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"The Pleasures of Love, Then and Now." Through 8/18. 7/21: *Divertimento* (1992; 2 hrs. 6 mins.) at 12:30, 3:30, and 6:30 P.M. 7/21: *Une Flamme dans mon coeur* (1987; 1 hr. 52 mins.) at 9 P.M. 7/28: *Les Amants* (1958) at 12:30, 3:30, and 6:30 P.M. 7/28: *Damage* (1993) at 9 P.M. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—Through 7/31: "The Motorcycle on Screen." 7/22: *Full Speed Ahead* (1951) and *Electra Glide in Blue* (1973). 7/24: *Girl on a Motorcycle* (1968) and *Blonde in Black Leather* (1977). 7/25: *Scorpio Rising* (1963), *He Would've Rode a Harley* (1996), *Biker Billy Cooks With Fire* (1993), and *Motor Psycho* (1965). Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/7: "A View From the Vaults: Recent Acquisitions and Restorations." 7/21: *Raising Arizona* (1987). 7/21 and 7/23: *Simple Men* (1992). 7/23–7/24: *On the Waterfront* (1954). 7/24 and 7/30: *Dead of Night* (1945). 7/24 and 7/26: *Taxi Driver* (1976). 7/25 and 7/27: Warner Bros. Cartoons. 7/26 and 7/28: *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944). 7/28: *The Bed You Sleep In* (1993). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of July: *See How She Runs* (1978). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

Riverflicks—Through 8/14. 7/23: *The Abyss* (1989), 8:30 P.M.; Pier 54 at 13th St. 7/24: 8:30 P.M., at Pier 25 at N. Moore St. Call 533-7275 for more info. Free.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Indies: 10 Great Films of the 80s and 90s": 7/24–7/25: *The Last Seduction* (1993). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—7/25–7/26: *Violence at Noon* (1966), 4 P.M. 610 Lexington Ave. (735-9717); $7 ($5 for members).

Photograph courtesy of New Yorker Films.

theater

***Mamaloshen*...Tony Alternatives**

Broadway

Previews and Openings

An Evening With Jerry Herman—As the title says, this is an evening with the old Broadway hand, the man responsible for the music and lyrics to *Mame*, *La Cage aux Folles*, *Hello, Dolly!*, and other lesser-known shows. Lee Roy Reams and Florence Lacey accompany him. $50–$65. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/28 opening. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc, who fancies Flemish painting, considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Opening
Lostsouls.com

The devil, as it turns out, sheathes himself not in a blue dress but in a screensaver. *F@ust: Version 3.0*, performed by Barcelona's La Fura dels Baus and presented by Lincoln Center Festival 98, makes a technology parable out of Goethe's 1808 play, loudly (and dizzyingly) proclaiming that a lust for information is the chief corrupter of the modern age, and that computers, damn them, are Satan's tool. The production is studded with sound sculptures and enveloped by large screens; it's probably not for the noise-intolerant or those dependent on Dramamine. Runs July 22–25 at New York State Theater.

Photograph by Gol.

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kim Huber plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is stolid, blatant, lacking in girlish vulnerability. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Marquis Theatre, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story*. Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Judas Kiss—David Hare's new play about the relationship between Oscar Wilde and his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. Liam Neeson plays the condemned baron of bon mots; Richard Eyre directs. $15–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. Through 8/2. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

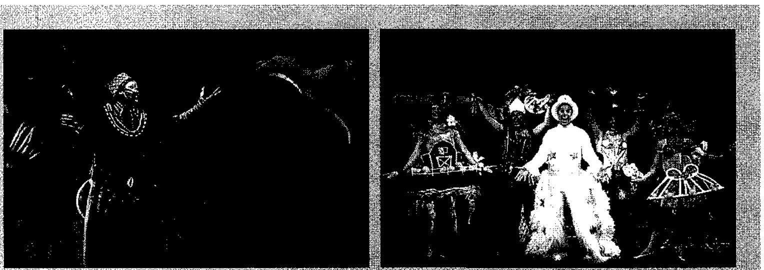
Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the

Alternatives
Tony, Schmony


Left, Tsidii Le Loka amid a herd of gazelles in 'The Lion King'; right, the plumed company of 'When Pigs Fly.'

Hakuna Matata—hah! *The Lion King,* the 1998 Tony-award winner for Best Musical, is sold out through November; that sounds like a legitimate cause for worrying. Tickets to *Cabaret,* which nabbed Best Musical Revival, aren't available until the fall—not for a mark, a yen, a buck, or a pound. (Of this you can be sure.) *Ragtime* has only scattered orchestra seats to offer in 1998; *Art* and *The Beauty Queen of Leenane,* winner and almost winner, respectively, of Best Play, can accommodate last-minute viewers, but prime real estate in the orchestra won't be available for another month. Below, a guide to some alternatives, for which tickets and low-altitude seats can be purchased on just a moment's notice.

JENNIFER SENIOR

RATHER THAN	WHY NOT TRY . . .
THE LION KING Next available pair of orchestra seats: June 2, 1999. In Row S.	**WHEN PIGS FLY** All right, so it's not a coming-of-age musical about a restless cub—it's a coming-of-age musical about a gay costume designer. And okay, the scene-stealing quadruped in this particular tale is a pig, not a warthog. But the late Howard Crabtree, the creative force behind this show, shares with Julie Taymor the uncommon ability to animate the inanimate and to think, even to dream, in fabric. His luxuriant Technicolor fleet of costumes—which includes a tree, a deck of playing cards, and a bonfire of dressing-room vanities—would turn Crayola green with envy. Catch the show before it closes August 15; call 239-6200 for tickets.
CABARET Next available pair of orchestra tickets: February 16, 1999.	**HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH** Extravagant, peculiar, imperative. In a sense, the musical is *Cabaret* punched inside out: Rather than chronicling an American's sexual adventures in Weimar Germany, it chronicles an East German transsexual's misadventures in America, and what sets in at show's end is an enveloping warmth, not a chill. Cheater's tunes are great; John Cameron Mitchell is divine. Call 239-6200 for tickets—and don't be put off by Michael Cerveris's temporary stint as the lead. He has a big voice and fruity energy all his own.
RAGTIME: Scattered pairs of orchestra seats available in 1998; the first decent pairs open up in 1999.	**A NEW BRAIN/GROSS INDECENCY** Thematically, *A New Brain,* William Finn's autobiographical excursion into his bedridden days with a rare and crippling disorder, doesn't bear many similarities to the epic *Ragtime.* It does, however, share the chipper and fluid aesthetics of Graciela Daniele, who choreographed both musicals and directed Finn's, and both have catchy tunes. Call 239-6200. *Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde,* which Moisés Kaufman cobbled together from biographies, letters, and court transcripts, is also set at the turn of the century, but it provides a gloomy counterpoint to the message of tolerance and optimism presented at *Ragtime*'s end. Call 307-4100 for tickets.
ART/THE BEAUTY QUEEN OF LEENANE Scattered orchestra seats available now; more and better ones available toward the end of the summer.	**COLLECTED STORIES** Forget, for a moment, the mother-daughter warfare of *Beauty Queen* and opt, instead, for this Donald Margulies play about the subtler strains between a protégée and her mentor—and what happens when the former uses the intimate details of the latter's life to form the backbone of her first novel. The play is sharp, touching, a 1997 Pulitzer finalist; like *Art,* it's also perceptive about the nature of friendship and betrayal, literate about what makes art art, and spare. Previews don't begin until July 28, but unless the production's a bomb (hardly likely, with the legendary Uta Hagen as the master writer and the talented Lorca Simons as her disciple), it's a safe bet. Call 239-6200 for tickets.

Photographs: Left, Joan Marcus and Marc Bryan-Brown; right, Gerry Goodstein.

play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed, Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Twelfth Night—If only Helen Hunt could have a *normal* relationship. In *As Good As It Gets,* she indulged the cruelty and peculiar behavior of an obsessive-compulsive man; in this, one of Shakespeare's sweetest comedies, she dresses as a man, falls headlong for her master (Paul Rudd), woos another woman on his behalf (Kyra Sedgwick), and winds up the object of her affections instead. Where's steady, dependable Paul Reiser when you need him? Directed by Nicholas Hytner. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Tony Danza stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$65. Mon.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 9/5. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

F@ust: Version 3.0—Performed by Barcelona's La Fura dels Baus and presented by Lincoln Center Festival 98, this show makes a technology parable out of Goethe's 1808 play, loudly (and dizzyingly) proclaiming that a lust for information is the chief corrupter of the modern age. Multilingual performances; English supertitles. $20–$50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, 63rd St. at Columbus Ave. (721-6500).*

Mamaloshen—Could any man do an evening of Yiddish hummables better than Mandy Patinkin? The mere sound of his voice would make Moses *ferklempt.* $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Previews begin 7/21 for a 7/27 opening. *Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. (239-6200).*

Savion Glover/Downtown—Savion Glover, the soft-sole-shufflin' whiz kid who led the troupe in *Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk,* sings with his feet in this limited engagement through 7/25. $25–$47.50. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

The Street of Crocodiles—Theatre de Complicité, the London-based troupe responsible for reviving *The Chairs* and other absurdist stunners, will bring all its eccentric energies to bear on this play based on the short stories of Bruno Schulz. Lincoln Center Festival '98 presents. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 7/26. *John Jay College Theater, 10th Ave. bet. 58th and 59th Sts. (721-6500).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

De La Guarda: Villa Villa—The young theater troupe from Argentina performs a show that's part carnival, part rock concert, part ballet—all above the audience's heads. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, became the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts and earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—before dying at age 39. Yvette Freeman (*ER, Working*) tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Ordinarily, Mitchell stars in the production too, though Michael Cerveris, the original Broadway Tommy, will be standing in for him through 8/1. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. Through 8/15. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Jayson—A new musical, based on the short-lived gay cartoon of the same name. Book by Jeff Krell; music and lyrics by Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips. $28. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (279-4200).*

Labor Day—A. R. Gurney revisits John, the main character in *The Cocktail Hour,* in his new play about the obscenities of show business. Directed by Jack O'Brien. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 7/22. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

A New Brain—This teetering new musical from William Finn at least manages to fall mostly forward. Here, we get a young Jewish composer-lyricist with a goyish boyfriend, and what happens when the former seems to have an inoperable brain tumor. The music and lyrics are uneven and there is a good deal of hit-or-miss humor. David Gallo's playfully skewed scenery is a distinct pleasure, as are Michael Starobin's tart orchestrations. As director-choreographer, Graciela Daniele, fresh from *Ragtime,* goes from strength to strength; it is she, I suspect, who infused the proceedings with most of their exuberantly caroming originality. The show makes a star out of the personable and versatile Malcolm Gets. Acting or singing, bedridden or frantically careering about, Gets fills the stage with his winning presence. (Simon: 7/13/98.) $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30.

Opening

Rabe's Progress

'Hurlyburly,' the David Rabe comedy about four goatish men and the women who suffer them, helped launch the careers of William Hurt, Harvey Keitel, Christopher Walken, and Sigourney Weaver in 1984; perhaps it will do the same for the young members of the 11th Hour Company, who revive the play this Wednesday at the Samuel Beckett Theatre.

Photograph from Nicolletti Photos.

Van Meter *continued from page 33*

"We're cordial," says Casares. "There's no animosity." But then she can't resist: "Obviously, I'm not the one with the animosity. Did you see her show? It was brilliant. I laughed my ass off, but it was based on putting a lot of people down and joking about their misery. It provoked a lot of anxiety for me." Then, schizo-like, back to the nicer version: "She's one of the funniest, most brilliant people I've ever met. I have nothing bad to say about her." Finally, she arrives at this: "I've always had a theory that you meet people to meet other people. I met Sandra because I was supposed to meet M. It's very obvious."

LIZ ROSENBERG, WHO HAS WORKED WITH Madonna since the beginning of her career in the early eighties, adores Casares. "She's been a wonderful friend to Madonna," she says, "in ways that people will never know. She takes a lot of shit for being Madonna's friend. And I find her very brave for that. People think, 'Oh, she's just using Madonna. She's the PPF—Paid Professional Friend.' But she's as great for Madonna as Madonna is for her. In a very cute way, Ingrid just refuses to take Madonna seriously. Like, they're in the car and Madonna will be screaming, 'Ingrid! Why did you turn there?!' And Ingrid will just say, 'Shut up, Madonna.' And laugh. People need to tell Madonna to shut up. Madonna hates getting her ass kissed, and Ingrid is the last person who would do that."

Becky Fajardo says the reverse seems to be true, too. "Madonna seems to be the only one who can control Ingrid. She is the only person who I have ever seen singlehandedly put Ingrid in her place, because it's not easy. Don't get me wrong: Ingrid is the sweetest, most harmless person in the world. It's just that she kind of imposes almost a fear in people, which makes her seem untouchable when she's really not. She's really just this little girl."

When Casares showed up at Jerry's that day in February, one of the first things out of her mouth was "Madonna would be happy to talk to you for this piece." A couple of months later, when I decided to cash in my chip, she'd changed her tune. "She doesn't want to do it," Casares said. "You know how Madonna is." (Well, no, actually I don't.) Eventually, I got a canned, boring quote through Rosenberg's office. I pushed Rosenberg again to get Madonna on the phone, and got another, slightly longer quote dictated through Rosenberg's assistant: "I don't really like talking about friendships because it trivializes it. Ingrid looks at life with innocent eyes. (continued on page 66)

Through 10/11. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. 239-6200.*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 6/23/98. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze, this time with male go-go dancers. $50–$75. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 3/31/98. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizing the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of opening a New York restaurant. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 8/2. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Smoke on the Mountain—A new production of the gospel musical comedy by Connie Ray. $35–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. Through 7/31. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas, at Dominick. (647-0202).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Unzippin' My Doo Dah and Other National Priorities—The latest, Monica-driven installment from the Capitol Steps, Washington's popular political comedy troupe. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

You Never Can Tell—The Roundabout returns to its roots—and what it does best—with this early comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Douglas Martin. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Off-Off Broadway

Falsettoland—Just as *A New Brain* opens uptown, the National Asian American Theatre Company revives William Finn's eccentric musical from 1990. $15. Thurs.–Tues. at 8. Through 8/4. *Vineyard's Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (505-3003).*

Hurlyburly—The 11th Hour Company revives David Rabe's comedy about four goatish men and the women who suffer them. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/2. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (841-5524).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20.–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (800-429-3433).*

No Strings Attached, Part Two: Mind Attack!—A monthlong festival of Richard Foreman plays. $12. Call for specific plays and showtimes. Through 8/1. *NADA, 167 Ludlow St. (330-6876).*

Othello—Moor Shakespeare in the parking lot. Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *Municipal parking lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts. (253-1813).*

Playstation, Levels 1–4—A new play by July Elkan about a trio of New York hotties. $10. Mon.–Thurs. at 8. Opens 7/20. *Excellent Art Manufacturing, 86 Forsyth St. (414-5167).*

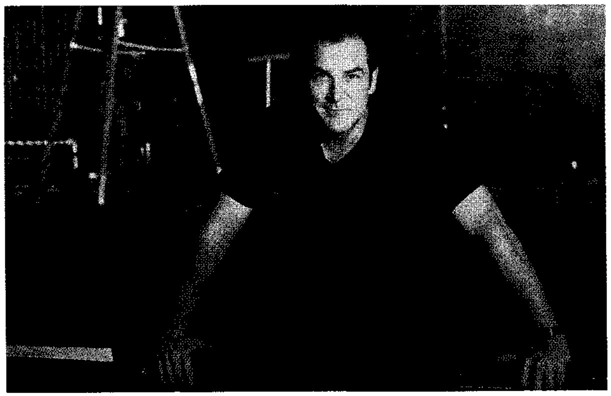
The Race of the Ark Tattoo—W. David Hancock's play about objects and memories—which, appropriately, takes place in a flea market. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 8/2. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Welcome to Chelsea—Martin Outzen's play about the A-list lives of four men in living in New York's most muscle-bound neighborhood. Presented by the Glines. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 7/26. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (330-7200).*

Previews

Schmaltz? Feh!

Could any man do an evening of Yiddish hummables—plus a deadpan translation of "White Christmas"—better than Mandy Patinkin? The mere sound of his voice would make Moses *ferklempt.* *Mamaloshen* ("Mother Tongue") begins previews Tuesday, July 21, at the Angel Orensanz Synagogue.



Photograph by Randee St. Nicholas.

art

Drive-in Theaters...German Works on Paper

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Drawings from the estate of the artist ranging in date from 1895 to 1945, many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 10/10. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

James Lee Byars—Four early drawings in ink on paper and a single wooden figurative sculpture; through 8/31. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Bunny Harvey—Small-scale gouache paintings that record the artist's daily observations; through 8/7. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

Mel Kendrick—Wood-block relief drawings; through 7/31. Abrams, 177 E. 71st St. (535-9430).

Steve Wheeler—Intricately patterned color silkscreen prints that incorporate Native American iconography, Cubism, Surrealism, and Automatism, and were produced in conjunction with the artist's 1947 book *Hello Steve*; through 8/28. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Shirley Goldfarb—A survey of paintings by the artist (1925–1980), who began as a gestural abstractionist, then switched to a controlled, minimal style characterized by small strokes of color in mosaic-like patterns; through 9/4. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Yayoi Kusama/Robert Filliou—Recent sculptures and paintings by the Japanese artist, whose works from the fifties and sixties are currently on view in a retrospective at MOMA/Assemblages by the French Fluxus artist and poet. Through 8/7. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

McDermott & McGough—"Sentimental Education," a set of eight photogravures depicting the artists' clothing and studio and household belongings; through 8/31. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Robert Emmett Owen—Landscapes of New England by the American Impressionist (1878–1957); through 8/22. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Anne Ryan—Collages from the fifties; through 7/31. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Tony Smith—The artist's drawings and photographs of his working models and mock-ups on loan from the Tony Smith Estate; through 9/30. Seagram, 375 Park Ave. (572-7000), Mon.–Thurs. 9–5, Fri. 9–1.

George Gardner Symons—A selection of plein-air paintings by the American Impressionist, who worked in New York and California; through 8/29. Whalen, 24 W. 57th St. (397-9700).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ken Botto/Alison Moritsugu—Photographs of staged tableaux of ambiguous suburban scenes/Paintings of nature that evoke the Hudson River School. Through 8/15. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2093).

Gaye Chan—A window installation incorporating maps, plastic, fast-food-restaurant toys, a ceramic female head, and a time line; through 9/5. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Uranium DRIVE IN

Photography

Screen Gems

Like diners and other pop icons of American vernacular architecture, the drive-in movie theater has become increasingly scarce since the late sixties, mainly because it takes up so much real estate. Fortunately, photographers have been exploiting its symbolic power ever since the first one opened in Camden, New Jersey, in 1933. "Drive-ins: Disappearing Summer Cinema" celebrates the phenomenon in images by Robert Dawson (above, *Uranium Drive-in Sign, the Naturita, Colorado,* 1985), James Fee, John Gutmann, O. Winston Link, Richard Misrach, Sandy Skoglund, and others. At Yancey Richardson Gallery, 560 Broadway, at Prince Street; through August 7.

Brian Clarke—A stained-glass wall dedicated to Linda McCartney; through 9/12. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Yayoi Kusama—Works on paper from the fifties by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at MOMA; through 9/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Ann Lovett—A mixed-media installation that uses photographs, medical diagrams, and text to explore the symbolism of the human body; through 8/28. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

Martin Myers/Simon Ungers—Paintings on plywood squares and rectangles that depict images of levitating boxes, architectural elements, and buildings rendered in a cartoon perspective/New wall works that refer to abstraction and architecture. Through 8/7. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Georges Schreiber/Fred Shane—Paintings and works on paper by both that offer an inside look at the Hollywood movie industry of the thirties and forties; through 8/27. Teller, 568 Broadway (941-7335).

Chelsea

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project: 1977–1997* that incorporates painted panels, video projections, sculpture, music, and drawings in a dense, mazelike installation; through 9/12. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Michael Perelman/Lane Twitchell—Paintings of everyday generic objects/Cut-paper pieces that draw on the artist's Mormon upbringing in Utah and the landscape of the American West. Through 8/1. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Jenny Watson—Narrative tapestries on the subject of the artist's relationship with her mother; through 8/30. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Andrea Zittel—New living environments from the artist's ongoing "A-Z" series; through 8/31. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Other

Jean-Claude Goldberg—Oil, acrylic, and watercolor paintings on wood and canvas depicting prewar Eastern European Jews of the shtetl; through 8/30. Yeshiva University Museum, Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law, 55 Fifth Ave. (960-5390), Sun.–Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–4.

Joan Personette—Paintings and costume designs, as well as photographs, film footage, and posters documenting her career as a costume designer for Broadway musicals; through 8/9. Courtyard Gallery, World Financial Center, 220 Vesey St., lobby level (945-0505).

Photograph by Robert Dawson, courtesy of the Yancey Richardson Gallery.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). New works by Blosser, Borocz, Forman, Friedman, others; through 7/31.

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). "NO! art," with a wall-size mural by Lurie, a video and still photographs by Patterson, and conceptual cryptography by Kirves; through 9/30.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Wishful Thinking," paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs by Fitzpatrick, Hyde, Jacquette, Mullins, others; through 8/11.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Summer Hours," with works by Ackling, Baechler, Diehl, Judd, Knowlton, Lees, Snyder, others; through 8/14.

57th Street Area

Architectural League of New York—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "The Inflatable Moment: Pneumatics and Protest in '68," with sketches, models, furniture, sculpture, and architectural drawings by Aubert, Jungmann, Otto, Stinco, others; through 8/29.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "The British Show" showcases the history of British ceramics in the gallery, with works by Bennett, De Waal, "bad boy" Perry, and Smith; through 8/7.

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). "Food for Thought: A Visual Banquet," with works by Avery, Bates, Bishop, Buck, others; through 8/12.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (757-0202). "Summer and Some Aren't," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper inspired by summer retreats; through 8/15.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscapes and interiors by Adonis, Anderson, Berg, Carey, others; through 8/22.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Summer show of works by gallery artists Abakanowicz, Botero, Caro, Estes, Grooms, Kitaj, Marisol, others; through 9/4.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Sculpture by Amato, Graham, Karella, Twombly; paintings by Caracciolo, Fendrich, Meyer, Trujillo, others; through 9/5.

Pace Wildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Flavin, Judd, Mangold, Martin, Oldenburg and Van Bruggen, Ryman, others; through 9/3.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885). "Histories (Re)membered: Selections from the Permanent Collection of the Bronx Museum of the Arts," including works by Bearden, Kim, Saar, Weems, and Yamamoto; through 9/11.

Schmidt Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Camouflage" works by Buck, Caponigro, Hardy, Treiman, Uttech; through 8/28.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). "Summertime," with works by Aponovich, Dewey, Freeman, Harkins, others; through 8/14.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Algus—25 Thompson St. (966-1758). "White," with works by Haerer, Levinson, Mikus, Redinger, Ruyter; through 8/22.

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (334-3455). "Sissybar" explores the hyperfeminine in works by Allen, Dalton, Magid, Von Der Ahe, Westegren; through 8/2.

Cowles—420 W. Broadway, (925-3501). "Gotham Group," with works by Enders, Ireland, Kerpel, Martin, Pepper, others; through 8/7.

Donahue/Sosinski—560 Broadway (226-1111). "World Artists for Tibet," with works by Amouyal, Baar, Cyphers, Kingon, Shooter, Tawney; through 8/22.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Selections Summer '98," with works on paper by Ali, Barker, Erenberg, Faust, others; through 7/31.

Here—145 Sixth Ave. (647-0257). "American LIVING," with works by Acosta, Grossien, Harvey, the Lake Ivan Performance Group, Mansur, Vis, others; through 8/31.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). "25th Anniversary Exhibition," works by Averbuch, Gottlieb, Halili, Owen, Siegel, Siejka, others; through 8/2.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). "1898 Is Still Standing," celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the consolidation of greater New York; through 8/29.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works that depict map-related imagery, by Baechler, Boetti, Fuller, Turrell, Warhol, others; through 8/28.

Lee—377 Broome St. (343-3950). "Elasticity," with works by Andre, Dvorkin, Hackett, Lozano, Mondejar, Sheehan, Sweeten, Van Every, Zapf; through 8/31.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (941-0012). "Summer," painting, video, and photography by Downes, Mann, Modica, Murphy, Weegee, others; through 7/31.

Schickler—560 Broadway (431-6363). "Alexander Rodchenko and the Book," book designs by the Russian Constructivist; through 8/14.

Chelsea

Debs—529 W. 20th St. (647-7080). Works by Alvarez, Biggs, Cheng, Jones, Moore, Nanney, Stephan; through 7/31.

Eller—529 W. 20th St. (206-6977). Works by Brack, Faruquee, Harle, Masullo, Rudolph, Yoda, others; through 8/1.

Healy—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). "Bathroom," guest-curated by Wayne Koestenbaum, with works by Clem, Minter, Warhol, Waters, others; through 8/7.

Morris—465 W. 23rd St. (727-2752). Works by Durant, Gibbs, Ketter, Knox, Tuymans, Voita, others; through 8/15.

Protetch—511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999). "From Here to Eternity: Painting in 1998," with recent paintings by 28 artists, among them Currin, Dona, Fraser, Lasker, Lomberg, Nozkowski, Reed, Sillman; through 8/31.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (279-9219). "Channel 3," with works by Brunetti, Emin, Levy, Ortuno, others; through 8/14.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th St. (807-0563). "The Tibetan Art of Healing," paintings by Nepali artist Romio Shrestha in collaboration with 40 Nepali and Tibetan artists, based on diagrams and illustrations from seventeenth-century Tibetan medical texts; through 8/14.

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (242-8811). "Pictures for a Summer Afternoon," with works by Day, Dupain, Hujar, Voinquel, others; through 8/14.

Other

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Ahab's Wife," with works by Driscoll, Gillespie, Sans-Arcidet, Scott; through 10/4.

Photography

Herman Costa—Images created in photo booths over the past 30 years, including theatrical tableaux of people dancing or flying and surreal still-life compositions; through 8/15. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (734-5300). "California Dreaming," with works by James, Dassonville, others; through 8/14.

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Ship/Shape," photographs of nautical subjects by American and European photographers, among them Margaret Bourke-White, James Doolittle, Herbert Matter, Edward Steichen, Weegee; through 8/29.

Forbes—60 Fifth Ave. (620-2281). The New York Press Photographers sixty-third annual competition, "The Year in Pictures"; through 8/15.

Fredericks—504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555). "Naked & Famous," with photographs by Chiappa, Choi, Fowler, Marder, Steiner; through 8/14.

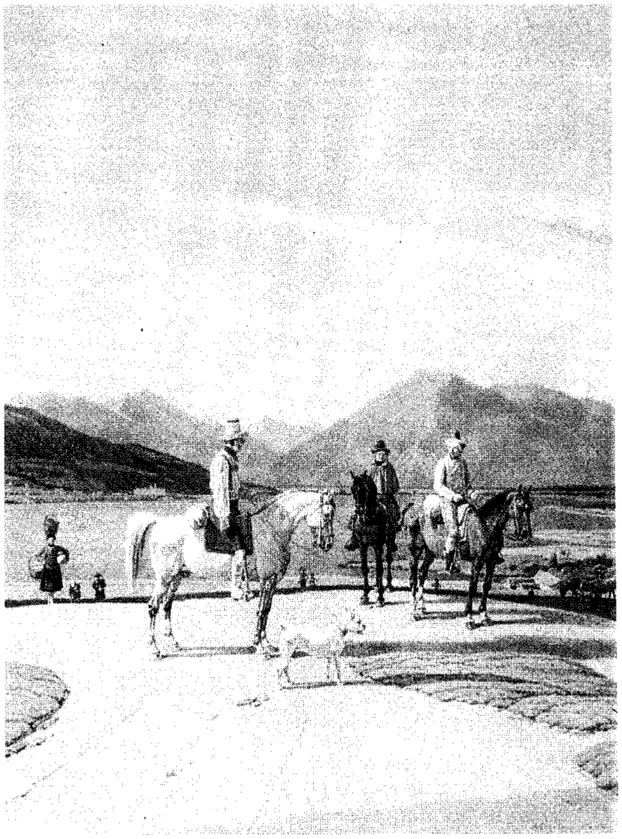
Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). "Take the A Train," images of New York City subways and trains by Ralston Crawford, Arnold Eagle, Robert Frank, Arthur Leipzig, Helen Levitt, Louis Stettner, Dan Weiner, and others; through 8/15.

Bob Gruen—Photographs documenting the New York City music scene of the seventies; through 8/29. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Lucien Hervé—Vintage black-and-white portraits and abstract compositions by the Hungarian-born photographer; through 8/15. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777, ext. 100), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher; through 9/13.

On View **In Germany, the medium of drawing had two major flowerings—in the age of Dürer, around 1500, and again in the age of Goethe, dating from the German writer and artist's birth, in 1749, to his death, in 1832. "Fuseli to Menzel: Drawings and Watercolors in the Age of Goethe," the first American touring exhibition of the legendary collection of Munich lawyer Alfred Winterstein (1895–1976), includes works on paper by Caspar David Friedrich, Henry Fuseli, Adolf Menzel, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, and Wilhelm von Kobell (*Horsemen at the Tegernsee*, 1830, pictured). At the Frick Collection, 1 East 70th Street; through September 6.**



Photograph courtesy of the Frick Collection.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images as History, Photography as Art." A retrospective of more than 100 images by the American photographer (1823?–1896) known for his Civil War photographs; through 9/6. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS, by Steve Hart"; through 9/6.

Michael Kenna—Photographs of the interiors of the Waldorf School at San Francisco; through 8/14. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Leica—670 Broadway (777-3051). "A Summer Wedding," photographs by Butler, Freed, Marcus, Mark, Plachy, Nabokov, others; through 8/8.

Miller—Six unique mural-size prints made by Walker Evans for his 1971 Museum of Modern Art retrospective; images of diners by Higgins, Klein, Mydans, Tice, Winogrand, others; through 8/21. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596). "Flash! The Associated Press Covers the World." A celebration of AP's 150th anniversary through its most famous photographs; through 9/26.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). Photographs of American drive-in movie theaters taken between 1935 and 1998, by Arentz, Fee, Misrach, Misrach, Sugimoto, others; through 8/7.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). "Neighborhood Watch," with photographs of the suburban environment by Baran, Bordwin, Crewdson, Etheridge, Garfield, Greiner, Hido, Salisbury, Svenson; through 8/14.

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs by nine women, among them Leah Demchick, Marianne Engberg, Erica Lennard, and Marcia Lippman, that reflect their travels to exotic countries; through 9/5.

Josef Sudek—Vintage pigment and silver prints by the Czech photographer, including still lifes, landscapes, flower studies, and building interiors; through 8/1. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

Throckmorton—153 E. 61st St. (223-1059). Photographs of Mexico by Anton Bruehl, Marion Michelle, and Paul Strand; through 8/1.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts, and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. . . . "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife Katherine Westphal spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Rare Beauty: America's Endangered Plants." Large-format photographs of endangered plants in bloom by Maryl Levine; through 10/4. . . . "Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery From Rural India." A selection of 30 embroidered quilts that were made by Indian women from rural Bihar through the assistance of Adithi, a nonprofit organization; through 8/8. . . . "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Tomie Arai: Double Trouble"; through 8/23. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Exterior/Interior—The Way I See It: Five Photographers Working in Brooklyn." Works by Peter Garfield, Anne Mandelbaum, Susan Daboll, Martin Dixon, and Michael Spano; through 8/16. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 8/23. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. . . . "Sally Victor, Mad Hatter: 1935–1965." Twenty-five hats designed by the legendary American milliner; through 8/23. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and solar electric products; through 10/25. . . . "Opening Our Doors: Selections From the Design Resource Center." Works from the museum's four collecting departments, Drawings and Prints, Wallcoverings, Textiles, Applied Arts, and Industrial Design; through 8/30. . . . Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Image and Text: Orientalist Works on Paper From the Permanent Collection." Nineteenth-century paintings, prints, photographs, and illustrated books depicting the Middle East and Africa, by Jean-Léon Gérôme, Wilhelm Gentz, David Roberts, and others; through 9/5. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. . . . "Ruben Torres Llorca: So Quiet in Here." An installation that explores the extremes of cultural exchange; through 10/25. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Fuseli to Menzel: Drawings and Watercolors From the Age of Goethe." German drawings from the collection of the Munich attorney Alfred Winterstein (1895–1976), by Caspar David Friedrich, Henry Fuseli, Adolph Menzel, and others; through 8/30. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Art of the Motorcycle." An exhibition chronicling the evolution of motorcycle technology and design, featuring more than 100 motorcycles dating from 1894 to the present; through 9/20. . . . "Vilhelm Hammershoi (1864–1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Sixty paintings by the Danish artist known for his images of sparsely furnished interiors; through 9/7. . . . "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." Paintings and sculptures from Peggy Guggenheim's collection, as well as guest books and other memorabilia from the collector's Venice house; through 9/2. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Hugo Boss Prize: 1998." Works by the award finalists Douglas Gordon, Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson; through 9/20. . . . "Fabrizio Plessi." Four large-scale video installations; through 9/20. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Shiko Munakata, the Modern Master of Woodblock Art." A retrospective of prints by Japan's greatest modern woodblock artist (1903–1975); through 8/16. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. . . . "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; 7/23–1/31. . . . "Sir Edward Burne-Jones." The first comprehensive American exhibition devoted to the paintings and decorative works of the nineteenth-century British artist (1833–1898) who was among the second generation of Pre-Raphaelites; through 9/6. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Boccioni and Women." Watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1902 to 1915 by one of the founders of Futurism, from the bequest of Lydia Winston Malbin; through 10/18. . . . "The Direct Eye: Self-Taught Artists and Their Influence in Twentieth-Century Art." An installation of works by self-taught artists represented in the museum's collection, among them Bill Traylor and Earl Cunningham; through 10/18. . . . "The Unicorn Tapestries." A short-term exhibit of the renowned tapestries while renovations are being made to their permanent display area at the Cloisters; through 9/6. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921–1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum at the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Innovation/Imitation: Fashionable Plastics of the 1930s." A survey of textiles, garments, accessories, and decorative objects made with various kinds of plastics; through 8/1. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"Masterpieces From Central Africa." Central African objects on loan from the Royal Museum of Central Africa in Tervuren, Belgium; through 8/9. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12:30–8, Sun. 12:30–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Mary Ann Willson: Artist Maid." A survey of watercolors by the early-nineteenth-century American folk artist; through 9/27. . . . "Edge to Edge: Selections From the Studio Art Quilt Associates." Contemporary quilts by eighteen artists; through 9/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Israel at 50 Years: Diverse Views by Magnum Photographers." Images by Robert Capa, Micha Bar-Am, Leonard Freed, David Seymour, and others; through 9/7. . . . Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the 1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Pl., Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958–1968." The first in-depth survey of the defining decade of the artist's career—1958 to 1968—when she lived and worked in New York, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, collages, two

Van Meter *continued from page 62*

She is like Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* She is always up, smiling, and happy. She's a joy to be with and she's up for anything. She has a great sense of adventure." One can either look at this cynically—that when push comes to shove, Madonna doesn't want to talk about anyone but herself—or kindly: that her friendship with Casares might actually be one of the most important of her life, and she doesn't want to turn it into magazine fodder. Either way, what she finally did have to say is echoed by Casares's other friends.

"There's something very calming about Ingrid's childlike approach," says k. d. lang. "She's trustworthy on a very deep level to people who have lost trust, people in the public eye. And there's consistency in Ingrid that a lot of people don't get. She's always, always behind Madonna, no matter what's going on. She's always there for me. She's really solid on a very personal level, which is different than what one would perceive of her in the press."

"That she's a star fucker?" I say.

"She *is* a star fucker!" lang shoots back. "And one of the things I love most about Ingrid is that she has definitely said to me, 'I'm a star fucker.' To me, that's more respectful than someone who is and denies it. She knows she's a socialite."

ON A DRENCHING APRIL AFTERNOON—THE day Casares is turned down by the State Liquor Authority—she leaves her lawyer's office on East 54th Street and ducks into a Town Car, clutching a sleek, black leather briefcase to her chest.

"In Miami we welcome everyone from New York with open arms. I come up here," she says with disgust, "and I feel like I was treated like shit. In Miami, I can make anything happen. It's easy. Two seconds, it's done. I've always considered myself kind of a New York girl. My friends, connections, business associates are all here, so I always found myself very accepted in that way, but when it came time to own a business here, I was vetoed so bad. I wanted to be able to pick up the phone and call the mayor like I do in Miami, and I can't do that here."

As the car inches through the rain, Casares grows quiet, sinks further down into the black leather seat and stares out the darkened window. After a minute or two, she laughs her funny, nervous, staccato giggle. "You have to keep up with the Joneses, and you have to have the right people and the right elements and all that right shit, and it's exhausting. Next time," she says with a smirk, "I'm going to open a nightclub in Cincinnati, by the airport. Someplace where I don't have to be fabulous." ■

environmental installations, a film made by the artist, and slides documenting her performances; through 9/22. . . . "Tony Smith." A retrospective of the sculptor's work; through 9/22. . . . "Aleksandr Rodchenko." Photography, photocollages, and functional and graphic design work by one of the founders of Constructivism; through 10/6. . . . "Bonnard." The first retrospective of the French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; through 10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. . . . "David Goldblatt: Photographs From South Africa." Photographs of houses, churches, public buildings, and other structures in South Africa; 7/16–10/6. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. and Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of photographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"The Academy and American Art: History and Highlights." Works from the National Academy's collection by Church, Durand, Eakins, La Farge, Morse, others; through 8/23. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri, 12–6 (Fri. 5–6 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (514-3888), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Urban Encounters." An exhibition tracing the political activism and artistic production of the artists' collectives ABC No Rio, Bullet Space, Godzilla, the Guerilla Girls, REPOhistory, and World War II Illustrated; through 9/20. . . . "Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco–based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street-poetry scenes of New York's Lower East Side; through 9/13. . . . "Bill Bidjocka, Los Carpinteros, Rivane Neuenschwander." Works by five young artists, three of whom collaborate as a group, from Cameroon, Brazil, and Cuba; through 9/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Uniting Neighbors: The Role of Settlement Houses in New York City." Historical and contemporary photographs and artifacts documenting the history of the settlement house in New York; through 10/4. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Gordon Matta-Clark: Reorganizing Structure by Drawing Through It." Works on paper, films showing the artist at work, and re-creations of site-specific installations; through 8/23. . . . "John Miller." A survey of the artist's paintings and drawings from the past nine years; through 8/30. . . . "Deep Storage." An exhibit on the theme of storing, archiving, and collecting contemporary art, with works by 40 artists; through 8/30. . . . "Sigmar Polke: Music of Unclarified Origin 1996." Forty gouaches painted for the Institute for Foreign Cultural Relations in Stuttgart, Germany in 1996; through 8/30. . . . "Mario Merz: L'Horizant de lumière traverse notre vertical du jour." A work on loan from the Vera Van Laer Gallery in Antwerp, Belgium, that comprises a large glass table on which conical glass vases filled with wine or honey have been placed; through 8/30. . . . "Projects: Gelatin, by Jean-Michel Othoniel" through 8/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll." An exhibition of books and memorabilia marking the centenary of the death of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), focusing on his life as a teacher, mathematician, photographer, and author; through 8/30. . . . "Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation." Music manuscripts, letters, and other documents from some 60 composers of this century; through 8/30. . . . "A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 8/30. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 8/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Abigail Adams Smith Museum & Gardens—"Sitting in Style: Fancy Chairs and Other Highlights From the Permanent Collection." Selections of nineteenth-century chairs and silver from the museum's collection; through 7/31. 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878), Tues.–Sun. 11–4 (Tues. evening to 9 in June and July); $3, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Norman Lewis: Black Paintings, 1946–1977." An exhibition examining the aesthetic and metaphorical use of the color black in over 60 paintings; through 9/20. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth." The first retrospective of the artist's work to focus solely on his landscapes, inspired by his life-long environs of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine; through 8/30. . . . "Charles Ray." A survey of the Los Angeles–based sculptor's career since 8/30. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including 20 paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 7/23 at 10: "Decorative Paintings." On view from 7/18.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). Next auction on 7/29.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). Next auction on 7/30.

restaurants

Book Smarts...BBQ Skewers...Magic Pan

Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—Food is prepared tableside at this Northern Italian downtowner. Ask for owner-host Sergio to explain the specials, or choose among veal chops, the Italian-flag combination of three styles of pasta, and lobster Acappella. Try the prix fixe lunch. Jackets required. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant
Chianti, Reserve

Over the last three years, Chianti has developed a loyal neighborhood clientele for its hearty portions of Tuscan-American fare, which recently got an elegant upgrade with the arrival of new chef Scott Conant (Il Toscanaccio, San Domenico). His predilection for earthy, intensely flavored ingredients shows up in sumptuous new dishes like braised short ribs over farro and vegetable risotto, wild-mushroom fricassee with polenta and white-truffle oil, and dizzyingly rich duck ravioli glazed with marsala and grana padano. (1043 Second Avenue, at 55th Street; 980-8686.)

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Paggio—After two Long Island triumphs, the owners decided to brave the restaurant battlefield that is TriBeCa. The commodious surroundings, private party room, and TV-equipped cigar room make for a comfortable place to enjoy sophisticated Italian food. Don't miss the grilled polenta with fontina cheese and porcini mushrooms sautéed with fresh herbs and truffle essence. *223 W. Broadway (334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church*

Photograph by Seth Kushner.

St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Grand Ticino—This venerable Greenwich Village Italian restaurant has attracted the likes of Frank McCourt, Al Hirschfeld, and John Patrick Shanley, who set part of *Moonstruck* on its comfortable premises. Try the ostrich with Barolo wine sauce, the bistecca alla Fiorentina, and the panna cotta. *228 Thompson St. (777-5922). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Robiola—Everyone comes for the focaccia robiola, but you wouldn't go wrong with roasted baby chicken, pasta, or anything from the wood-burning oven. This is the second venture by the folks behind midtown's popular Da Ciro. *535 Hudson St. (620-3838). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

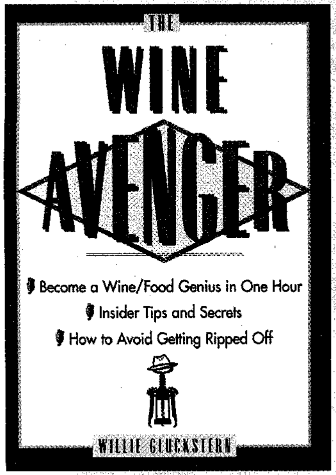
El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout

In Print
The Know-It-Alls

When it comes to summer reading, escapist trash customarily trumps self-help, a category better suited to ambitious post–Labor Day regrouping. But why fritter away those traffic-jammed Jitney rides and chaise-lounging beach afternoons on subliterate soap opera when you can transform yourself, in the course of a weekend, into a confident consumer? Conquer your irrational fear of wine with Willie Gluckstern's name-calling, iconoclastic *The Wine Avenger* (Fireside; $11), a book that divides the viticultural world handily into angels and demons. To his unorthodox mind, excessive oak-aging is California Chardonnay's downfall, and oak itself "the Antichrist." As refreshingly unstinting with criticism as with praise, Gluckstern exalts the underappreciated Riesling grape ("it creates the absolute best wines for food") while deriding Cabernet ("a big, hefty brute . . . obliterating all flavor and nuance") and "whorey" Super Tuscans. And he is entirely unafraid to make enemies of vintners and grape loyalists alike, as demonstrated by blanket statements like "Sauvignon Blanc from Australia is for mutants." Amid the invective, he dispenses tips on how to trip up an inept sales clerk and what to do when someone hands you a cork (give it back). If Gluckstern comes across as a subversive, albeit entertaining, crank, food writer Nancy Rommelmann is a font of folksy, nonjudgmental wisdom. In her *Everything You Pretend to Know About Food and Are Afraid Someone Will Ask* (Penguin; $10.95), she covers substantial culinary ground, answering questions you never even knew you had (What is suet? Head cheese? Scrapple?) and elucidating the semantic distinctions that baffle so many of us. Who can tell with utter confidence the difference between hare and rabbit, jerk and jerky, schmaltz and gribenes? Or how the inventor of Tollhouse cookies was compensated for her recipe? (With a lifetime supply of Nestlé chocolate.) Even though it's fun to learn that ravioli means "little turnips" and ziti are bridegrooms, some terms, like "candling"—the detection of parasites in fish by running filets over a lighted conveyor belt—might be better left undefined. Like Gluckstern, Rommelmann is a native New Yorker, which could account for her authoritative, informed tone. But while the food encyclopedist confesses an inability to "write about anything that annoys me," the suffer-no-fools wine avenger quite clearly relishes it.

ROBIN RAISFELD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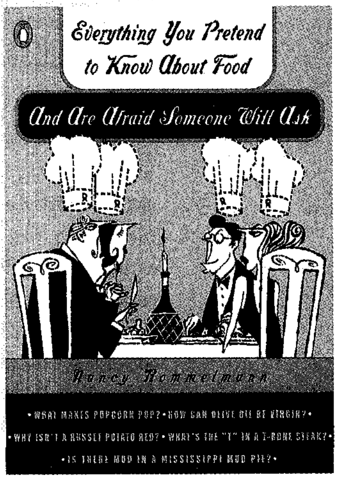
WINE
AVENGER
Become a Wine/Food Genius in One Hour
Insider Tips and Secrets
How to Avoid Getting Ripped Off
WILLIE GLUCKSTERN


Everything You Pretend
to Know About Food
And Are Afraid Someone Will Ask
Nancy Rommelmann
• WHAT MAKES POPCORN POP? • HOW CAN OLIVE OIL BE VIRGIN? •
• WHY ISN'T A RUSSET POTATO RED? • WHAT'S THE "T" IN A T-BONE STEAK? •
• IS THERE MUD IN A MISSISSIPPI MUD PIE? •

doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

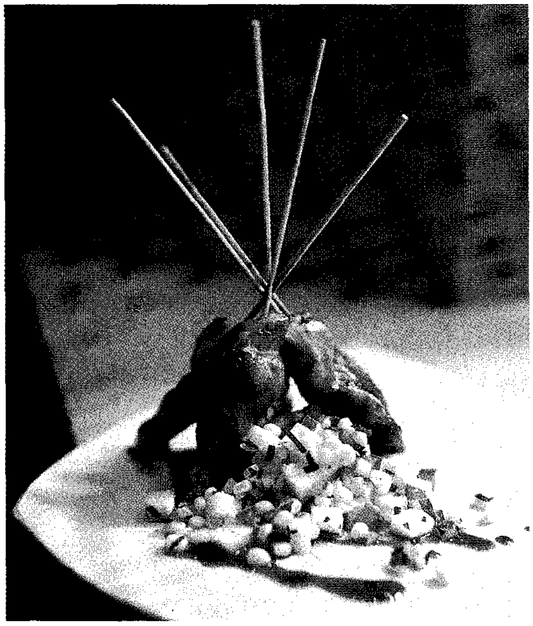
Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ribollita—This cozy little Italian restaurant is a refreshing change of pace from the new wave of posh Flatiron food halls. Open every day from noon until closing for its namesake soup, unusual pastas, and roasted meat and fish. *260 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (982-0975). (I–M) TM.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Object of Desire
Pick Up Sticks

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven chef Susan Weaver also has culinary dominion over the Four Seasons Hotel's bar and Lobby Lounge, a lucky thing for all those revelers in need of luscious tidbits to wash down with their specialty martinis. New on both rooms' summer menus are these addictive chicken skewers painted with succulent apple barbecue sauce and garnished with a refreshingly crunchy, chili-and-lime-spiked salad of corn kernels and diced jicama. (57 East 57th Street; 758-5700.)



Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife

Photograph by Amy Freeth.

building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex-Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo Teatro—Tucked away alongside the Royalton Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The colorful dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like Florentine steak with crispy herbed fries, and lobster with saffron pasta. *235 W. 46th St. (827-4222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

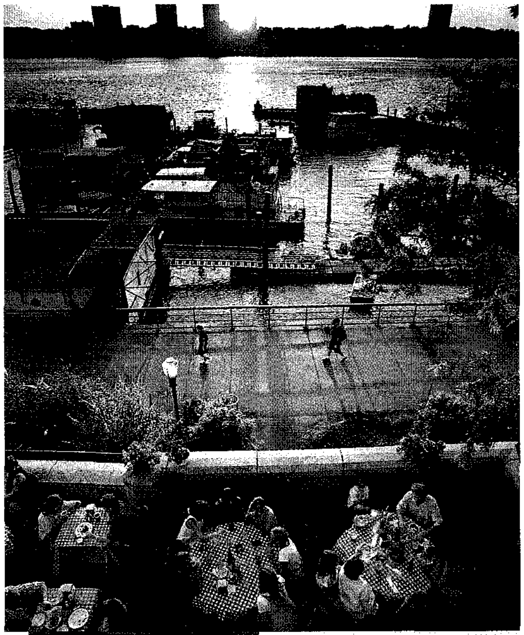
Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable



ASK GAEL

I want to sip lemonade by the sea at sunset.

Come a bit early because there's often a wait. That's because the West 79th Street Boat Basin Cafe is an urban treasure. You don't really come for the food, though the burger is fine. So is the Caesar and the chopped salad (once the kitchen tosses on the forgotten vinaigrette). Just-grilled salmon with a mushroom-and-barley salad is miraculously rare. This is a summer ad-lib by O'Neals', with plastic forks and paper plates in wicker holders. You know for sure this is New York by the urban mix of faces, the barking dogs, the uninhibited 20-year-olds sitting on the steps with Creamsicles. Paper napkins fly in the breeze. You catch a whiff of smoke from the portable grills. Sunset bruises the sky and New Jersey never looked better. Sandwiches and entrées, $3 to $15. (West 79th Street at the river; 496-5542.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live piano music Wednesday through Saturday; prix fixe menus available ($18.95 at lunch; $29.95 at dinner). *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant in the heart of midtown is a convenient spot for onion bhajia, chicken tikka masala, dal bukhara, and other subcontinental standards. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and ribeye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, non-professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, French-Indian lamb stew, and ginger salmon. *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles.

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The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo—Pino Luongo's Upper East Side temple of Tuscan is a neighborhood spot for a particularly demanding neighborhood. For everyone else, dishes like potato ravioli with sautéed leeks and truffle oil, and breaded pork chop with mizuna salad and red onion—not to mention an award-winning wine list, definitely merit a special trip. Try the jazz brunch. *23 E. 74th St. (794-0205). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Silver Star—Open around the clock for seafood and hearty American fare, including fresh pasta and grilled chicken platters. Spacious surroundings in the recently expanded dining room and sidewalk café. *1238 Second Ave., at 65th St. (249-4250). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Opera—This West Side branch of Pino Luongo's national chain of Tuscan restaurants is perfectly situated for a meal before or after a Lincoln Center performance. House specials include sautéed veal chop with chickpeas and fried sage, and rigatoni with sun-dried tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili peppers. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shopping **Chef Charlie Palmer—whose canily diversified presence in the New York food world includes partnerships in three popular restaurants, a luxe catering company, an artisan cheese-making dairy, even the florist that arranges his extravagant centerpieces—has found yet another way to sell himself. Charlie Palmer Pan Sauces, the latest entrant in the burgeoning market of chef-produced packaged foods, come in piquant flavors like chili-ginger and shallot-Chardonnay and couldn't be easier to use: Just cook steak, chicken, or fish in your favorite fashion, then simmer one of the four sauces and drizzle over dinner. No marinating, mixing, or basting required. (Twelve ounces for $6; available at Aureole or call 888-287-3653.)**

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Charlie Palmer
Shallot
&
Pan Sauce
for poultry & pork

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

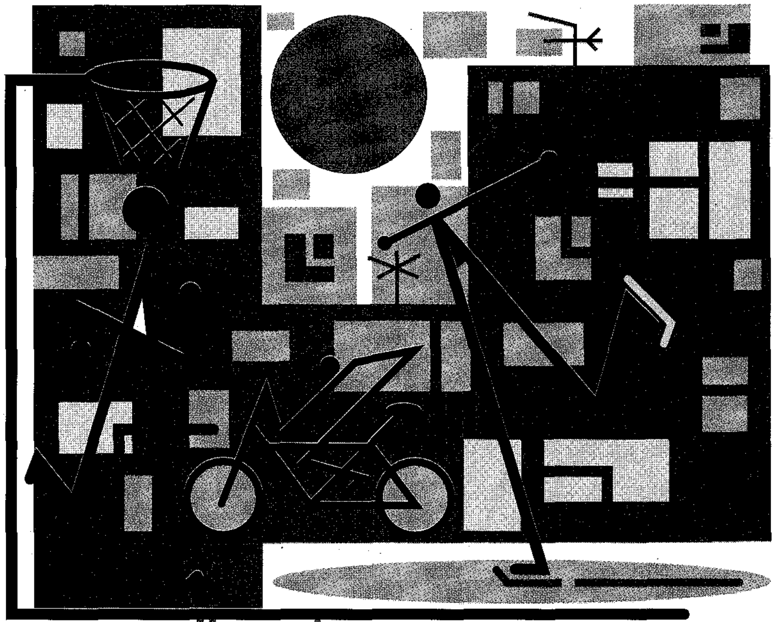
Long Island

Sapore di Mare—The concept of this long-lived Hamptons hot spot is "coastal Tuscan," which translates into dishes like roasted halibut with caramelized fennel, sautéed spinach, and aïoli. The rustic, farmlike décor harks back to the days when this resort community was all potato fields and this kind of Italian food completely unavailable. *Wainscott Stone Rd. at Montauk Hwy., Wainscott (516-537-2764). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Seafood Barge—Every seat has a view of the water at this North Fork restaurant, and as you'd expect, the menu reflects the location. Calamari, crab cakes, oven-poached bass, lobster, and mussels are just a sampling of the house specialties. And the wine list, commendably, is heavy on Long Island vineyards. *62980 Main Rd., at Port of Egypt Marina, Southold (516-765-3010). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

the mix

Ballooning Festival...Lucian K. Truscott IV



Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 7/25: James Urbaniak, star of *Henry Fool;* Joyce Van Patten on her role in the play *Labor Day;* Joel Stein discusses Michael Jordan. WOR, 710 AM.

City Folk—7/21: John Gorka, Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, Dave Van Ronk, Kate Jacobs. 7/22: The Rolling Stones. 7/23: The "Long Player:" Bob Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde.* 7/27: Douglas September joins Rita Houston. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 9:30 A.M., 8 and 8:30 P.M. 7/26: Merlin Holland, grandson of Oscar Wilde and author of *The Wilde Album.* WPAT, 930 AM.

New York & Company—Weekdays at 2 P.M. 7/20: Peter Fonda on *Don't Tell Dad;* Fen Montaigne on *Reeling in Russia;* Paul Stiles on *Riding the Bull;* Ulrike Koch on her film *Saltmen of Tibet.* WNYC, 820 AM.

The Written Word

Lucian K. Truscott IV—7/22 at 6 P.M.: Reading from *Full Dress Gray.* Borders Books & Music, 5 World Trade Center, between Church and Vesey Sts. (522-6810); free.

Thad Rutkowski, Boni Joi—7/27 at 8 P.M.: Reading from recent work. The Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (308-4010); $5 with a one-drink minimum.

Gerry Gomes Pearlberg and Beatrix Gates—7/22 at 6 P.M.: Poet and editor Pearlberg will read from her new collection, *Marianne Faithfull's Cigarette;* Gates will read from *In the Open.* Union Square Park (253-0810); free.

Mitch Albom—7/22 at 7:30 P.M.: The best-selling author reading from *Tuesdays With Morrie.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Paul Loeb and Suzanne Hlavacek—7/29 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from and signing *Smarter Than You Think.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Jim Shepard—7/21 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Nosferatu,* his fictional account of the life of the gay German movie director F. W. Murnau. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Peter Cameron—7/22 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Leap Year,* his recently re-released first novel. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Joseph Olshan—7/23 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Vanitas,* a search for passion and family in the age of AIDS. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Kathleen Mahoney—7/21 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Wisdom From a Shaker Garden.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Anne Cushman and Jerry Jones—7/22 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *From Here to Nirvana: The Yoga Journal Guide to Spiritual India.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Happening

Goodwill Hunting

With the World Cup over and the next Olympics an exasperating two whole years away, where does the mega-sports maniac turn for gratification? Why, Ted Turner's Goodwill Games, of course, the tournament that turned Cold War animosity into hugs and handshakes. With participants from more than 60 countries and sports ranging from boxing to figure skating, the Games have become an athletic Lollapalooza—born of the margins yet maturing in the mainstream. (See listings.)

Lectures and Panels

"The Once and Future Hamptons"—7/23 at 8 P.M.: Steven Gaines, Jerry Della Femina, Judy Licht, and Frank Newbold will be moderated by Dan Rattiner. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $20.

"Critical Assessments: Art and Internationalism at the End of the 90s"—7/21 at 7 P.M.: Critics and curators, including Francesco Bonami, Carlos Basualdo, Okwui Enwezor, Christian Haye, and Louise Neri, will discuss the Hugo Boss Prize 1998. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3840); $10.

"19th Century Herb Gardens"—7/21 at 6:30 P.M.: Deidre Larkin, assistant horticulturist of the Cloisters, discusses herbs popular in nineteenth-century gardens, and their culinary, medicinal, and household uses. Abigail Adams Smith Museum, 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878); $5.

"Drop-in Multi-Cultural Workshops"—7/21–8/13 at 1 P.M.: Tuesdays: paper quilts and *chirieri,* Japanese ripped paper, workshops with Roya Tsuchiya; marushka dolls and *wycinanki,* Polish paper cutouts with Amy Kuzniar. Wednesdays: Tibetan monks lead workshops in traditional mandala sand painting, calligraphy, butter sculpture, and Than-ka painting. Thursdays: A workshop in creating turn-of-the-century toys. American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); $5.

Hermino Blanco—7/23 at 8 A.M.: The secretary of Commerce and Industrial Development of Mexico discusses trade and investment opportunities in his country. The Council of the Americas, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (628-3200); $20.

"Forecast for Venezuela: A Political and Economic Update"—7/21 at 8 A.M.: The senior economist for Latin America with General Motors, Allen Rodriguez, talks with Karen Poniachik, director of business programs for the Council of the Americas, and Pablo Goldberg, vice-president at Latin America Sovereign Fixed Income Research, over a continental breakfast. The Council of the Americas, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (628-3200); $30–$60.

"Collecting Antiques As an Investment"—7/22–7/24: A three-day introductory lecture series featuring antiques and collectibles dealers who will offer tips on collecting jewelry, china, glass, silver, Asian art, vintage pens, cookie jars, prints, toys, and more. Chelsea Antiques Building, 110 W. 25th St. (929-0909); free.

An Evening With Dennis Hopper—7/28 at 7 P.M.: In conjunction with the exhibition "The Motorcycle on Screen," award-winning actor, writer, and director Dennis Hopper talks with guest curator Art Simon about the making of *Easy Rider* and the lure of motorcycles and biker culture. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3840); $15.

Events

New Jersey Festival of Ballooning—7/24–7/26: The sixteenth annual ballooning extravaganza, sponsored by Quick Check, with fireworks, performances by the Marshal Tucker Band, and over 125 hot-air balloons, including the ever-popular Energizer Bunny. Solberg Airport, Readington, N.J. (800-HOT-AIR-9); $6–$20.

Rockefeller Center Flower & Garden Show—Through 8/2: Trickling waterfalls, tropical palms, a putting green, a butterfly habitat, and twenty displays by local garden designers. Between 48th and 51st Sts.

Illustration by J.D. King.

from Fifth Ave. to Rockefeller Plaza (632-3975); free.

St. Ann's Street Festival—7/25: A fund-raising festival to benefit neighborhood children's organizations, with ethnic-food stands, D.J.'s, a car wash, a bake sale, pet adoptions, and more. 110th St. between First and Second Aves. (707-1199).

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration with dance, music, theater, film screenings, and art in Battery Park. Performers include the Paul Taylor Dance Company, Elliot Feld's Ballet Tech, the Morgan Scott Ballet Company, and the Tommy Dorsey and Duke Ellington orchestras. Call 945-0505 for additional information; admission is free.

Tours

Central Park: East and West—7/25 and 7/26: Two tours exploring the park's hidden places and early history; the first stops on the western side at Strawberry Fields and various literary sites, the second stops on the eastern side at the Dairy and the Arsenal. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting places.

Downtown Before Consolidation—7/23 at 12:30 P.M.: Tour the dense canyons of Manhattan's tip, and imagine it before subways and the skyscrapers. Meet at the Horace Greeley Statue east of City Hall on the Centre St. side facing the Brooklyn Bridge. Call 935-3960 for reservations or further information; $10.

The Upper East Side—7/21 at 2 P.M.: Rediscover the architectural treasures of New York's fabled Gold Coast. Meet at the southwest corner of 58th St. and Park Ave. (979-2388); $10.

Gramercy Park—7/20 at 12:30 P.M.: Explore the architectural and literary heritage of one of New York's most interesting neighborhoods. Meet at the northwest corner of 14th St. and Third Ave. (935-3960); $10.

The Jewish Lower East Side—7/26 at 1 P.M.: A tour of 150 years of Jewish settlement in the area. Stops include the Eldridge Street Synagogue and the Jewish Daily Forward building. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); $10.

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights at Twilight—7/25 at 5: A walk across the bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include Plymouth Church and Walt Whitman's childhood home. Meet at the front steps of City Hall (439-1090); $10.

Ghostly Greenwich Village—7/25 at 6 P.M.: Explore the architectural and literary history of an area that was once home to Stanford White, Elsie de Wolfe, and O. Henry and is still as fashionable as ever. Meet at the Washington Square Arch at the southern end of Fifth Ave. (969-8262); $10.

Millionaires' Mile—7/26 at 2 P.M.: A walk through the historic Metropolitan Museum and Carnegie Hill Historic Districts. Meet at E. 78th St. on the Central Park side of Fifth Ave. (979-2388); $10.

Chinatown Culinary Walk—7/25 at 2: Learn about Chinatown's food markets with the guidance of a Chinese cooking teacher. Sample everything from dim sum to Chinese pastry. Meet at the northeast corner of Canal and Mulberry Sts. (925-5369); $12.

Behind the Scenes at the Waldorf-Astoria—Every Wednesday and Sunday at 9 A.M.: Discover the history and architecture of New York's Art Deco landmark hotel, where Guy Lombardo celebrated New Year's in style and Cole Porter wrote his tunes. Call 872-4790 for further information; $25.

Foods of New York—A tour of the restaurants and specialty food shops of Greenwich Village and SoHo. Call 732-636-4650 for additional information and dates; $20.

Exhibitions

"A Photographic Retrospective by Milt Hinton"—7/21–7/30: Portraits of jazz legends like Dizzy Gillespie, Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Gerry Mulligan, and Aretha Franklin by "the dean of the jazz bassists," Milt Hinton. The 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.

"The Complete and Utter History of Monty Python's Flying Circus"—7/21–7/26: The well-loved goofballs return; screenings from their shows and their appearances on *Saturday Night Live* and *Late Night With David Letterman*. The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

"The Year in Pictures"—Through 8/15: Photos of the news of 1997, with a special emphasis on New York City. The Forbes Magazine Galleries, 60 Fifth Ave. between 12th and 13th Sts. (620-2200); free.

"True Sew, Songs of the Sweatshop"—Through 9/20: A collection of sculptures by Linda Lee addressing the abuses in the "sweating" and needle trades from their origins in tenement apartments. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $3.

"Here & There"—Through 8/15: Documentary photography from New York and the rest of the world. The Access Theater, 380 Broadway, fourth floor (966-1047); free.

Rodin at Rockefeller Center—Through 8/31: A public exhibition of eight masterpieces, including *The Thinker*. Channel Gardens, between Fifth Ave. and Rockefeller Plaza at 50th St. (632-3975); free.

"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery From Rural India"—Through 8/8: Thirty embroidered quilts from Bihar, representing the tradition of transforming old rags into elaborate and symbolic artworks that has flourished in the region since the eighteenth century. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $4.

"Verdant Riches Revealed"—Through 7/31: A treasure trove of botanical and horticultural books, from a medieval manuscript on herbal remedies to rare sixteenth-century treatises on horticulture and garden design. New York Botanical Garden at the Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690); free.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III*, which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

Chinese Calligraphy—Through 8/30: An exhibit of calligraphy from the Seal script to the Hsin style, with works by Li Chen Hing. St. John's University, 800 Utopia Parkway, Jamaica, Queens (718-990-1526); free.

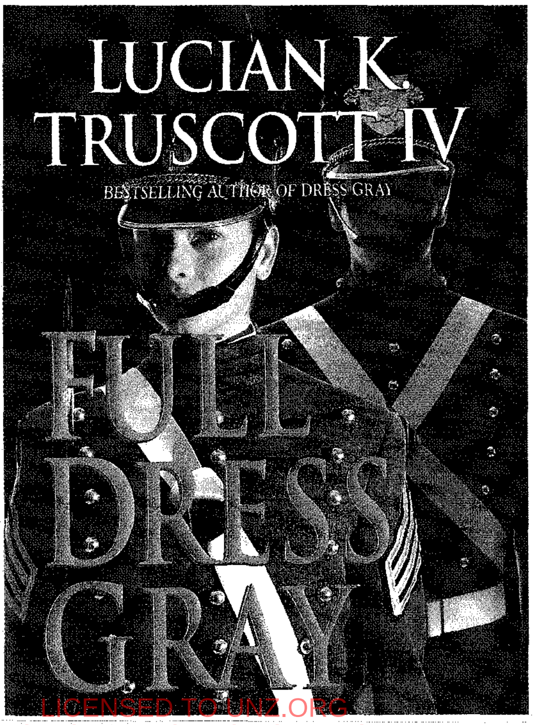
"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs

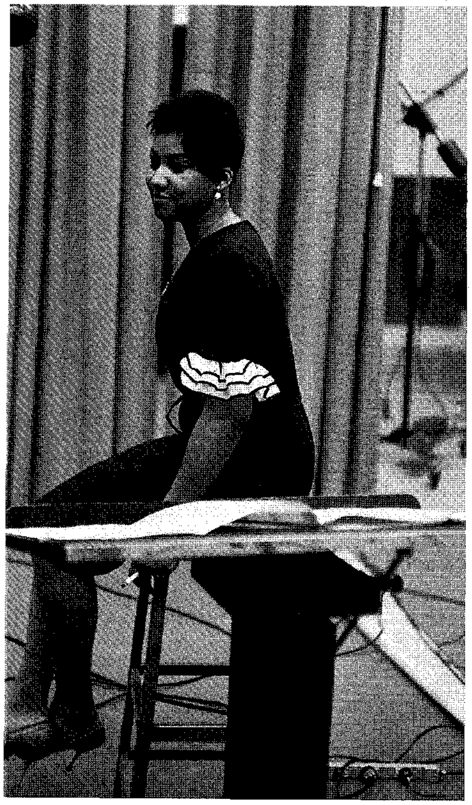
Happening

Dressed to Kill

"Republicans lament the disappearance of the warrior culture," *says novelist Lucian K. Truscott IV,* "but Newt Gingrich dodged the draft, so he wouldn't know a warrior if she spit in his face." Women warriors—along with every other controversial facet of the American military—are the subject of this West Point graduate's latest thriller, *Full Dress Gray,* the sequel to his 1978 best-seller, *Dress Gray.* "I had a short and difficult military career," says the author, the grandson of a World War II general and the son of an Army colonel. "It was a totally different situation. Four black GIs once tried to beat me to death at Fort Benning: I had to hold my eyes open with my fingers to identify them. A week later at Fort Carson, three white guys killed a black guard with a baseball bat," he says of an incident he wrote about in the *Village Voice* in 1968. "Now the Army is the most successfully integrated institution in the country—that's admirable." While Truscott is impressed by the military's progress with race relations, he is deeply disgruntled by the position of women. "They are now where blacks were then," he says. "The thing that gets me is that there's a committee agitating for the separation of men and women in the armed forces because a couple of 19-year-olds are in their barracks screwing each other. In the sixties, blacks and whites in the military were killing each other! Can you imagine if somebody had recommended segregation as a solution?" For all his passionate frustration, Truscott maintains *a grudging respect for* "the cocktail of ambition and patriotism that leads people to that life." How would he react if his 4-year-old daughter grew up to share those aspirations? "I think my daughter is either going to be a helicopter pilot or a Hollywood agent bombing people with phone calls," Truscott says. "But if she wanted to *save me $250,000 by going to West Point,* it wouldn't bother me in the least. My wife would probably have an aneurysm." Truscott will read at Borders on July 22. (See listing.)

ARIEL LEVY





celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Call 534-1672 for more information; $5 suggested contribution.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of Earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; $5.

On View **Milt "the Judge" Hinton is better known for his pioneering work as a jazz bassist than for his side gig as a shutterbug. In conjunction with its Jazz in July Festival, the 92nd Street Y offers a rare showing of the longtime Queens resident's intimate portraits of Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Aretha Franklin (left), and many of the other legends Hinton performed with throughout his 60-year career. "A Photographic Retrospective by Milt Hinton" opens July 21.**

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to a new Website each weekday. This week: Become addicted to a new online fantasy card game; get a clue at A&E's mystery site; do it yourself with indieWIRE; prepare for Armageddon (or trivia games) by getting a daily science fix from Science à GoGo; and then see Shauna flaunt it on her personal Webzine. But before you leave www.nymag.com, check out everything else we have to offer, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, and "Sound Choices" for audiophiles. So, surf us already.

Sports

Goodwill Games—Through 8/2: The world's elite athletes come together for Ted Turner's Olympic-lite competition. Basketball at the Garden, gymnastics in Nassau County, and everyone's favorite, syncro swimming (at the brand-new Nassau County Goodwill Games Swimming and Diving Center), kick off the Games. Call Ticketmaster for tickets or visit the Games' Website at www.goodwillgames98.com.

Swim Across America—7/23: Former U.S. Olympians Rowdy Gaines, Steve Lundquist, Janel Jorgenson, Chris Jacobs and others will be among a group of 100 swimmers to participate in the fourth annual Hudson River Swim to benefit Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. The 26-mile relay begins at the Tappan Zee Bridge in Tarrytown and finishes at North Cove Harbor at the World Financial Center. To sign up to swim, call 888-SWIM-USA.

Night With Champions—7/23 at 6 p.m.: Two-time heavyweight boxing champ Larry Holmes and legendary manager Angelo Dundee are the featured "hosts" at Punch Cigars' shindig at the Crowne Plaza Hotel. Holmes and Dundee will regale guests with stories while videotapes of classic matches play on large-screen TV monitors. To get two tickets, you have to buy a box of commemorative Punch Cigars. For a listing of stores, check the Website at www.Villazon.com.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS						CHI ESPN 3PM	
CITYHAWKS						SJ MSG 4PM	
LIBERTY		LA MSG 10:30PM			SAC LIFE 9PM		
YANKEES	DET MSG 7:30PM	DET MSG 7:30PM	DET MSG 7:30PM		CHI WPIX 7:30PM	CHI MSG 4PM	CHI WPIX 1:30PM
METS	PIT FSNY 7:30PM	PIT WOR 7:30PM	MIL FSNY 5PM-DH	MIL WOR 2PM	CHI FSNY 1PM-DH	CHI FOX 1PM	CHI WOR 2:30PM
	7/20	7/21	7/22	7/23	7/24	7/25	7/26

Photograph by Milt Hinton.

Simon *continued from page 46*

David Patrick Kelly is an assured singing clown if you want a proletarian rather than a poetic Feste. After them, though, it is the deluge. Paul Rudd's insufferable Orsino just manages to be, in his better moments, merely obnoxious. Lolling around like an affected lounge lizard, mouthing words as if they were pastilles, preening and posturing as if auditioning for a Calvin Klein ad, he confuses Illyria with Chippendale's.

As Viola, Helen Hunt is as bad as it gets. She wears a permanently befuddled expression, scrunches up her eyes as though under a barrage of grapefruits, and always leads with her head as if to butt her lines into an enemy goal. Her delivery is a tuneless singsong, and whereas some Violas have trouble passing for a boy, this one has problems reminding us she's a woman. No less ludicrous is the Olivia of Kyra Sedgwick, though here the heavy directorial hand is more guiltily evident. She behaves largely like a sideshow freak, with double-jointed contortions, unhinged crouches and leaps, grimaces unlimited, and fishwifely squeals and yelps—and this, mind you, from a supposedly frosty, aristocratic beauty in unthawable mourning. In a production in which unlikely and painfully protracted smoochings proliferate, her near-rape of Sebastian takes the cake—if not the ale as well.

A sorry spectacle, too, is Rick Stear's Sebastian. Granted, he looks condignly mistakable for his sister, and tries, I imagine, to sound subduedly like her; he still gives a waterlogged performance. "Let me sleep," he says at one point, and he does so pretty much throughout. Skipp Sudduth's Fabian, outrageously costumed, mistakes grossness for comedy. And *gross* is the word for the musical prelude and entr'acte, in which the already jarring music competes with the blaring boogie and salsa bands of the Midsummer Night Swing in the plaza to which exiting ballet- and concertgoers are rudely subjected.

But in the last ten or fifteen minutes, a sea change takes place. Non-verse-speakers do not exactly wax adept but cease to be grating, everyone acts normal, movements turn apt and comely, actors are tastefully deployed across the vast playing area, and lights and shadows assume added meaning as winners are highlighted and losers slink away darkling. Even the music becomes tuneful and refined. And just before that, a few deft comic touches nicely set off the romantic conclusion. But it is too short a tail to wag so humongous a dog. ■

John Simon's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

nightlife

Neutral Milk Hotel...Solex...Amos

Concerts

Tori Amos—With her classical-piano training, loopy manner, and unapologetic surrealist bent, this redheaded expat would seem an unlikely pop heroine. But like all the great rock icons, she's the kind girls and boys go for: The former identify with her frank, emotionally raw depictions of adolescent traumas and adult yearnings (most recently on her *Songs from the Choirgirl Hotel* album); the latter are content to watch her overtly suggestive benchtop writhings as she bangs on the eighty-eights. Coming off a roller-coaster year (a miscarriage and a marriage), Amos is putting her all and more—using a backup band live in shows for the first time—into her tour, and further proving that there's room next to Elton at the keyboard. With the Devlins. 7/28 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (307-7171). $35.*

"Blues Cruise"—A weekly spin through the muddy waters of, uh, New York Harbor. 7/21: Beau Jocque & the Zydeco Hi-Rollers. 7/28: Nathan & the Zydeco Cha-Chas. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $25.*

Central Park SummerStage—From family programs to acid-eating garage rock, the most eclectic music in the city is also the best deal around. It's all free (unless otherwise noted), so go ahead and explore. 7/22: Zvi Gotheiner & Dancers with Lea Avraham Nai-Ni Chen Dance Company. 7/23: Roger Guenveur Smith; Jessica Care Moore. 7/25: BR5-49; Johnny Paycheck. 7/26: Michael Montano & Xtatik; Phantoms. Weekday shows at 7 P.M.; weekends at 3 P.M. *Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-1399). Free.*

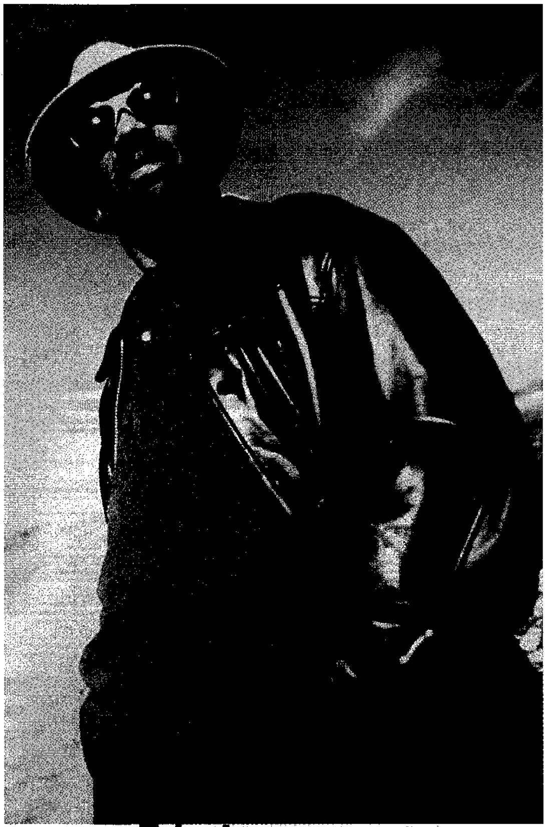
George Clinton & the P-Funk All-Stars—Clinton's cosmic seventies funk has been the foundation of more gangsta-rap hits than you'd care to wrap your mind around, but despite his stature among hip-hop producers, his audience (that is, the people who actually attend his shows) has, in recent years, mainly comprised the white frat-rock set. It's refreshing to see him pilot the mothership up to Harlem's most embattled theater, where he will undoubtedly, as he sang in 1975, "tear the roof off the mother." 7/25 at 8 P.M. *Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (864-0372). $31–$41.*

"Concerts in the Parks"—No-hassle Brooklyn lawn concerts got soul, a capella, and "jibaro" spirit. 7/21: The Delfonics (Fort Greene Park). 7/22: Yomo Toro (Sternberg/Lindsay Park). Shows at 7 P.M. *(718-857-2021). Free.*

Buddy Guy—The current incarnation of Chicago blues, Guy is a guitar-slinging Proteus: Depending on the night you catch him, he might run frantically through his own fearsome catalogue, opt for something from Clapton or Hendrix, or show off work by his numerous hometown colleagues. His quick changes and energy will leave you anything but blue. With teenage fretboard sensation Jonny Lang and dark-horse club-circuit fave Susan Tedeschi. 7/28 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $25.*

"Jazz in July"—The 92nd St. Y's ten-night summertime swing spectacular features the usual gang of top-notch uptown players. 7/21: "Happy Birthday, Judge—A Gala Tribute to Milt Hinton," with Kenny Davern, Jon Faddis, Phil Flanagan, Leonard Gaskin, Bob Haggart, and others. 7/23: "Three Piano Crossover" with Dick Hyman, Ruth Laredo, and Marian McPartland. (Call for complete schedule.) Shows at 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100). $30.*

"Midsummer Night Swing"—The final week of Lincoln Center's wildly romantic dance-a-thon culminates in a high-flying appearance, 7/25, by tenorman Illinois Jacquet, whose solo on "Flying Home" would alone be enough to assure him a place in history. Tues.–Sat. Lessons at 6:30 P.M., dancing at 8:15 P.M. 7/21: Geno Delafonse & French Rockin' Boogie; Balfa Toujours. 7/22: Brave Combo with Peter Ostroushko and Lewis Kahn. 7/23 Moving Cloud. 7/24: Marce et Tumpak; Jose Mateo "El Rey del Merengue." 7/25: Illinois Jacquet. *Lincoln Center. (875-5766). $10 per session or $180 for the full season.*



Photograph by James Minchin/Verve Records.

Talent

Vital Organ

Jimmy Smith's been manning the console for longer than much of his audience has even been alive, and he can still make his Hammond organ wail, stutter, and scream like a man possessed. He heats up Iridium July 23 through 26 (see "Jazz").

Steve Miller Band; Little Feat—Throw in Skynyrd and these guys could headline the Time Warped Tour. Listen for classics like "Space Cowboy," "The Joker," and "Abracadabra"—over and over again with minor variations. Word is Little Feat are looking for a Yankee "Dixie Chicken." 7/24 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$42.*

John Pizzarelli—Bucky Pizzarelli's preternaturally talented offspring takes his dad's guitar-swing and adds a layer of Harry Connick–esque charm. 7/23 at 7 P.M. (Tickets are distributed, Shakespeare in the Park–style, at 5.) *Castle Clinton, Battery Park (835-2789). Free.*

Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes—Sometimes regarded as a distant second to the Boss's Asbury Park musings. And if you're from Jersey, you know there's no such thing as second. 7/22 at 7 P.M. *World Financial Center Plaza (945-0505). Free.*

Tricky—Bristol's Soul Brother No. 1 is still the master when it comes to trip-hop: His new *Angels With Dirty Faces* is a gritty challenge to Johnny-come-latelies like Hooverphonic and the Sneaker Pimps—who seem to think of the techno subgenre as a soundtrack to peaceful yuppie domesticity rather than as a haunted urban dreamscape. Even so, the new album makes you wonder whether the electro-maestro suffered a head injury while playing a bit part in last summer's *Fifth Element* when Gary Oldman blew him to bits. Ominously satisfying as his music is, Tricky has never matched the brilliance of his debut, *Maxinquaye*. Regardless, bring your yellow-tinted shades and baggy pants to this head-bobbing groovathon. 7/21 at 9 P.M. *The Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (564-4828). $22.50.*

"Warm Up" Performance Series—Imagine the greatest white-trash beach party in history—with excellent music (think bluegrass, electronica, and everything in between), beer a-plenty, and an aboveground pool. Now imagine it populated with hipster twentysomethings and set among a bunch of smart, engaging installations in the front yard of the best contemporary-art museum in the city. That, in a nutshell, is the "Warm-Up" performance series. Shows start at 4 P.M. 7/25: Cassius Mix; DJ Jeff K; Zehnkampf. *P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th St., Long Island City (718-784-2084). $4 suggested contribution.*

Clubland

Acme Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, cleaned up, and become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers and legitimate up-and-comers alike. 7/22: Closure; the Last Crime; Rutherford; the Miracle Of '86; Knox Overstreet. 7/23: Ilya Kurakin; the Revelers; Pumpernickel. 7/24: Rogue's March. 7/25: Pee Shy; the Zambonis; Poolesville. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—

given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/21: Magic Dick & Jay Geils' Bluestime; Derek Trucks Band. 7/23: The Sam Bush Band; Laurie Lewis with Tom Rozum & Todd Phillips. 7/24: The Bobs. 7/25: Brave Combo; Sue Foley. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—7/21: Country-techno hybridist Greg Garing's weekly bluegrass hoedowns have been so successful, he's moved from the cramped confines of bar 9C to this spacious Delancey joint. 7/22: Bristol D.J. Norman Cook, a.k.a. Fatboy Slim, produces some of the rockingest dance music (or is that the most danceable rock music?) you're likely to hear this side of Sly & the Family Stone. Not that his pulsing, chugging, big-beat electronica bears much resemblance to Sly's gritty-city funk—but his goal is similar. With the Jungle Brothers, Propellherhead Alex Gifford, and Scott Hardkiss. 7/24: Rocket From the Crypt; Creeper Lagoon. 7/25: Neutral Milk Hotel (see box, this page). *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 7/24: Douce Gimlet. 7/27: The Moths. 7/28: Arab Strap. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. Every Sunday in August at 9 P.M.: Open Blues Jam. 7/23: James Cotton has been responsible for some of the greatest harmonic lines in the history of Chicago blues—most notably on Muddy Waters' dirtied-up, late-sixties workouts. But Cotton's also been leading his own bands for nearly as long as he's been a sideman to the greats, and tonight he heads up a blues revue of unrivaled authenticity. 7/24: D.C. & Co.; Felix Cabrera. 7/25: Shemekia Copeland. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—7/28: Swedish death-metallists Meshuggah transcend their chosen genre's sludgy brainlessness with mind-bending polyrhythms, complex, atonal melody lines, and—natch—Satanic imagery galore. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/22: Neil Finn. 7/28: Japanese pop sensations Dreams Come True. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the subbasement Old Office lounge. 7/21: Judi Silvano Vocalise Band. 7/23: Jack Logan. 7/24: Sixties-activist troubadour Ritchie Havens is still going strong, his voice—and his politics—unaffected by the years. 7/27: Klezmokum. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Lakeside Lounge—7/21: Parlour James bring their tremulous, ethereal (and occasionally fey) take on country to the East Village for two action-packed nights. *162 Ave. B. (529-8463). $.*

Life—At the only hip club on Bleecker Street, Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. 7/22: Nina Hagen. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Louisiana Community Bar and Grill—Weird neighborhood in which to label anything "community," but the joint books some surprisingly good blues, jazz, and country acts. Saturdays, octogenarian swing survivors the Harlem Jazz Legends play sets at 8 and 9:45 P.M. 7/24: Lonnie Youngblood. 7/25: The Hotheads. *622 Broadway, bet. Houston and Bleecker. (460-9633).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 7/24: Solex (see page 82); the Legendary Jim Ruiz Group. 7/27: Asian Mushroom; Dorothy Scott; Soaked. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Shine—Open only since December, Shine's already attracting crowds, and the usual celebrity suspects, like John-John, Wesley Snipes, megacool old-timers like Jimmy Plant and Robert Page, and Leo, Leo, Leo! *285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/22: The Royal Drummers of Africa; Doudou N'Diaye Rose. 7/23: Average White Band. 7/24: Marce et Tumpak; Tabou Combo. 7/25: Samba Novo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 7/23: "Rob Ryan's Country Thursday," with warbly-voiced chanteuse and others. 7/24: Wildly talented polymath Chocolate Genius. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon. 7/24–7/25: The New Morty Show. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 7/21: Mephiskaphales; The Wretched Ones; Inspector 7. 7/23: Fun Lovin' Criminals. 7/25: George Porter's Runnin' Pardners. 7/26: Yambi Bolo; Admiral Tibet. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Twilo—The former Sound Factory keeps the ravers raving all night (and well into the morning) with first-class techno, house, and drum-and-bass. 7/24: Electronica wunderkind Josh Wink heats up the turntables for the summer's most heavily hyped technothon. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 7/28: Baba

Talent

Chronic Town

It wasn't always easy for Neutral Milk Hotel to practice: Nomadic from its inception, the quartet spent years rambling—separately—among Ruston, Louisiana; Denver; Austin; even Long Island in search of the occasional jam. "Everyone was sort of zigzagging across the country all at once," says Jeff Mangum, the band's laconic lead singer. "I would spend time writing in the bathroom and would play stuff for them over the phone." Those Ma Bell jam sessions culminated this year in Neutral Milk Hotel's second album, *In the Aeroplane Over the Sea,* a free-associative collection of folked-out nocturnal reveries, powered by a helter-skelter peanut gallery of horns, singing saws, and Mangum's jaws. Several months ago, however, the footloose foursome settled down, moving (along with about a dozen other friends) into a sprawling house on the outskirts of Athens, Georgia, to play their eerie, category-defying music full-time. Though Mangum (second from left in photo) writes haunted songs about two-headed boys and a girl who has been buried alive, he seems curiously indifferent to the presence of his new hometown's biggest bogeyman, Michael Stipe. Mangum has large ambitions for Neutral Milk Hotel, but they aren't necessarily to reseed Athens's overgrazed music scene. For once, the insistently spontaneous singer is talking long term: "We're trying to leave behind a body of work before we die—hopefully of old age," he says. Sound like another Athens dynasty ready to supplant R.E.M as the biggest thing in town? Don't count on it. The ever-restless Mangum says the band is already planning an exit from the Neutral Milk mansion, possibly for a stint in Europe. After that, he says, "I want to put the band on a bus down to Mexico City." For now, Neutral Milk Hotel checks in to the Bowery Ballroom, July 25.

HUNTER KENNEDY

Photograph by Will Westbrook.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Olantunji & His Drums of Passion; Terence McKenna. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by 19-year-old Paul Ellington. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. 7/23–7/25: Jimmy Heath Quintet. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 7/21–7/26: Regina Belle. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. 7/28: Greg Toughey; Bowl of Fire (featuring members of Squirrel Nut Zippers). Sets at 7 P.M. and 10 P.M. *174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).*

Iridium—The last time Jimmy Smith brought his trio to this uptown enclave, the septuagenarian soulster alternately wowed the audience with his screaming organ-stylings and amused them with muttered meditations on diction (sample: "I'm taking a break, but I'll be back momentarily. *Momentarily*—sounds like a fancy word, but it ain't shit"). He's back for more brilliant console magic and microphone antics, 7/23–7/26. 7/21–7/22: Kenny Kirkland Quartet. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—7/21–7/25: After a triumphal reunion with a pair of his sixties cronies—Brother Jack McDuff and Hank Crawford—during the JVC Jazz Festival tenorman David "Fathead" Newman brings his own quartet downtown for some big, soulful sounds. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565).* $.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 7/21–7/26: Al Grey. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 7/21–7/26: Lenora Helm Trio. $5 cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory demographic. All summer, John Zorn brings in assorted players to make the scene. 7/22: Zeena Parkins. 7/24: Ravi Coltrane. 7/26: William Parker. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503).* $.

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 7/21–7/28: Winard Harper Quintet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037).* $.

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/23–7/26: Brian Regan. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offers sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor-rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 7/20–7/26: Tom Rhodes; Mitch Fatel; Dave Attell; Greg Giraldo; Wanda Sykes-Hall; Godfrey. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 7/20–7/26: Justin McKinney, Jerry Diner, John Rizzo, Joe Mulligan, Andres Fernandez, Nancy Redman. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 7/23: Best Medicine. 7/24–7/25: Paul M. Mercurio, Marc Maron, Greg Giraldo. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—At Monday night's "Eating It," alumni of *The State* and *Saturday Night Live* turn up regularly, as does Janeane Garofalo. Expect lots of personal monologues, of a post–Spalding Gray variety, plus the odd freak in dime-store costumes and glitter-encrusted wings performing numbers from the Krofft Superstars show. Some of it is successful, some is not, but none of it is Jay Leno warmed over. $5 cover. *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

The Parlour—Every Tuesday, ten-member sketch troupe Living Room Live take a twisted potshot at anyone unlucky enough to pop up on their cultural radar. Martha Stewart as Ron Jeremy's live-in lover, a hypothetical "Sex-Ed Rock," an explicitly homoerotic take on *ER*—it's all there. Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M. No cover; no minimum. *250 W. 86th St. (580-8923).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 7/24–7/25: Andres Fernandez; Keith Robinson; Mike Royce; Todd Barry; Gregg Fitzsimmons. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. 7/21–8/1: First there was Ravi and Anoushka Shankar. Now make way for Monica Mancini, daughter of Henry and the latest interpreter of her father's formidable pop-jazz songbook. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Through 8/1: "Hooray for Love: Steve Ross Sings Cole Porter and Beyond." Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $40 cover. All summer long, Bryan Batt, Lewis Cleale, Heather Mac Rae, and Janet Metz celebrate the Big Apple in song with "I Love New York." *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Talent

Going Dutch

Last year, Amsterdam used-record dealer Elisabeth Esselink—a.k.a. Solex—went into a recording studio with a pile of unsalable discs from her shop and a secondhand sampler, emerging with one of the strangest and most beautiful albums of 1998. You won't find any Puffy-style recycling on *Solex Vs. the Hitmeister* because (a) in constructing her buoyant pop-electronica, Esselink mutates songs beyond recognition, and (b) she samples music by artists nobody's ever heard of anyway. What you will find is ten songs, each with Esselink's *nom de rock* coyly dropped in the title (e.g. "Rolex by Solex," "Solex All Lickety-Split"), and each full of understated hooks, hilarious lyrics, and quietly funky beats. Solex makes the first stop of her first-ever U.S. tour at Mercury Lounge, July 24.

Photograph by Joe Dillworth/Matador Records.

in concert

French Medieval Songs at the Met

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 21

The Complete Organ Works of J. S. Bach—One of a series of fourteen hourlong recitals performed by Christopher Herrick. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 5:30; $25.*

Riverside Church Recitals—Organist James Abbington performs compositions by black composers, including Coleridge-Taylor and Kay. *Riverside Church, 121st St. and Claremont Ave. (870-6720), at 7; $10.*

Wednesday, July 22

Electronic *Ordo Virtutum*—Performances of the music drama by the Hildegurls, four New York–based composer-singers. *Clark Studio Theater, Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St., seventh floor, at 8; $25.*

The Complete Organ Works of J. S. Bach—See 7/21.

Thursday, July 23

Eos Orchestra—Performs Bernstein's *Songfest, Serenade,* and *The Dybbuk* (world premiere). *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), 8:30; $35.*

Bargemusic—Performances of Mozart by Alexander and Mark Peskanov, David Panner, and DeBorge Pinnington. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 6; $75.*

The Unicorn: French Medieval Songs—Anne Azéma, soprano, performs songs with harp, vielle, and flutes. *The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

The Complete Organ Works of J. S. Bach—See 7/21.

Friday, July 24

Bargemusic—Performances of Schubert, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Summergarden—Lora Tchekoratova, piano, performs music by Edward MacDowell, Anthony Coleman, Roger Sessions, Virgil Thomson, George Perle, Tania León, and Scott Joplin. *Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

The Complete Organ Works of J. S. Bach—See 7/21.

Electronic *Ordo Virtutum*—See 7/22.

Saturday, July 25

Complete Organ Works of J. S. Bach—See 7/21.

Summergarden—See 7/24.

Electronic *Ordo Virtutum*—See 7/22.

Sunday, July 26

Summer Sacred Music Festival—The Women of St. Bartholomew's Choir perform songs by Britten and Nancy Wertsch; William Trafka, music director. *St. Bartholomew's, 51st St. and Park Ave. (935-8434), at 11; free.*

Summer Sundays—The poetry and prose of Nicole Burdette read by the author, and music of Scriabin, Medtner, and Debussy performed by Dimitri Rachmanov. *The Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800); seating at 6:30 and performance at 8; $55, including dinner.*

The Complete Organ Works of J. S. Bach—See 7/21.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

Amato Opera—Performs Wolf-Ferrari's *Secret of Susanna,* and Massenet's *Therèse,* 7/24–7/25 at 7:30 and 7/26 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Pilobolus Dance Theater—The athletic modern troupe performs three premieres, *Apoplexy, Orangotano,* and *The Hand That Mocked, The Heart That Fed,* 7/21–7/25. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Savion Glover/DOWNTOWN—A jam session led by the inimitable Glover and members of NYOT, "Not Your Ordinary Tappers," 7/20–7/24 at 8, 7/25 at 6 and 10. *Variety Arts Theater, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200); $25–$47.50*

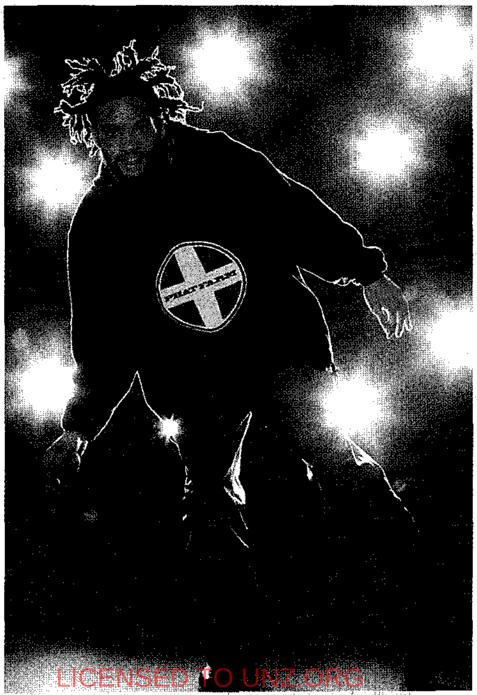
Dances for Wave Hill—Performances by six emerging choreographers, 7/22 and 7/26. *Wave Hill, 675 W. 252nd St., Bronx (718-549-3200); $4.*

Previews

Tap Dance Adult

For tap-dance superstar Savion Glover, there was no place to go but downtown. Through July 25, he and a bunch of dance and music cronies are holding forth at the modest Variety Arts Theatre in the East Village without benefit of glitz, gimmicks, or story line and providing one of the most impressive and refreshing shows in town. Why the retreat to the low key? The 24-year-old with the world's most articulate feet made his Broadway debut at a mere 12, in *The Tap Dance Kid,* and went on to star in *Black and Blue, Jelly's Last Jam* (with Gregory Hines), and *Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk,* for which he won the 1996 Tony award for choreography. If that weren't enough, he's been a regular on *Sesame Street,* no doubt inspiring tomorrow's hoofers the way Pavlova once converted little girls to ballet. Now he's after a simple, direct means of expression "to keep dance alive," as he puts it. He and his crew call themselves NYOT (Not Your Ordinary Tappers). "No disrespect to others," he comments over a preperformance takeout meal, "but we're not doing just what we know, what we've been taught, what we feel secure in. We're reaching outside ourselves for new steps and rhythms. We're trying for what we knew or thought we could do before." This approach results in rich passages of improvisation that make a spectator feel he's being allowed to see a private investigation of body and soul. At the same time, the NYOTs pay loving homage in their work to "the pioneers, our fathers," as Glover terms masters like Chuck Green, Jimmy Slyde, Lon Chaney, and Buster Brown. A couple of these idols have shown up in the show's coda, when the floor is opened to both pros and tyros eager to celebrate, in the words of one critic, "the human foot, [that] most nimble of jazz instruments."

Tobi Tobias



Photograph by Hassan Kinley.

kids

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Robeson's Role...Viva Italia

Children's Events

TADA!—The latest musical production from TADA!, a Chelsea-based troupe of actors and singers, is titled *Everything About School (Almost)*, and features the group's largest ensemble to date: a cast of 35. The musical revue showcases performers looking back at their elementary, junior-high, and early-high-school days, where lasting friendships are built and memories are made. Through 8/2. Tues.–Fri. at 12 and 2, Saturday at 1 and 3. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). Tickets are $6 for children 15 and under, $12 for adults.

"School Uniforms: A Hot Topic!"—With 670 New York public schools set to require uniforms next year, students at **THE FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY** have tackled the subject in this exhibition, running through 8/15. Twenty-five fledgling designers have reached beyond the traditional plaids and pleats to create garments that the average kid might actually want to wear to school, including colorful fleece tops and fake-fur coats. At the Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. and 27th St. (217-5800). ●

Arts in the Parks—There's more to park performers than three-card monte and the shell game. The City Parks Foundation's Arts in the Parks series features children's performers from across the tri-state area, offering puppet shows, magic, storytelling, and even a little vaudeville. What's more—they'll practically come to you. Acts will appear at eighteen different playgrounds in the five boroughs, at approximately 10:30 A.M., throughout the summer. For a schedule of events, call 360-1399. ●

A Spielberg Summer—As part of its summerlong tribute to Steven Spielberg, the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE** will screen the film that made current movies like *Small Soldiers* possible: the groundbreaking animation-meets-live-action flick *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, on 7/25. In addition to dazzling kids and adults alike with its special effects, the movie is a lighthearted introduction to the classic *film noir* genre. 35th Ave. and 36th St. in Astoria, Queens. Call 718-784-0077 for film schedules and showtimes. Movies are free with museum admission: $8.50, $5.50 students and seniors, $4.50 children. ●

"Kid City"—The centerpiece of Kid City—an exhibit that now has a permanent home at **THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**—is a street corner at 82nd St. and Broadway. The former row of two-story buildings has been re-created as it was in 1901. Kids can open doors, peer into mailboxes, handle items in the stores and apartments—and learn about the differences between the lives of children who live there today (where there is now a Gymboree, a McDonald's, and a branch of Barnes & Noble) and those who lived there at the beginning of the century. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400). Regular admission is $5 adults, $3 students and seniors.

Primate-Keeper Weekend—As part of "Keeping Up With Keepers" month at the Wildlife Conservation Society's **PROSPECT PARK ZOO**, kids will have the opportunity to meet and talk with the zoo's primate keepers at 3 P.M., near the baboon exhibit. Activities from 1 to 4 also include a "Thumbless Catch" contest, to illustrate the importance of primate's opposable thumbs; a "Quick Keeper" race, in which kids race to get dressed in a keeper's uniform, perform a keeper's task, and get back to the starting line; and a craft project where kids can create their own monkey sculptures to take home. 450 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn (718-399-7339). All activities are free with regular zoo admission: $2.50, $1.25 for seniors, 50 cents for kids 3 to 12, free to children under 3. ●

Beanie Baby Expo—The biggest kiddie-collectible craze since baseball cards comes to **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** on 7/25. Approximately 50 exhibitors will set up booths on the Terrace, located outside the Play-by-Play Sports Restaurant. Vendors will be selling current beanies, as well as hard-to-find retired ones, and will consider swaps or trades. Following the expo, which will run from noon to 6, spectators at the arena-football match between the New York CityHawks and the San Jose SaberCats will have the chance to win a valuable, retired Beanie Baby—such as Lefty the Donkey (current value: $525)—after each CityHawks touchdown. Also during the game, four lucky ticket-holders will receive a gift basket containing 25 Beanie Babies. 2 Penn Plaza, Seventh Ave. bet. 31st and 33rd Sts. For event and ticket information, call 465-CITY. Tickets to the expo, which start at $10, also grant admission to the CityHawks game. ●

Paul Robeson, All American—Noted writer and actor Ossie Davis hopes to teach young New Yorkers about racism and political stereotypes when Theatreworks USA presents a free summer run of his *Paul Robeson, All American*. In a mere 45 minutes, Davis presents a slice of Robeson's life, touching on Robeson's roles as athlete, academic, Communist, and, most important, as an activist who fought for civil rights in the era of Martin Luther King. The performance was influenced in part by workshops with local children who expressed their own thoughts on racism today. The play, which ends its run on 7/25, should enlighten more kids about the role of a man so often left out of the history books. At the **TRIBECA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER**, Borough of Manhattan Community College, 199 Chambers St. For showtime information, call 346-8510. ●●

"Under the Sun"—Not all sun worship involves SPF 15. Learn how ancient rituals celebrated the dawn of summer at the **COOPER HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM**. The "Outdoor Exhibition of Light" features various unique structures that harness solar energy, many of which can be seen glowing through the museum's gates at night. The museum's "Under the Sun" concert series showcases different tribal solstice celebrations, including now-extinct cultural rituals, throughout the summer. On Tuesday, July 21, at 7 P.M., enjoy a "Fiesta Texicana" as the Conjunto Aztlan group recounts the unique musical history of the Texas-Mexico border. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300). Regular museum admission is $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 12 are admitted free.

Performance

Dear Diary

The Baldizzi family, Italian immigrants whose lives in Depression-era New York are the basis of an exhibit at the Lower East Side Tenement Museum, now come to the stage in the Origin Project's *Caro Diario: The Story of Josephine Baldizzi.* Performed by a multiethnic group of students, the play celebrates the Italian-American experience and the hope this country represented. At the Educational Alliance, 197 East Broadway, from 7/26 to 7/29. Call 431-0233 for information.

c u e

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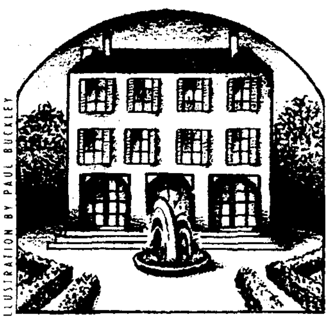

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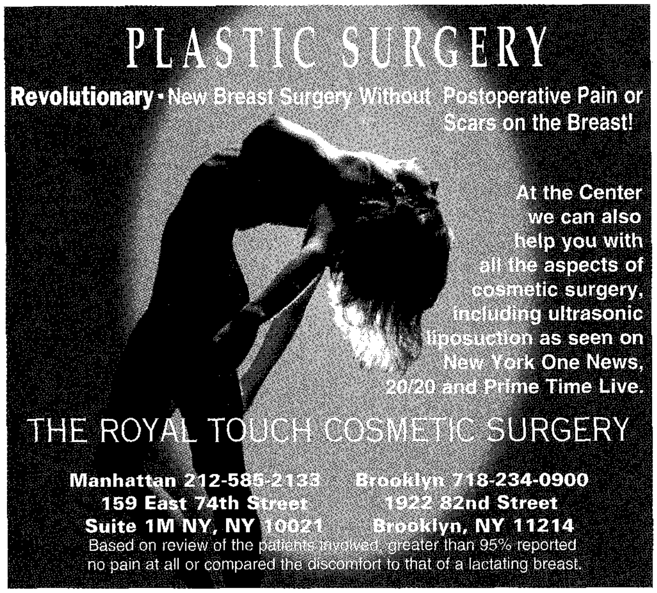

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Affectionate, Compassionate MD—From NJ - single Jewish male, 44, handsome, passionate and fit, searching for serious relationship leading to marriage and children. All-around nice guy who enjoys sports, movies, theater and travel - seeks very intelligent, attractive, charming female for happily ever after. Note/photo/phone appreciated. Nonsmokers only. 4471 ✉ ☎

Hot Summer In NY—Is no place to be without this tall, dark, handsome, affectionate, funny, down-to-earth, 40s, Jewish, successful businessman. Seeks 30something, marriage-minded woman. Photo essential. 4533 ✉

Lovely To Look At—Fun to be with, interesting to know, tall, willowy, brown-eyed blond professional, sophisticated yet wholesome, smart but not sassy, likes Mozart and country music, health food and caviar, optimistically seeking an above-average man in personality, warmth, sincerity and wisdom, 50-65. 4483 ✉

Beautiful Female—Just widowed, thin, savvy, loving, sexy, young 50s, with class, seeks financially secure man, 55 plus. Photo and note. 4464 ✉ ☎

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Single Black Female—Professional, educated, seeks soul mate, 37-43. 4494 ✉☎

Fun, Food And Frolic In Manhattan—Attractive, college-educated professional, adventurous, sensitive, warm, ambitious, funny black female - Texas expatriate, nonsmoker, social drinker. Seeking attractive, fit, humorous, kind, intelligent, 35-plus professional man. Race and ethnicity are not an issue. No alcoholics, workaholics, commitment-phobics, people with girlfriends, wives or emotional baggage, misogynists, megalomaniacs, chauvinists, freeloaders or perverts need respond. If you're interested, I look forward to hearing from you. Photo/note will be greatly appreciated. 4529 ✉☎

If You Haven't Filled In—Your summer calendar, I suggest you spend some time with this 39-year-old male CPA/businessman - for movies, dancing, beach walks and romance. Note/photo/phone. 4475 ✉

Stunning Female—Professional, outgoing, down-to-earth, seeks nonreligious Jewish male, MD/DDS, early 50s, for sharing and caring. 4526 ✉☎

Attractive Brunette—Bright, successful, well-educated - likes travel, good books and bad jokes. Seeks attractive, successful, adventurous man, 34-43, for fun weekends, possible relationship. Note/recent photo. 4470 ✉

The Best Of All Worlds—Single white male, 34, 5'10", 160 lbs, blond hair, blue eyes, horn-rimmed glasses. Ivy grad, business owner. Well traveled. Not gorgeous but respectable. Loves classical and jazz music. Old buildings vs. new high-rises. Tree-shrouded country roads vs. the beach. In search of very good-natured, slim, single white female, 25-34, who can appreciate a man who was born poor, who now lives a wonderful life on the threshold of greatness with you. 4451 ✉

Socialite And Model—In 20s, with exotic features, in search of single, white, handsome investment banker/prominent businessman to be my soul mate. Photo required. POB 1395 NYC 10021

Tired Of Your Prosaic Life?—Want travel and excitement? Let's escape together! I'm 55, professional, sane, unencumbered, with money to travel and have a good time - now. Seeking an intelligent, beautiful, sophisticated woman, 35-45, for travel this summer (France, Italy and a country of your choice), and perhaps for a longer run. 4453 ✉☎

Seeking Stimulating Match—I'm pretty, witty and wise, with time/appreciation for a cute, comfortable (financially and emotionally), clever, cuddly man, 48-58. If you're ready - so am I. 4477 ✉☎

Attractive, Bright And Warm—38-year-old woman, 5'9", seeking intelligent and kind gent who is open to life's possibilities. Photo/note appreciated. 4514 ✉

Chemistry Is Chemistry—Pretty, smiling, hazel-eyed writer who is fit, fun, funny and dynamic, seeks comfortable, kind, available, menschy male soul mate, 41-55, for relationship. Photo/note. 4499✉

I'm Ready - How 'Bout You?—Fun, nice, handsome Jewish guy, 40, 6', looking to share everything with one special woman. Note/photo please. 4478✉

Ivy League Graduate/CEO—Of prestige company. Handsome, 6' tall and fit, cultivated, romantic, athletic (avid golfer and skier), with great sense of humor and pathos, seeks equivalent - a woman with sensational looks, style and substance, to share committed relationship. Preference: 35-42 years old, non-New Yorker, non-princess type. Reply with photo and note to: POB 1920, Lenox Hill Station, 217 East 70th St., New York, NY 10021

Romantic—Eclectic, humorous attorney seeks a smart, creative, warm and attractive woman, 29-37, to share hot summer days and cool evening flicks...leading to cozy winter romance. Note/photo. 4531 ✉

Mensch Alert—Very attractive, willowy, classy, 5'10", 37, divorced Jewish professional, Ivy League, funny, loves NYC culture, museums, concerts, film, dining out. Seeks Jewish male, 40-55, who's warm, communicative, reliable, and has a sense of humor. Photo/note. 4472 ✉☎

Beautiful "10", Warm, Slim—Jewish widow, accomplished, 50ish, enjoy dining, sports, Barnes & Noble; seek gentleman to spark my mind, ignite my heart. 4530 ✉☎

Special Guy—Good-looking, good build, 36, 5'10", brown hair, green eyes... More important: fun and responsible, thoughtful, emotionally and financially secure, good values. Must be very attractive, slim, under 32, emotionally stable, for quality relationship. Please include a recent photo with your note. 4515 ✉

Natural Beauty—Attractive, energetic, compassionate and family-oriented, Jewish, green-eyed blond seeks successful, handsome Jewish male counterpart who enjoys sporting events, travel and keeping fit. Note/photo/phone. 4454 ✉

Love Of My Life Sought—Successful Jewish art director, 6'1", handsome and fit, seeks tall, curvaceous woman, 35-40ish, with a heart, for happily ever-after. Photo, please. 4476 ✉☎

Fabulous, Upbeat, Affectionate—Young, attractive, fifty something, Jewish, professional female with warmth, humor, and a passion for life that includes museums, ballet, theater and golf seeks male, 55-65, to be best friend and lover in a caring, communicative, committed relationship. 4542 ✉

Handsome, Articulate Professional—PhD, 40, athletic, genuinely warm, Jewish, seeks slim, pretty, intellectually curious woman, 28-40. Photo, please. 4534 ✉☎

59-Year-Old Beauty—Who values head and heart, looking for that rare man - the one who's "too sensitive", has a sense of humor and wants to hold hands while experiencing life's ups and downs. Ambition and passion are a must-have. 57-65, 5'10" plus. Note/photo/phone. 4450 ✉

Can't Paddle My Canoe Alone—Vivacious mid-60s widow on lake in CT needs Jewish male counterpart with strong arms, who enjoys city lights and country nights. Sense of humor, adventure and a soupcon of sophistication required. 4487 ✉☎

Very Pretty, Slim—36, Asian female physician desires to meet upscale professional for serious relationship. I'm easygoing, with many interests. You are sincere, romantic, understanding, open-minded, handsome and know how to treat a special lady. Phone/photo a must. 4512 ✉

Attractive LI Widow—42, seeks cultured, refined but not stuffy male counterpart. Note/photo. 4510 ✉

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Extremely Successful—Handsome executive, never-married, very generous and physically very fit, seeking an attractive white female, 18 plus, to have mutually satisfying relationship. because you deserve the best. 4539 ✉

Good-Looking Business Owner—This warm, witty, creative, romantic, good-natured, artistic man is looking for his soul mate. He's been divorced for 14 years, has two beautiful grown daughters. Stands 5'9 1/2" tall, just turned 60, a full head of light brown hair just graying at the temples, hazel eyes and an infectious smile. He is evolved, eclectic, with many interests including travel (Italy and US west), landscape painting, country drives, animals, movies, and especially loves romantic dinners with a special lady. She is very pretty, 42-52, shapely, healthily independent, adventuresome with a love of the arts. She has been single long enough to appreciate a special man who values honesty and integrity. Photo/phone. 4456✉

Wouldn't It Be Great—If you could have a close friendship while having a great relationship? Good-looking, white Jewish male, 37, 5'10", seeks sexy, sensual, beautiful, slim female, 25-33. Race/religion unimportant. However, attitude is. You should (like me) enjoy dining, dancing, clubs and bars, movies, some theater, travel and spontaneous fun. Please - no wimps or whiners. Note/phone/photo. 4504 ✉☎

Ayn Rand Enthusiast—Upscale male, good-looking, successful, high achiever, culturally literate. Seeks classy, career-directed female equal, late 30s (or nearby), 5'5" or under, with brains and beauty. You hold rational, secular, individualist values. 4507 ✉

You Will Want To Rush Home—Every night to spirited, artistic, model-type head turner, 32, who loves animals and simple pleasures. Lifelong enchantment awaits handsome, athletic, easygoing 6'-plus professional, 30-40. Photo. 4535 ✉

Successful Educator—41, seeks gentle, idealistic, playful woman, 20s-30s, to keep life in balance. Photo/note/phone. 4466 ✉

Down-To-Earth, Romantic—Fit, good-looking, 37, 5'7" male with fun and serious side, seeks connection with female possessing alluring eyes and an easy smile, 21-41. Note/photo. 4503 ✉

Asian Beauty, Full Of Life...—Warmth/love to give; sophisticated with an artistic eye; passionate dancer; world traveler; cerebral MD; close family. Loves laughter, romance, depth, nature. Seeks similar athletic, generous, boyishly handsome, highly educated, successful, kind gent (36-47), for marriage and family. 4490 ✉

Divorced, Jewish, Fun-Loving Lady—In her 40s, living in exclusive CT community, seeks companionship with accomplished, successful man, nonsmoker. 4521 ✉

First Mate/Soul Mate Sought—Single Jewish male, 51, 5'7", trim, sailor with beautiful sailboat. Musician, reader, quiet, conservative, thoughtful, nonsmoker, serious outside, silly inside. Seeks slim, pretty woman, 40 plus, with similar sensibilities and tastes. Let's explore LI Sound and life. Phone/photo/letter. 4447 ✉☎

Handsome On The Outside—Gentle on the inside, tall, blond, very athletic. I love riding my motorcycle, all animals, and sharing my inner kindness with a beautiful woman, 30-40. I reside in both Manhattan and Hamptons. Photo please!! 4496 ✉

Adventurous, Unique Veterinarian—Single Jewish female, 30, enjoys working out, hiking and other outdoor activities, reading, travel and NBA basketball. I am seeking an educated, intelligent, down-to-earth, nonsmoking, single Jewish male with similar (and different) interests. Please be emotionally stable, mature and available. Honesty, sense of humor, ability to communicate and a soft spot for animals are important. Note and photo appreciated. 4508 ✉☎

Attractive, Kind—Professional woman - possesses good humor and intellectual vitality. Seeks man, mid 50s-60s. 4519✉

Urge To Merge—Investment banker, Jewish, 40, 5'11", sexy, fit, funny, good-hearted, seeks woman of quality. Photo a must. Portfolio optional. 4518 ✉☎

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European, Professional, Petite—Attractive, playful woman seeks trim, sincere, affectionate, accomplished male, 58-68, to share the wonders and beauty of life. Note/photo. 4525 ✉

Gay White Woman—Kindhearted, good-looking, educated, romantic, sane, "call 'em as I see 'em"...laughs, likes indoor/outdoor things. Seeks someone who "gets it", late 40s-50s, for cuddling, good talks, fun, and who is open to where the romantic journey may go. Please send note. 4516 ✉

European Woman—43, 5'11", 145 lbs, successful professional, seeks tall, trim man, preferably with dark hair and dark eyes. I love music (classical, jazz, opera), foreign movies, going to museums, tennis, the beach, skiing in the winter, good food and good wine. Am seeking a kind, considerate and very honest man, emotionally secure and available. Smoker or nonsmoker, tolerant of the habit. Note/photo appreciated. 4467✉☎

Contact Petite Aussie—Modern Orthodox, 34, to share Melbourne life. 4452 ✉

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Film Set Decorator—39, attractive and petite, seeks sensitive and articulate man, 35-45, for sharing movies, music, revelry and deep thoughts. Must have sense of humor and compassion for self and others. 4522 ✉☎

Handsome, Intelligent, Athletic—Jewish, 39, 6'2", MBA, Wall Street professional. I am caring, romantic and have a good sense of humor. Seeking very pretty, slim Jewish woman, 25-32, bright, warm and unpretentious. Photo. 4500 ✉

Sinatra Said—Just in time... I write, sing, care, love NYC culture, sports, romance, am 44, Jewish. Seek soul mate, 35-48, with a heart of gold for always. 4501✉☎

Seize The Day—40ish, slender, attractive Jewish brunette, affectionate, empathic, passionate and curious, funny, well-read, well-traveled, romantic and politically aware, seeks warm, very smart, spirited mensch (40-51, nonsmoker), who loves to laugh and play and has a bit of poetry in his soul. Note/photo. 4506 ✉

Penthouse Man—Unique, multifaceted wheeler-dealer, college grad, 58, 6'3", 230, intelligent, ambitious, unconventional, self-made, street-smart, seeks sharp, sexy soul mate/playmate, best friend, 30-45. Photo. 4491 ✉

In Search Of Enduring Love...—My cup runneth over, but who will drink? 45, divorced Jewish professional female, size 16, kids in college. Seeking tall, well-groomed male counterpart. 4511✉

Jewish Doctor—Mid 40s, with heart of gold, seeks sensitive soul mate for lasting relationship. Interest in theater, opera and long walks in Central Park a plus. Please include photo with short letter. 4469 ✉

Let's Fall In Love—Very handsome, sincere, successful, slim, athletic, 6', 43 years, family-minded single gentleman with traditional values. Passionate about dancing, the arts, hockey, the city and outdoors, opera, rock-and-roll. You are under 36, pretty, trim, sweet, trusting, intelligent and educated, willing to share new experiences and have fun. Note/photo/phone. 4489 ✉

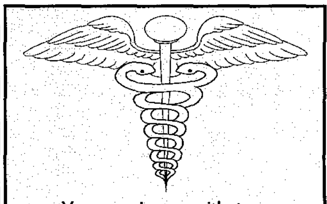
Blind Dates Are Unpredictable—But I am a pretty, sweet, fit, genuine, family-oriented Jewish female who can guarantee that a great guy (34-41) who is selective, warm-hearted, fun-loving, handsome and successful, will not be disappointed. Photo/note. 4486 ✉

Recipe For Romance—Fun, attractive, fit, single white male, 29, Brooklyn resident, seeks outgoing, fun lady, 28-35, for lasting relationship. Animal lover, Brooklyn/NYC resident a plus. 4524✉☎

Get Out Of The Rat Race—Come sit by the fireplace. 50-plus, 6'4", real man needs tall, lean, nonsmoking, outdoors-type 40-plus lady without kids, to enjoy nature and my mountaintop log home, Woodstock, NY area. Come watch the sunsets!! Photo and note. 4513 ✉

NYMessage

Professional Man—30, financially secure, attractive, loyal, wishes to become father of child. Note/photo/phone. 4520✉



Yes, yes I guess it's true
The fate of my shoulder is all up to you.
So with my blessing, do what you do
To make me all better,
Good Doctor Lou.
RHK

Some Lie, I True—I have everything but you. 5'5", stunning redhead - fun, warm, elegant, delightfully, imperfectly imperfect. If you're my man, you're funny, talented, exciting, loving, romantic, Jewish, 50 plus, special (and know it). If we're very lucky, we'll meet...some enchanted evening. Photo/letter, please. 4544 ✉

Very Attractive European Lady—50, 5'6", warm, endearing and vivacious. very educated and cultured - lived all over the world (including NY), speaks several languages. Loves traveling, antiques, music and laughter! Passionate golfer and walker, fit and slender. Would love to share warmth and happiness with emotionally available, caring, bright man. Note/photo/phone. Thank you! 4473 ✉

This Nice Guy Says—If you are an attractive, intelligent Jewish female in her mid 60s, who is easygoing, has a sense of humor, with cultural, outdoor and travel interests, then you should meet this desirable man. 4540 ✉

Gay White Male—40, writer, dedicated gym-goer who's no dumbbell. Passions include eating out, working out, going out, checking out everything NYC/the world has to offer. Seek monogamous, in-shape, trusting guy. Photo/note/phone. 4497 ✉

Pianist—And author seeks female, 20s-30s. I'm into fitness, karate and the outdoors. Note/photo/phone. 4461 ✉☎

Share The Joys—Of a romantic country inn, a picnic by a waterfall. I have written numerous articles on how to enjoy places close to NY. Due to an eye problem, I can no longer drive. I am looking for a young lady in her 50s who likes to drive and explore. I am 58 years old, Jewish, a widower. 4498 ✉☎

Are You Willing To Take A Chance?—I'm extremely happy with most aspects of my personal and professional life (banker). I am 6', quite athletic, 41 years old. I am looking for a single Jewish female to 36, pretty and who loves to smile. 4493 ✉☎

Fun And Friendly—Relaxed, successful, Jewish, nonsmoking Manhattan guy, 40 (but looks 38), seeks similar female, 30-45. We enjoy cracking jokes, non-mainstream movies, exploring fringe neighborhoods, brainstorming business ideas and other good clean fun. E-mail: BronxNY@aol.com or Mailbox: 4458 ✉

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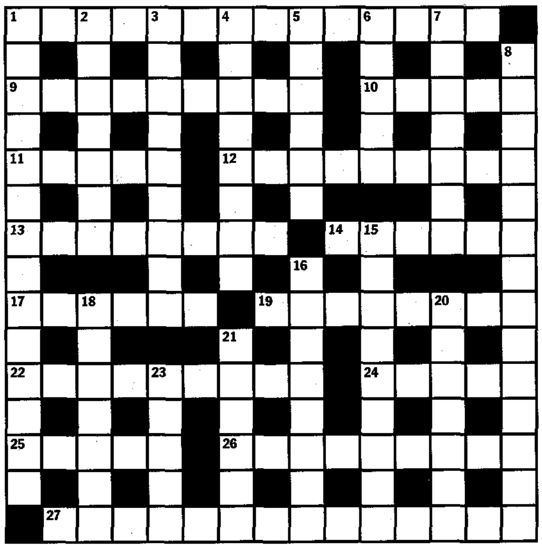
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Not married for money by the turn of the century? (6,8)
9 Stay in the air for Barrie's utopia. (5,4)
10,11 Poet whose utterances are of value. (10)
12 False or true—can he tell? (9)
13 True—cannot otherwise take a saint. (8)
14 It makes me sick when they quote me the wrong way. (6)
17 Stick for a curtain? (6)
19 Place for spectators no longer available: don't get involved. (5,3)
22 Expose fradulent scheme coming out in print? (3-6)
24 Part of such reactionary paintings in Sanskrit book. (5)
25 See 6.
26 Nursemaid accepting a tribute from leading cleric. (9)
27 Struggle for generation of witty Harry's ear, possibly. (6,5,3)



DOWN

1 Cinque port theatre showing "The Go-between"? (8-6)
2 Stew up front with rainstorm to follow. (7)
3 Protector for Jewish quarter, rather slow moving. (9)
4 Cross about resistance: it's rough work. (6)
5 Contract in connection with Italian leader. (6)
6,25 Unfinished work by Journalist, a blow to the area. (5,5)
7 Despicable character with tear flowing. (7)
8 Productive enterprise: East German lady goes about finding large plume. (7,7)
15 Awfully frumious little name for a root of . . . (5,4)
16 In the theatre it's always the cheapest section. (8)
18 Tycoon's right to swindle: there's a lot of it about. (7)
20 Striking cry of alarm raised at plug-hole? (7)
21 Monastic rule prescribes degree in easy subject: on your head be it. (6)
23 Less than foreign articles. (5)

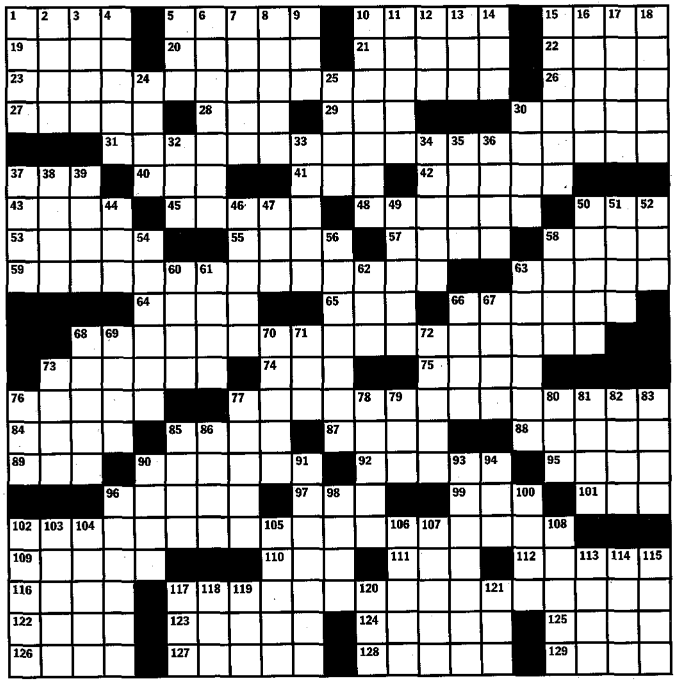
'Middle-Age Blues': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

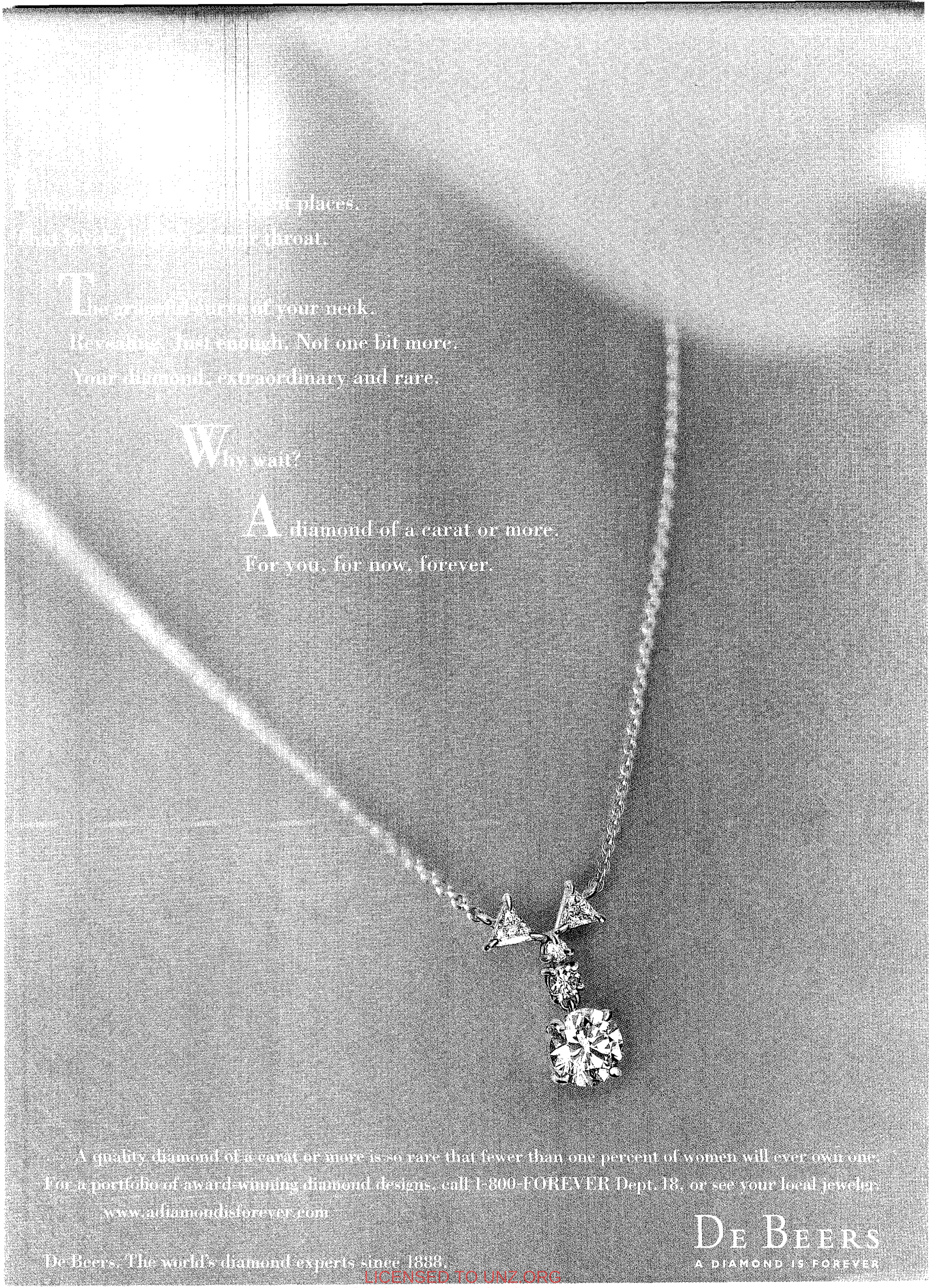
1 Lowest female voice
5 Hacienda brick
10 Bisect
15 Beggar's cry
19 Room access
20 Electrician, often
21 Where the buoys are
22 Act of derring-do
23 Our middle-age tennis?
26 Undercooked
27 Thin groove
28 Ending for eth or meth
29 Start of a sentry's query
30 Titled jazzman
31 What Joshua bought?
37 Word heard in Agra
40 Family member: abbr.
41 Middle of a simile
42 Pitched in
43 Olfactory stimulus
45 Jumped
48 Mended holes
50 Dandy
53 Oil, watercolor, etc.
55 Tribulations
57 Radar sweep
58 Westerns-writer Grey
59 "We want to ——" (toupée-maker's ad?)
63 Roger Bannister, e.g.
64 Carson's predecessor
65 Siouan-speaking tribe
66 Improves a text
68 Why we dance less?
73 Russian three-horse carriage
74 Vineyard identification, as for claret
75 Rival of U.S.C.
76 Peculiar
77 What happens to our flat stomachs?
84 Footed vases
85 Flower support
87 Film biggie
88 Unearthly
89 Eisenhower nickname
90 Chum around
92 Figure-skaters' maneuvers
95 "Monster" lizard
96 Concerto finales
97 Hockey great
99 One of the Flemings
101 Aerialist's safeguard
102 Those of us with gray hair?
109 Audibly
110 N.Y. public-transport org.
111 Coal container
112 Ooze
116 Obscene material
117 Where to get Viagra?
122 Myth
123 Suspect's excuse
124 Hemingway's "—— Time"
125 Kids' building-block brand
126 Dénouements
127 Go by bike
128 Nellie of peach-dessert fame
129 "Message" shirts

DOWN

1 Puts two and two together
2 Pirate's take
3 Troupe's trip
4 Astronaut's go-round
5 Wonderment
6 Put out of commission
7 Maine college town
8 Flat hat
9 Direction suffix
10 Quick-tempered one
11 Sound of a sneeze
12 Floral necklace
13 U-Haul rental
14 Brit.
15 Apprehensive
16 Less than less
17 Puzo or Cuomo
18 Bethlehem product
24 Memorable Bert
25 They give a hoot
30 Brought up
32 Sushi fish
33 Spud
34 Molière specialty
35 Lollobrigida
36 Chez Eve
37 Unknown Soldier's place
38 "Zip-——-Doo-Dah"
39 "The Yearling" boy
44 S.A. city of song
46 Cognizant
47 Luau menu item
49 Like —— (probably)
50 Nick of golf
51 Cash-register compartment
52 Part of r.p.m.
54 Mother's helper from abroad
56 Lessenings of activity
58 Pep
60 Towel bar
61 It's a laugh
62 "How was —— know?"
63 Dennis of the comics
66 Imprint on glass
67 French Sudan, today
68 "Good Night" girl
69 "Tootsies"
70 Wimp
71 Three, in Capri
72 Unconventional
73 Ankara citizen
76 On the —— vive (alert)
77 Uptight
78 Neighbor of Sapporo
79 Government's bite
80 Cask
81 Poet's Ireland
82 World's longest river
83 Straphanger's hope
85 Mixer for Scotch
86 Upslope device
90 Where the "Boyz" are
91 "I'll bet my money on the —— nag . . ."
93 Lair baby
94 Melancholy
96 Laundry slides
98 Bellow
100 Nikita's negative
102 Fritter away
103 Violinist Mischa
104 ——-be (aspiring person)
105 One-celled animal
106 Cut of steak
107 Innsbruck's region
108 Glorify
113 Peter Fonda role, 1997
114 Potentate of old Venice
115 Psychiatrists' topics
117 Road guide
118 Foamy brew
119 Pot topper
120 Not bright
121 Coach Parseghian



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 55.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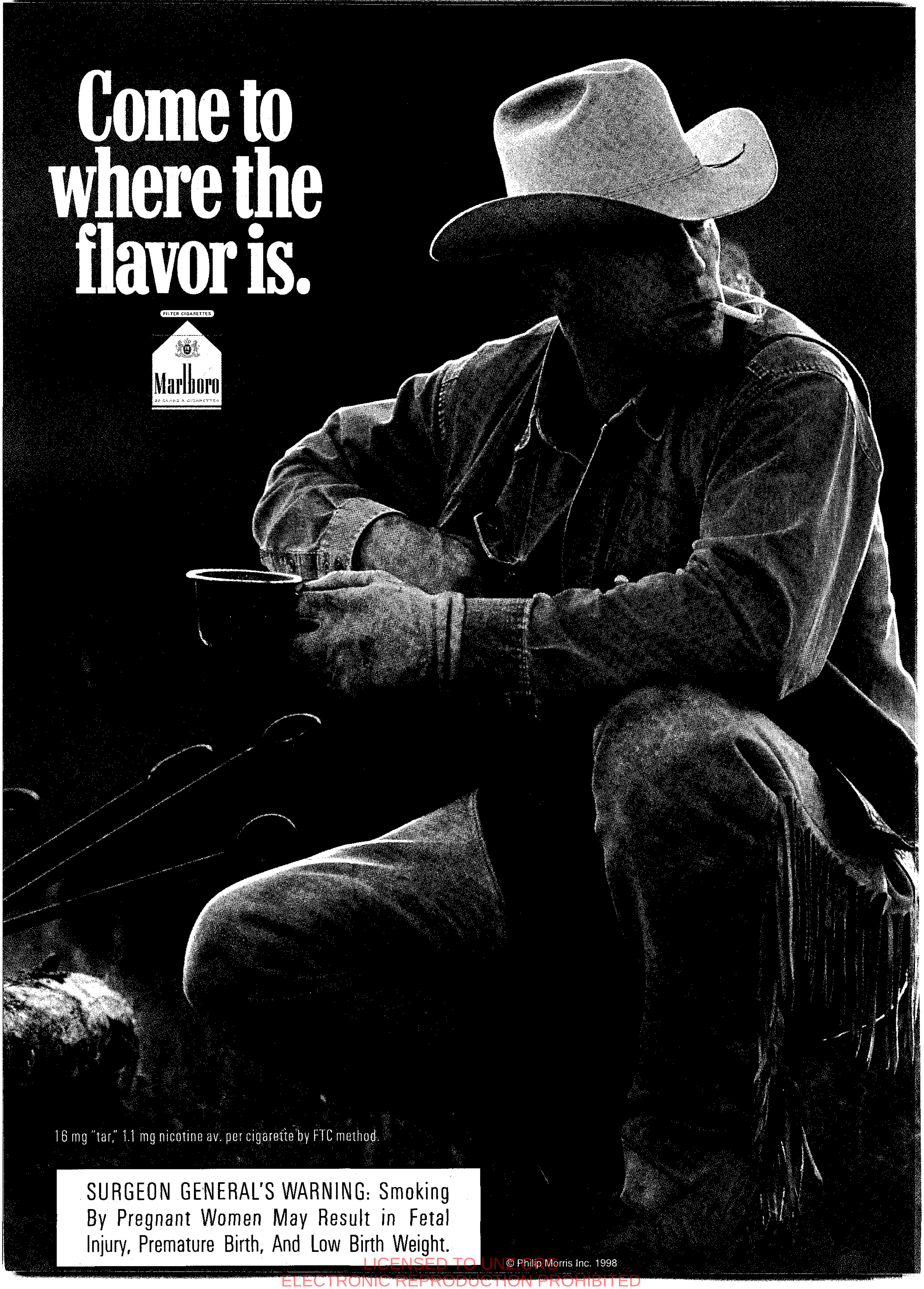
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